

# Liberty

JULY 27, 1946

10c

**Book: OLD DOC**  
Retired Physician Prescribes  
for Romance

**SHOW ME, MR. TRUMAN**

By Harold L. Ickes







DuBOUCHETT SLOE GIN—60 PROOF

*For something really novel,  
try this delicious  
DuBouchett Cooler*

Pour over a glassful of fine ice 1 jigger  
DuBouchett Green Creme de Menthe.  
Fill with seltzer, stir gently and  
garnish with cherry.

DuBOUCHETT CREME DE MENTHE—62 PROOF



*How to make this  
delectable, cooling  
Sloe Gin Fizz*

Juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, teaspoon sugar,  
1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin.  
Shake well with ice, strain into glass and  
fill with seltzer.

Write for free booklet of tempting recipes.

DuBOUCHETT CREME DE CACAO—60 PROOF



*Just one, two, three—  
and you have this tasty  
Creme De Cacao Float*

DuBouchett Creme de Cacao. Float  
cream on top. Crown with a cherry,  
pierced by a toothpick.

**DuBOUCHETT**  
Many, Blanc



# In the "Wickedest City" in the World

this fiery-haired giant built an empire out of gunplay,  
gambling and the eager hearts of women!

This Sensational NEW Best Seller  
Has Already Thrilled More Than  
600,000 Readers!

*Yours  
for just a*

3



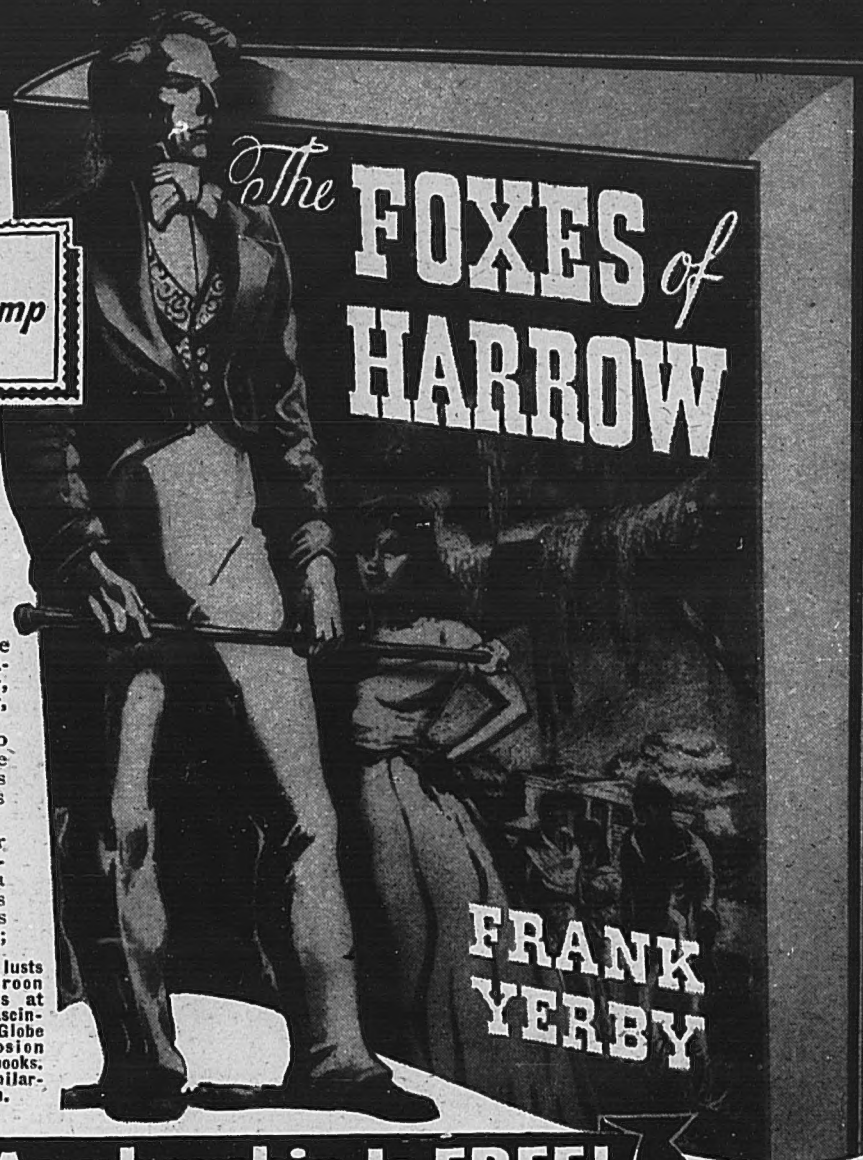
WHEN YOU JOIN THE  
DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

INTO the bawdy New Orleans of 1825—the "wickedest city in the world"—Stephen Fox plunged like a flaming sword. Armed with nothing but a pearl he dared not sell and the trained hands of a gambler, he drove ruthlessly forward to power until he had made himself a king, above the law and fearing not even God!

In Stephen Fox there was a steely will to conquer, and he rose to mastery of the greatest manor house in Louisiana by paying a high price—in other men's lives! He gambled and won like the card-sharp he was—until he found that to get the woman he wanted his skilled fingers must play to lose!

**THE FOXES OF HARROW** is as unusual a novel as you have ever read. It spotlights one of the most colorful regions in early America during the tumultuous years between 1825 and the Civil War. It reveals a set of morals and customs that will make you ask in astonishment, "Was that America?" You will be fascinated by such vivid characters as Desiree, the lovely quadroon who gave Stephen Fox a red-haired son; Odalie, his wife who wanted her husband dead; and Little Inch, who was born a Negro slave and lived to become a master of men. No wonder **THE FOXES OF HARROW** has maintained a high place on the nation's best-seller list! Now, at the height of its popularity, this splendid new novel can be yours for only a 3c stamp when you join the Dollar Book Club!

"Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroon balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*. "Explosion enough for three books. Highly flavored, exhilarating."—*Chicago Sun*.



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**THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB** is the only book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only \$1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail prices. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of \$1.00.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at \$1.00 each, you do not have to accept a book every month; only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact, for convenience most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

#### The Economical, Systematic Way to Build a Library of Good Books

Dollar Book Club selections are from the best modern books by famous authors—selected from the important new titles submitted by the leading publishers. Such outstanding best sellers as *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *The Razor's Edge*, *Dragonwyck* and *A Lion Is in the Streets* were all received by members at \$1.00 each, while the public was paying from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for the publisher's edition at retail. A membership of more than 600,000 enables the Club to offer book values unequalled by any other method of buying.

#### Choose Your First Selection from These Best Sellers

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3c stamp you will be sent a copy of "The Foxes of Harrow." You will also receive as your first selection for \$1.00 your choice of any of the following three best sellers:

• *The Great Promise*, by Noel Houston. At seventeen a penniless widow—at eighteen she was queen of an outlaw empire, the prize for which strong men fought to kill! A sensational novel of America's last frontier.

• *The River Road*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. In this exciting new novel, Gervais d'Alvery returns a hero from the first World War . . . to wage a private war against the crooked politicians were throttling Louisiana.

• *Lusty Wind for Carolina*, by Inglis Fletcher. The swashbuckling new novel of pirates and passionate loves in early American pioneer days.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. *The Bulletin* describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. If, after reading *The Bulletin*, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees at any time.

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When you see "The Foxes of Harrow" and your first selection and consider that these books are typical of the values you will receive for only \$1.00, you will realize the great advantages of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now!

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Garden City, New York

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Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once "The Foxes of Harrow" for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me as my first selection for \$1.00 the book I have checked below:

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☐ Lusty Wind for Carolina

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for \$1.00\* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents handling and shipping cost.

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\*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St.,  
Toronto 2, Canada.



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"...IT'S ROUGH SAILING ahead for this boy friend unless he learns to take better care of his hair. What a sight! Hard to comb, dull and lifeless, and . . . yep, loose dandruff, too. He's certainly got Dry Scalp. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

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scalp feels better...  
when you check Dry Scalp*



HE'S PROUD OF HIS HAIR now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It can help yours, too. See what just a few drops a day will do. Check loose dandruff and itchiness. Bring new life, new neatness, to your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a natural scalp aid, containing no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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Painted by *Harold Anderson*

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FIRST EDITION

LIBERTY



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their love!

*Great*  
the risk!



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in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

***Notorious!***

with

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Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL  
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# VOX POP

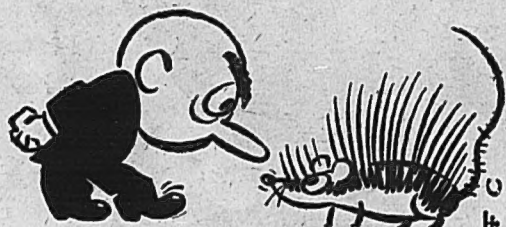
*"The Voice of the People"*

## SPANKING ENTHUSIASTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Carrie Miller Brilles, who writes in Vox Pop (June 8) that in this humanitarian age people no longer beat other people, must be living on the moon. It is my sad experience that most parents are still spanking enthusiasts, mine ranking with the most enthusiastic!—A. L.

## BALD QUESTION

ANDERSON, IND.—In Alfred H. Sinks' article, Take This, You Rat! (June 8), I noticed that the scientist found some chemicals that caused the hair on the rats to stop growth.



Well, if Mr. Sinks will tell his scientist friends to get a formula to grow hair and keep it from disappearing from the heads of men, we would appreciate it a lot more.—Albert J. McElfresh.

## STAND-IN FOR FATHER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I was happy to see my grandson's picture illustrating the editorial in Liberty (June 1). I was present when he was decorated in his father's place by President Truman on Memorial Day. His name is Marcus Jerome Lemley, Jr. I thought some of your readers might like to know who he is.—Mrs. M. L. Lemley.

## "COKE" A TRADE-MARK

WILMINGTON, DEL.—May we call your attention to an erroneous statement in the article, Saga of the Sizzling Soda, by Oren Arnold (May 25). On page 78 there appears this statement: "The word 'coke,' although not trade-marked, belongs by court decision to Coca-Cola alone, due to public acceptance of it."

The fact is that "Coke" is a registered trade-mark of the Coca-Cola Company. We also might explain more fully that the protection of "Coke" by the courts over the years was based on the fact that "Coke"

was (and still is) the popular way of saying "Coca-Cola." Being an abbreviation, or diminutive, it was therefore an equivalent, and as such was accorded protection against unfair competition.—John A. Gosnell, Assistant Counsel, Coca-Cola Company.

## CHEERS FOR MacARTHUR

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Victor Boesen's article, MacArthur's Mistakes (June 15), sounds like PM or Walter Winchell. The same "mistakes" should be made in Europe or in the U. S. A. No housing program in Japan? What housing program have we in the U. S. A.? Prices out of hand? Ever compare present prices with those of ten years ago? Wake up, Mr. Boesen. MacArthur is doing a great job.—A. S. Benson.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Imagine! MacArthur actually gets some practical and useful work out of the "carefully trained experts." He puts them to work checking stock, filing papers, and exercising jeeps. Why hadn't we thought of that a dozen years ago?—Harry E. Gertler.

## ETERNAL PEACE

EL CAJON, CALIF.—H. C. Wray's statement in Vox Pop (June 8) that an army of conscientious objectors is the road to world peace is right. There's no doubt we would be at eternal peace then—six feet under the ground.—Miss E. J. Somerville.

## SHORT ON SUGAR

SPRINGFIELD, OREG.—Why doesn't the OPA let us have a little more sugar?

I'm using saccharine in my coffee



so as to have a little sugar on my mush. Strawberries are only fifty cents a cup and I can't buy them because I have no sugar to eat them with.—Ben Corbett.

Comes the reconversion, we'll all eat strawberries with sugar. Right now we're lucky to have strawberries.—Vox Pop Editor.

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

### LIBERTY'S ART DIRECTOR



**SID HYDEMAN**, who took over our art department three years ago, is an artist and illustrator himself. His book, *How to Illustrate for Money*, is practically a bible for young artists and the product of his experience

as art editor of *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Redbook*. Out in Rye, New York, where he lives with his wife and two children, he has a complete woodwork shop in the basement. And he usually manages to play a rubber or so of bridge on the commuters' special to and from Manhattan.

### SHANE LOOKS AT BALLET

**TED SHANE** got the idea for *BALLET-HOO* (see page 24) when he was backstage with Olsen and Johnson watching a ballet from the wings. The thought's probably been kicking around in his subconscious ever since his boyhood days, though. He fell in love with a ballerina then, and worshiped from afar. It was off-season when he started this article, but he talked with Hurok and tracked down dancers all over New York from the Automat to Bloomingdale's. He even cornered Nora Kaye in front of a restaurant on Fifty-second Street. Besides his Cockeyed and Quizzical Crosswords for Liberty, Shane has written on almost any subject you can think of. "Ballet," he says, "is the loveliest cheesecake of all."



## NEXT WEEK



**WHAT** goes on in Russian-occupied Germany? Juliet Bridgman, who stepped behind the iron curtain in *THE FOURTH REICH*, tells what she saw and heard. . . . Six years ago, private capital tried a housing experiment with five-room

homes renting for \$25 PER MONTH PER HOUSE. Noel C. Cobb shows how it works. . . . It's *MURDER ON FIFTY-SECOND STREET* when a night-club owner invites an heiress to dine. Oscar Schisgall starts an exciting two-part story. . . . Phyllis Duganne's short story reveals what happens when a veteran tells tales of combat to his son. . . . In *WASHINGTON TAPESTRY*, Liberty's Book Condensation, Raymond Clapper's widow paints a fascinating and entertaining picture of her husband and life in the nation's capital.

LIBERTY



# "Yes, I did hide the car keys!"

Pretty Ruth Coleman admitted readily enough that she'd hidden the car keys. "We made a bargain," she reminded her husband. "We agreed that driving without auto insurance was just too great a risk. You promised you'd have it by today—or walk! Okay, darling, we're *both* going to walk 'til we're insured!"

Realizing that one auto accident could cost them their home and life's savings, the Colemans took a sensible step. In getting auto insurance, there's *another* important step—and that's to pick the *right kind*! That's the kind State Farm offers. State Farm Mutual is the progressive automobile insurance company that pioneered such features as: Double-the-usual public liability

and property damage insurance... liberal medical pay... 80% collision coverage.

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## **AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS INCREASING!**

Increased cost of automobile accidents affects you and every driver. Under such conditions, your automobile insurance is more important than ever before. Don't let an accident happen to you. Don't take even a little chance with injury or death. Drive with extra care—and you'll help keep auto insurance rates at their lowest possible level—remember auto drivers set auto insurance rates.

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IT took a lawn party with President Truman to convince this writer that the disabled veteran is on his way to joining the ranks of other forgotten ex-soldiers.

While the guns were still hot, the American public, as was to be expected, showered the disabled serviceman with care and attention. In time, though, the practice dwindled. Now these veterans are expected to keep up with the daily grind of livelihood without any special consideration. Then, also, there is a practice of using them as a front for many personal as well as civic publicity stunts.

It was with pride that I accepted the President's invitation to attend his recent lawn party for disabled servicemen. Here was an opportunity of not only meeting the Commander in Chief, but also of picking up some good stories from the large disabled group that was scheduled to be present. Reports were that there were to be 823 of them. I could account for only about 200 disabled present. The remainder, it appeared, included an array of generals, friends and wives.

The proceedings began fairly promptly with the President and Mrs. Truman and other dignitaries forming a receiving line under a group of trees not more than a hundred yards from the White House steps. After handshakes came the ice cream—vanilla or strawberry—and plenty of it. Without a doubt this White House ice cream proved to be the best I have ever tasted, and so were the cookies, the lemonade, and the coffee.

As the Marine band played, President Truman hurriedly carried on conversations with the various groups scattered about the White House lawn. He tried to appear jolly and friendly, but one could see that he was concerned about other matters. Obviously he must have been thinking about the railroad strike conferences that were being held in a chamber only a few yards away.

The next day, to my amazement, some newspapers and a few public figures began criticizing the President for attending this "untimely social affair," as it was called.

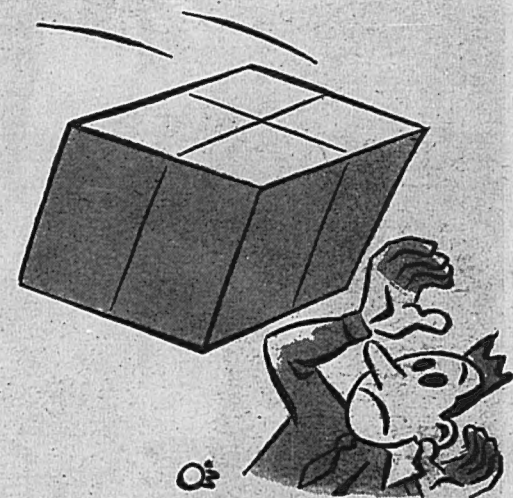
Holy smoke!—if that isn't the last straw! Here are men who gave up parts of their bodies so that we might all live long enough to have railroad strikes, and when their turn came for slight official recognition

—on a hour and twenty-five minutes of it—the affair in their honor was brushed off as unimportant.

Is this the old story repeating itself? Once the nation is secure and the sacrifices have been made, must selfishness and greed always gain the upper hand?

\* \* \*

Mrs. Rose Canelli, Morristown, N. J. You may now send your husband packages weighing 70 pounds, and 100 inches in length and girth combined. Only one box a week, though



Seventy pounds!

—and you must still have the regular written request from him for every item, since he's in the Army. If he were in the Navy, you could send anything you pleased (within limits), for requests are not required.

\* \* \*

Arthur McAdams, Tampa, Fla. You may enlist in the ERC at any time within six months after your discharge, in the grade held in the Army of the United States, so long as you enlist in the same branch of service.

\* \* \*

T/5 Wilbur Hood, Jacksonville, Fla. Yes, you can buy a four-family house under the G.I. Bill, provided you live in one of the apartments.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LIBERTY





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IF IT ISN'T

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# ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Air service to Latin America by more than one U. S. air line is authorized now, at last, leaving only five lines strictly domestic

**A**FTER several years of long-drawn-out procedures, the Civil Aeronautics Board, with President Truman's signature, has drastically altered the U. S. air-line picture in Latin America.

Heretofore Pan American World Airways, with its partner on the west coast of South America, Pan American-Grace Airways, has been the sole U. S. certificated air line in Latin America except for a temporary certificate to American Airlines for service to Mexico City.

Now the Board has authorized Braniff Airways, the Great Lakes-to-the-Gulf air line, to fly from Houston, Texas, to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires with numerous intermediate stops. Chicago and Southern Air Lines, operating between Chicago and New Orleans, will fly to Havana, Jamaica, the Dutch West Indies, and Venezuela. In addition to American Airlines, whose certificate was made permanent, Eastern Air Lines will fly to Mexico City direct from New Orleans, and Western Air Lines will fly to the Mexican capital from Los Angeles. Eastern will also fly to Puerto Rico, and National Airlines to Havana. Colonial Airlines will fly to Bermuda from New York and Washington.

Pan American gets a coveted New York-to-Puerto Rico route, saving much travel time to through passengers to Rio and Buenos Aires, and has also obtained several other routes to strengthen its large system.

The decision has much significance, for it leaves only a handful of U. S. air lines that are strictly domestic. To be exact, only Delta Air Lines, Continental Air Lines, Pennsylvania-Central Airlines, Mid-Continent Airlines, and Pioneer Airlines (formerly Essair) have no operations outside the continental United States.

This list does not include the new purely feeder air lines recently certificated.

The government set out several years ago to extend the competitive air-transport system to foreign lands, and the Latin-American extensions entrench this policy deeply. One thing is sure: there will be no lack of airplane service to the south. The air-line operators

hope there will be passengers to fill all the seats that will be available.

## Comfort at High Altitudes

For many years a novel feature of Pan American-Grace's air service in South America has been the trans-Andean hop just east of Santiago, Chile, where sometimes the planes go up as high as 20,000 feet. This was the only service in the Western Hemisphere that had transport planes with an oxygen outlet at each seat. The passengers enjoyed it. As the plane climbs steadily from sea level, the average passenger feels his breath becoming short due to shortage of oxygen. He merely picks up the tube, sucks oxygen for a few seconds, and feels entirely normal. The whole trip over the Andes proper is covered in less than half an hour.

Today there is one air service in the United States which has oxygen outlets for the use of passengers, and the air line reports the passengers get a kick out of using it. It is Western Air Lines' new service with four-engined DC-4s between Denver and Los Angeles, and over the Rockies the plane may go as high as 16,000 feet. Many passengers don't need oxygen at that altitude for the

short time the plane is up there, but some do. Sucking the oxygen provides an exhilarating uplift.

Within a short time altitude-conditioned cabins will be introduced on several air lines, eliminating the need of oxygen outlets and permitting the pilots to fly higher and avoid bad weather at lower altitudes without having to consider passenger comfort. Thus one of the new planes flying at 16,000 feet actual altitude will have a conditioning cabin with an inside "altitude" of 5,000 feet.

High-altitude flying has never been a major factor in causing discomfort to passengers. Dr. Arthur D. Tuttle, medical director of United Air Lines, said a review covering 4,000,000 passengers carried by the company from 1938 through 1945 revealed that only one in 1,000 needed supplemental oxygen while flying over the mountains in the West. Only three in 1,000 were airsick, and only one in 2,000 had ear trouble. The altitude-conditioned, or pressurized, cabin is expected to eliminate these discomforts for all but a very few passengers.

## Transatlantic Air Shipments

Pan American World Airways reports that transatlantic air express shipments are increasing steadily. What is being shipped? Look at these items:

Eastbound: penicillin, frogs "on the leg," dental gold, machine parts, and rare manuscripts.

Westbound: false teeth, leeches from Portugal, cardigan sweaters from Scotland, Swiss watches.

Newspapers are being exchanged daily, while advertising materials and newsreel and motion-picture films are crossing the Atlantic in each direction in quantity.



With John Fornasero, who was her first flight instructor and is today a Boeing test pilot, Jacqueline Cochran looks over an XC-97, the Boeing Stratocruiser's prototype.



# Which Drink is Cooler?



**Dutch Diplomat Insists:**  
Obviously, a Bacardi  
Cuba Libre! In all the  
world there is no more  
refreshingly cool, more  
quenchingly delicious drink!  
The ice cubes even tinkle more  
frostily in a cool... cool...  
Bacardi Cuba Libre!

**Russian Delegate Denies:**  
So? No! But Bacardi *Gold  
Label* and Soda, of course! Sip  
it slowly... linger over that  
soulful, mellow flavor. Aha, you  
see? Bacardi and Soda liquidates  
the heat perfectly!

One thing's settled: whether it's in a Cuba Libre... or  
with Soda... Bacardi's blessings, gained exclusively by its  
84-year-old secret formula, mean special deliciousness,  
special coolness for your favorite long summer drink!



## all nations agree — BACARDI

RUM... 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York





*Liberty*

THE MAGAZINE OF  
A FREE PEOPLE



The Plain American



The Statesman



HARRIS & EWING PHOTOS

The Fighter



The Traveler  
U. S. NAVY PHOTO

# Show Me, Mr. Truman

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

The way Mr. Truman has run the Presidency and the country has been the object of much bewilderment. Mr. Ickes takes the measure of Truman's first peacetime year with stinging candor

I AM not likely to forget the telephone call on April 12, 1945, that summoned me to go at once to the Cabinet room of the White House. No explanation was given, and during the five minutes that it took me to reach my destination there was little time for speculation. The mystery was soon tragically solved. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was dead, and to fill the place of the man who knew the geography of the world and its history, who

was cognizant of its various cultures and tolerant of the different habits and customs of the people who inhabited it, stood forward Harry S. Truman of Missouri.

There was nothing assertive or proud or even self-confident about him as he stood in the Cabinet room with his wife and his daughter beside him. Rather, he seemed awed by the tremendous responsibility which had been thrust upon him. And, obviously, he was oblivious of the crowding into the Cabinet room of men and women who did not belong there—some of them heavy with grief, and others with a look in their eyes that hardly dispelled the thought that they were licking their chops in anticipation of what the new political regime might mean for them in the way of place or favor. Yet I doubt whether there was anyone in that crowded room who did not feel his heart warm toward the man into whose unprepared and reluctant hands had fallen the greatest power in the world.

As he took the oath of office, the

people of the United States gave him the benefit of every doubt. Partisanship was forgotten, or at least laid aside, for the moment. The people were willing to overlook the fact that President Truman, although not personally besmirched, had been spawned by as corrupt a political machine as had existed anywhere in the country, and that he had been nominated at Chicago as a result of political machinations—"Hannegan's shenanigans" was the characterization—that did no credit to the Democratic Party and constituted no assurance to the country.

There was none who did not wish him well, none who was not willing to do whatever he might be called upon to do to help. The people wanted him to succeed, not only on his own account, but on their own. They did not have to be told that their peace and happiness and probably even the lives of their children and grandchildren depended upon the wisdom and the strength of the man who, accepting the Vice-Presidential nomination which he insisted

(Continued on page 53)







# Crazy Current

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

An old man working in a logging camp and a bright-eyed girl as boss were too much for Bill—especially the girl

**B**ILL LUNDQUIST checked them off his list as they jogged down the Quahalem's gangplank: Four choker men slouching under the weight of a Seattle hangover. Six section hands, a set of fallers for the North Branch timber. And, limping behind them, frayed packsack on one shoulder, shaggy-gray head bare to the hopeless rain, Broad-Ax Mike Regan.

Lundquist shoved the list into his hip pocket. He had been tending to this routine chore automatically, his mind still worrying at the problem of the West Line trestle and the freshet that boomed under it. Now, staring at Regan, he realized what it must be like to see a ghost.

The old man wasn't on his hiring list—he would never be on any logging-camp payroll again.

He waited, one calked boot on the running board of the speeder, a company push, young for his job, his blond hair kinked and darkened by the rain. As they straggled toward him along the dock, he called over the heads of the other thirteen, "No use, Mike. You can turn around and get back on board."

"I was sent for, kid." Regan's voice was as quiet as his faded blue eyes. "Nora told me to come."

He stood, neither cringing nor defiant, leaning on the handle of his heavy ax, a sparrow of a man in an old-fashioned blue serge suit, long Irish face wooden above his stiff collar. Lundquist heard the speeder man behind him change a snicker into a cough, and felt the blood climbing to his cheekbones.

"We'll see about that," he said curtly. And to the speeder man, "Wheel the rest of 'em in to the woods camp. Regan stays here."

He lifted his foot off the running board and turned away. Regan, he knew, was following him, limping patiently after him, packsack on his shoulder and broad-ax aswing in his hand.

By the time Lundquist reached the company office above the dock, his anger had hardened into dour purpose. He slapped once on the door with his gloves and pushed in.

"You hired Mike Regan," he said. "I'm sending him back to town."

He was swinging his broad-ax with almost lazy deliberation. "Oh, Bill," Nora panted, "get him out of there!"

For a moment Nora Manion didn't raise her head. Her smooth black hair was tied with a red ribbon at the nape of the neck; she looked small and somehow childlike behind the enormous old desk that still carried the mark of her father's heels.

"Why, Bill?" Nora asked. She glanced up, and with a pang that pierced his determined anger, Lundquist knew she had been working late again. Her face was too tired and too thin, her lips too bright. But her eyes were steady and there was more than a hint of her father's stubbornness in mouth and chin.

"You don't have to ask me why," Lundquist said. "Regan came out of that smash-up last spring with his leg twisted like a pretzel. He's got a good home with his daughter in town and compensation coming steady." He told her sharply, while she gave him her calm gray-eyed regard, "Damn it, you can't afford to keep every busted tame ape on the coast!"

"I won't send him down," Nora said. "You think he asked to come back. Well, he didn't. His daughter wrote me that he spent his days wearing out his ax with an oilstone—eating his heart out for the woods."

**N**ORA got up lithely and came out from behind the desk. There was color in her cheeks now, and in this soft red wool dress she was all girl, slender but sweetly formed.

"When I read that letter, I wired the agency to make out his papers and send him up on the next steamer. He's here, Bill," she said obstinately, "and he stays."

Lundquist looked down at her, the familiar ache tightening his chest. He wanted to kiss the tiredness out of her face—wanted that almost as much as he yearned to reach out and shake sense into her.

"Sure," he said. "I understand how you feel. Any logger would. But this show's going haywire, Nora. You're deep in the red. If you can't hold costs down, you'll never get out."

"Haywire or not," Nora said, the even softness of her tone a danger signal, "it's still a Manion show. My father and Mike Regan started together forty years ago, hand-logging on Jervis Inlet with nothing much more than axes and nerve. Dad never threw his gloves away

and Regan won't either. Do as you want about anything else, but I'm keeping Broad-Ax Mike. I've got to keep him."

She was close to him, so close that he could breathe the faint perfume she used. "Let's not fight about it, Bill—we've been doing too much lately. Hunt up a job for him. Any job that will keep him in the woods."

She had him, and she knew it. There was more than weariness in her face: a hint of triumph, and in her eyes the perverse Irish humor. Laughing at him. Laughing too soon.

"All right," he said. "I'll spot him at the fire-patrol shack by the West Line trestle. He can watch the river and swing his ax on the woodpile. And you can make out my time—I'll be catching the down boat Saturday."

He scooped his rigging gloves off the desk. Nora didn't speak or move, just stood staring at him, while he slammed out of the office.

**T**HE rain was sluicing from a low gray sky, as it had been since the first of the month. Peg-legging up the railway grade toward the beach-camp cookhouse, Lundquist found his brain busy from sheer force of habit with the tribulations of pushing a show that had been getting a little tougher, a little harder to handle each week. Get fire season over and there was the threat of a big snow to keep you awake nights. Lick those hazards and along came a freshet to knock hell out of your railway bridges.

But he'd never intended to quit, hadn't even thought of it till that white-hot moment. He'd meant to stick it out, with Nora and because of her. Work the company into the clear, recover it from Big Pat's outdated operating methods and reckless generousities, then some day...

He shrugged, and his lips twisted bitterly. In less than forty-eight hours he'd be off this claim for keeps. He'd known, even though he had never admitted it to himself, that a showdown must come; only it had not occurred to him that it would be called as suddenly as this, and by a woods-hungry old Hoosier who couldn't forget he'd once been catty with a broad-ax.

Regan was downing late breakfast with the flunkies in the cook-

(Continued on page 66)



# Wildcat of the Water

All deep-water fishermen, sooner or later, long to tackle tarpon. After reading this, many of them will be content to continue longing

BY RAY P. HOLLAND

**W**HEN a fellow is going fishing he is always in a hurry, and I was going fishing. Yet the horn on my car had to be fixed. Some horns get stuck and just blow. Mine wasn't like that. It performed only when I backed the car and then it blared forth in a series of short impudent blasts. Fishing would have to wait. And now this automobile mechanic wanted to talk about fish because he had seen my tackle in the car.

"Mackerel will be runnin' 'fore long," he grunted as he tried to stand on his head to reach the wires that came out of the end of the steering post. "They're my meat. But I like to troll for trout. And, mister, I can catch trout with any of 'em. What have you been gettin'?"

I would have preferred to remain mute, but if I had to be polite I might as well boast a little. I was right proud of something that had happened the day before, so I announced myself:

"Caught a sixty-pound tarpon yesterday on a five-ounce rod, a bass plug, and fifteen-pound test line!"

That did it. My mechanic friend extracted himself from the bowels of my car and stood erect. He exhaled audibly and I couldn't tell whether it was from the effort of sliding an overstuffed belly over the fender or from sheer disgust.

"To hell with tarpon!" he said. "I



The battle is on. In the first wild leap the Silver King takes to the air, clearing the water by fifteen feet, gyrating and shaking himself to throw the hook.

want no part of 'em. I came down here from Indiana twenty-two years ago and I caught my first tarpon a couple of days after I got here. The things have been in my hair ever since. That first bully I hooked weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds. No one would help me and I couldn't get him in. I never got so sick of anything in my life. The last half hour I was in a fog. I work for a livin' and I fish for fun.

"Last week I was trolling for trout. I was out alone, sittin' on the stern of my skiff. I wanted to light a cigarette, and I put my reel between my knees, with my rod over my shoulder. Just then a tarpon hit and busted the best rod I ever owned. He'd have taken the whole outfit if the line hadn't busted. Time and again I've had my thumb burned white before I could take it off the reel when tarpon hit. Call 'em sporty and game if you want to. My life would be a lot happier if there wasn't a tarpon alive anywhere."

Difference of opinion makes life interesting, but the fisherman who doesn't vote for the tarpon is a very rare exception. This fish is perhaps the highest-touted game fin in this country. The tarpon brings more fishermen to Florida, Texas, and other Gulf points than all other fish combined. Men fish for lesser gamesters, but they hope to catch tarpon. All anglers know what you mean when you speak of the Silver King. Hotels display pictures of leaping tarpon on their road signs and have pictures of this fish on their stationery.

The tarpon is unique in that he is not a food fish. The man who fishes for tarpon is out for sport alone. Sportsmen rate a big tarpon as they would a game trophy. More than any other fish, tarpon are mounted to adorn clubs and the lobbies of resort hotels. Men speak of taking a near-record tarpon as they would of killing a prize elk or a grizzly bear. Anglers often visit tarpon



waters year after year to catch their first tarpon, and then keep on coming in the hope of getting a larger one. Others are lucky, like the automobile mechanic, and land a big fish on their first trip.

The popularity of the Silver King is due to a number of things. His strike packs a thrill. He hits viciously. Often the strike sounds like a shotgun muffled, as though fired under water. He never quits. I have seen fish so exhausted that they lay quiet on the surface of the water, then came to life and started all over again. Above all, the tarpon is spectacular! He does most of his fighting in the air. No fish can out-jump him. When he can no longer come clear of the water, he goes in for long slashing runs with his head out, trying to shake the hook. After the fireworks he settles down to a dogged underwater fight, and—he may jump again in a final flurry.

**A**NY fish that is always willing to strike doesn't rate very high as a game fish, and no fish is more temperamental than a tarpon. When they don't want to take, that's all there is to it. I have cast into a school of big tarpon rolling all around me for hours at a time, and never had a fish show the slightest interest in the many different lures I offered him.

On one occasion I saw a big fish rolling and stayed with him all day. He would roll regularly, turning half on his side when he went down so that I could see the depth of him. He was the biggest tarpon I had ever seen and I wanted him on the end of my line just long enough to see him come clear of the water. With my tackle, that was all I could hope for. He had an eye as big as a



85 pounds of the gamest fish that swims. The Tarpon is not a food fish and unless it's their first, most sportsmen usually return them to the ocean. ACME PHOTO



Most dangerous moment, when he appears exhausted. Experts know they never quit. OUTDOOR LIFE PHOTO

teacup and he looked us over, but as far as I know he never looked at any lure I cast his way and I gave him everything in the box.

There are many different ways to fish for tarpon and any way is the right way if you catch fish. Some folks anchor a boat over a spot where tarpon are supposed to be and fish with bait. Others drift with the tide over tarpon grounds and watch a big cork bobber under which hangs an able-bodied hook baited with mullet, catfish, or crab. When the cork goes under and the hook is driven home, a hundred or more pounds of thrashing fish may come out of the water right alongside the boat. It's a thrill that will shut off your wind.

Fish caught on bait usually have the hook well down and the danger of throwing it out is much less than with fish caught on artificial lures, when the hook is never swallowed. Fish hooked deep ordinarily do not jump as often as those that

find themselves with something foreign in their mouths.

Many of the boys and some of the girls who bait fish for tarpon like night fishing best. Tarpon usually strike at certain tides, and if the tide is right at midnight, they are out there ready. They do say that a jumping tarpon on a bright moonlight night is something to see, and when the water is filled with phosphorus nothing equals it in a fisherman's world.

**T**HE man who trolls for tarpon claims his sport is far more spectacular and thrilling than bait fishing. Instead of watching a cork, he sits in the stern of a power boat and trolls a spoon—which is a slightly curved piece of metal or the like—or a feather out behind. When a big fish hits such a lure, he hooks himself, and almost always he comes out of water immediately, gyrating and shaking himself to throw the (Continued on page 70)





PHOTO BY THOMAS D. MULHERN

An *Anopheles* mosquito lights on a man's forearm. Infection of mosquito is the first link in the malarial chain.

# We Can Wipe Out Malaria NOW

Medical science has developed a drug which will lick malaria, but we're stymied on how to pass on the blessing. An outstanding medical reporter has the answer

**BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL**

**W**E can lick malaria, not just "fight" it. The disease that has cost tens of thousands of lives and each year still turns four to five hundred thousand of our citizens into shivering, fever-racked, emaciated shells can now be wiped out for less than the cost of a battleship.

We can do it by applying the results of our wartime anti-malarial research, or we can fumble our chance and run the risk of finding malaria on the increase for the first time in two generations. Remember, many of our veterans of the South Pacific, Africa, and Italian campaigns who have never even had

an attack of malarial chills and fevers may still have the infection latent within their bodies. Innocently, any single malarial veteran may infect the, at present, non-malarial mosquitoes in regions where the "ague" has been unknown for over a century.

Leading malariologists, such as Captain Lowell T. Coggeshall of the Navy, have considered such outbreaks of imported malaria a distinct possibility. Experiments by the Army at Percy Jones General Hospital have proved that some domestic mosquitoes are perfectly capable of becoming infected with South

Pacific malaria and are therefore capable of transmitting the disease from veteran-victims to the population at large.

Finally, there is the record of a recent small outbreak of malaria in Iowa, in an area where the disease had been unknown for generations. After checking and double-checking that outbreak, experts are quite certain that the disease had been brought in by malaria victims recently from the South and transmitted to local people by local mosquitoes.

Malaria is a chain disease. It has to pass from man to a mosquito and then from that mosquito back to man. In theory—and we've been applying that theory for fifty years now—we could end malaria by cutting the chain at any link. But the theory couldn't be put into practice.

We had no sure way of making humans non-infectious to mosquitoes once they had acquired the disease. We fed people quinine and it helped them overcome their malarial attacks. But it never served to guarantee against a relapse. Somehow the malarial bug managed to survive in their systems and stir again.

In more recent years we fed them



atabrine, a synthetic drug. But atabrine, too, only served to suppress the symptoms of malaria. Moreover, sometimes it seemed to work wonders, and sometimes it failed miserably.

We tried screening, and that worked—if you stayed in the house and the screens developed no holes through which mosquitoes could enter. We tried drainage of swamps and oiling of lakes and streams and dusting with Paris green and half a hundred other expensive procedures designed to make breeding impossible for the mosquito. And these, too, worked. Only, we couldn't ever hope to drain all the swamps. And some varieties of mosquitoes weren't affected by drainage at all. They bred very nicely indeed in little puddles and roof gutters and empty tin cans. In fact, everything we tried worked a little—and cost a great deal. So much did it cost that whole areas of our rural South never could hope to afford to pay even a fraction of the vast cost.

**H**OW vast that cost could be was demonstrated by the experience of the Fourth Service Command, which had the relatively small job of protecting 121 Army stations in seven southeastern states against outbreaks of malaria. With its work concentrated only in the immediate vicinity of these camps, this campaign required the clearing of more than 30,000 acres of brush, the digging of 4,000,000 feet of ditches, the laying of 1,500,000 cubic yards of fill, and the treatment of 146,000 acres of surface water with 200,000 gallons of oil and 61,000 pounds of Paris green!

That is what malaria fighters were up against. Considering the odds against them, they achieved an amazing degree of success. Yet for all their great work, only twelve states are entirely free of malaria. And many areas once thought malaria-free have had flare-ups of new infections as soon as vigilance was even slightly relaxed.

But today things can be vastly different, thanks mainly to the work of more than 400 scientists under the Board for the Co-ordination of Malarial Studies, a subsidiary of the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development. Backed by \$5,000,000 of research funds (a trifle easily lost track of in our great war budgets, but far more than had ever been spent on all previous malaria research the world over), they have completely reversed the odds in man's fight against the "ague" parasite.

Their first job was to determine the best possible way of using atabrine, the drug that was our only hope for a successful fight against malaria in the tropics—and therefore against the Japs, since the Japs controlled Java, the world's major source of quinine.

After they had proved that a synthetic drug was better than anything

nature had given us, the Malarial Studies Board decided to test other compounds, some very much like atabrine, many quite different. And that brought them squarely up against the problem of finding guinea pigs—human guinea pigs—hundreds of them.

As long as they worked on atabrine, this had presented no great difficulty. For mental hospitals throughout the country deliberately give malaria to victims of syphilitic paresis. This "fever treatment" has been a stand-by for years. Since the scientists already knew that atabrine could stop a malarial attack, and since these people already had malaria, they weren't risking any lives when they experimented with different doses of atabrine.

With the new drugs, however, it would be different. There was no way of being certain that a test drug would not gravely injure or even kill the patient—no way until someone came along willing to try it and see. So the scientists turned to two groups of volunteers: conscientious objectors and prison inmates. After they had screened each proposed drug—the final total ran to more than 15,000—in preliminary tests against at least two varieties of malaria on birds and then on rats, dogs, and monkeys, they then had to try the most promising ones on these volunteers.

They had little enough to offer these men in exchange for the certainty of prolonged misery and pos-

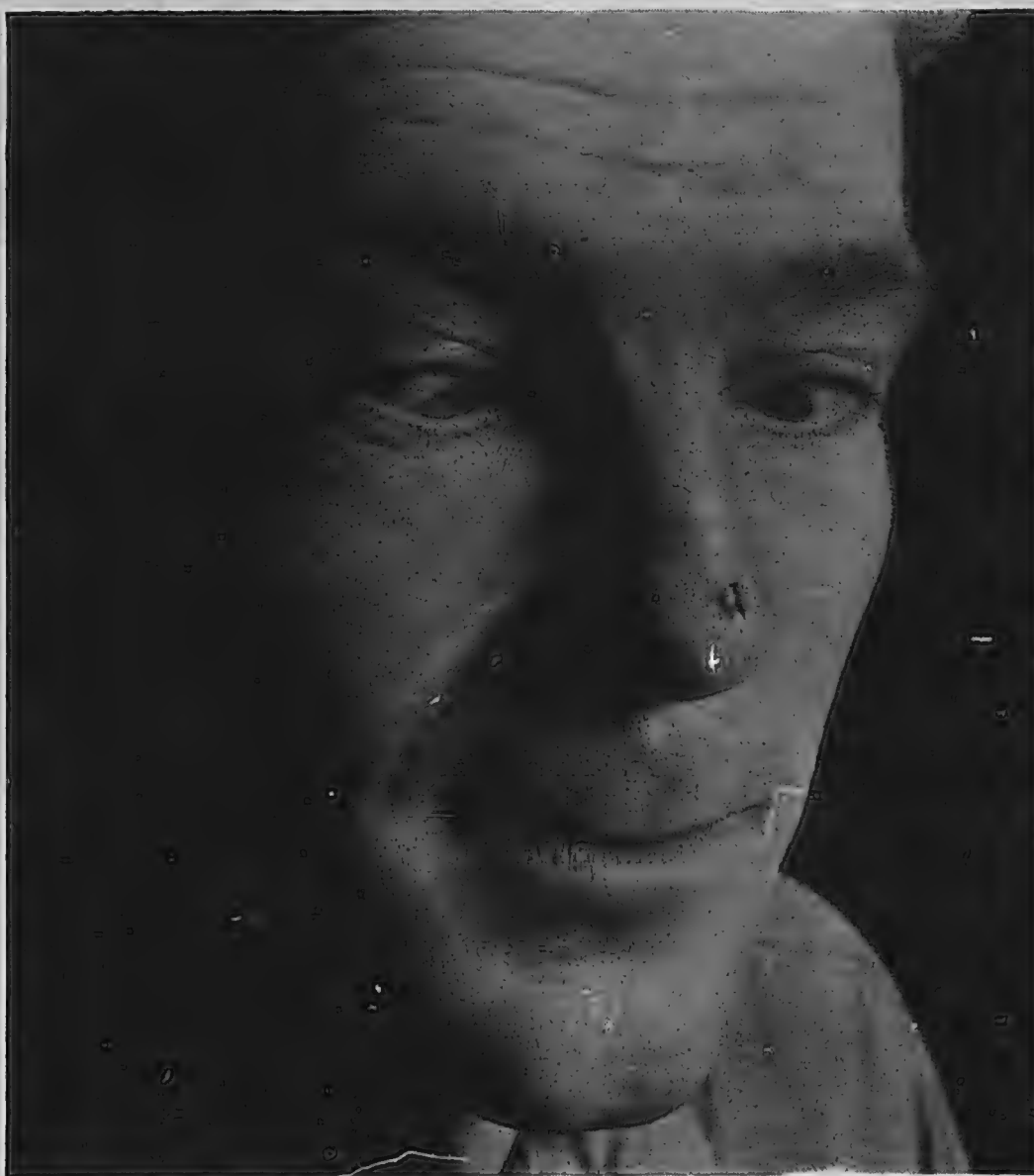
(Continued on page 57)



Comparison of the malarial mosquito (*Anopheles*) to the common mosquito



(right). Body of the *Anopheles* is sharply tilted; the common mosquito's is not.



INSECT WIRE SCREENING BUREAU

For more than three years human guinea pigs have exposed themselves to malarial mosquitoes to test anti-malaria drugs.



**I**T caused quite a stir when Kevin Mullaney came home for a while. A long while it was supposed to be, too. A reporter for a leading capital paper called it "for a sojourn of several months."

The write-up in the paper made Kevin a very important personage in our eyes. He was one of the many bright lads of the barony who had left for other lands, to be lost forever to the race and the sod. He had gone to see what he called "Life," and to write a book about it. He hadn't done the book yet, but he had worked some as a newspaperman in London and other capitals, had even mixed with the Mayfair set and done some articles on them. He was a traveled man, and he cut quite a figure wearing the latest suitings from Savile Row.

It came as a surprise, then, to everyone when, after a welcome crowded with lashings of hospitality, Kevin suddenly changed his mind, decided to make it a week's visit and then go back. He was bored, everybody thought. And he had met everybody except Malachi Michael O'Hanrahan, who was away at a big wake for a friend in the McGillicuddy Reeks country; and it was not only bad form but also bad luck, they said, to go without paying his respects to our patriarch who had seen so many come and go in his time.

Luckily Malachi Michael got back on the day before the scheduled departure, and Kevin called on him.

"Leaving us so soon!" said Malachi Michael. "Och, after London and the great cities, where the strange things must happen the way a man would be writing books on top of books about them, 'tis the quiet spot here. All simple and ordinary folk, plain people, as homespun as my old tweed coat."

"It's as delightfully pastoral as ever," laughed Kevin, "a spot unchanged in a changing world. But you still can tell the old stories of kings and kings' daughters out of hoary time."

"Stories half as old as time itself are worth retelling," remarked Malachi Michael. "Changes oft are external anyway, nor is every change for the good, and that's why the foreign ones don't catch on in this old land. 'Tis better to forge new swords on the same old anvil. Let's sit by the window here and see the neighbors passing on the main street in their daily rounds."

"To tell the truth," went on Kevin, sitting down, "the only change I saw here was in my Uncle Shane, and a change for the worse, too. Why, he wouldn't even lift a glass with me; a rigid, rank teetotaler, imagine, dull as ditch water now."

"And a grand man once with the holy bottle. Long have I known him and all your family, even before your father was courting your mother, God rest her, heaven be her

bed! But there goes Colm O'Hara down the street. You met him too?"

"I met him, I met everybody," said Kevin. "I didn't know he was back from Australia after so many years there seeking his fortune."

"He came back lately, clad only in shirt and trousers, and dead beat. His ship was kept in quarantine five miles out because of some illness aboard, only Colm couldn't abide it and he threw off his clothes one stormy night, dived over, and swam home."

"How odd, not to come in the regular way!"

"The pull of home was too strong and sudden, I suppose. He took sick with a fever afterwards, and all he kept saying was that far-off cows had long horns and fields looked greener far away. There's Brian Costello now. And you met him?"

"Yes. I tell you I met them all," repeated Kevin, sipping his glass of whisky. "Thought he was headed for America."

"He had his ticket to go, only one night, coming home from the Fair of Druimnara with a drop too many taken, he fell asleep under a fairy brown-thorn tree, and one of the Little People put a spell on him—the Pookha it was, we found later—"

"A spell!"

"And he forgot everything, forgot about America and even about his girlieen, the pulse of his heart; was nigh witless entirely. But to make a

so many new names for old things. Have him see a psychiatrist, maybe, get in an institution and take treatments for months, maybe years. But it took Maeve only a day to get under his skin and make him a witful man of sense again. Is that Dermot Hanley I see?"

Kevin grunted and searched for something in his pockets. "The village cobbler!" he muttered. "I passed the time of day with him. A bit cracked, isn't he, gone daft since I left?"

"I wouldn't say that. Only, he's the most disappointed man in the world after his trouble with the crickets."

"Some trouble, a run-in with insects," scoffed Kevin. "But go ahead, the crickets sound interesting anyhow."

"Crickets!" said Malachi Michael, taking a big gulp of his tumbler. "'Twas the way one day walking in the summery fields Dermot heard a cricket sing, and its song was different from the song of the cricket on his hearth, a different pitch. It gave him an idea, and he hunted that cricket high and low till he found it and brought it home to have a duet in his house, in harmony, and from that he got the idea for a trio and roved all Munster for a third and found it too—"

"How novel!" Kevin broke in.

"It had more than the merit of mere novelty some modern things

# Window in Main Street

It's a strange world, no matter where you go or stay.

Particularly, as Kevin found out, in the quiet places



BY T. F. HEALY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

long story short, we brought him to Maeve Mullholland, the old woman with the power on her, and after a day's rituals Brian was his own man again, married and raising a family, thanks to the Little People, as he says, who kept him from emigrating, and—"

"The Little People!" exclaimed Kevin. "After all—"

"You don't have them in London, I suppose, and besides, you'd have another name for it where you have

have. One of our many manuscripts destroyed in the invasions told of a saint after Patrick's time who had a whole chorus of crickets, but that was in our Golden Age. It was all very well till Dermot had a dream one night if he caught a fourth for a quartet 'twould be a sign and a symbol of the unity of the Four Provinces of the land once more to relive her Golden Age and the unity of the four corners of the world itself, with lasting peace for poor



"And there goes Andar O'Sullivan," continued Malachi Michael, "who fell in love with the mermaid, poor man."

mankind. It was as big a dream as any man ever had. So forth he fared, like a knight of old seeking the Holy Grail itself, to find that cricket. Up and down the land he went, till one day he heard it singing in a glen up in Antrim, and he found it only because he was looking for it—"

"And then came peace to men and his dream was fulfil—"

"Fate stepped in. It happened that the day before he caught it, one of the three he had hopped out of the box and got over the ditch into the fields, and—"

"Pardon me!" said Kevin. He searched in his pockets and drew out an old envelope and a pencil. "Have to scribble a note."

"'Twas a great vision," continued Malachi Michael, "and it is that way that men add bit by bit to the bright dream of mankind. I see Cahir Considine just went by who tried to grow the perfect potato, and here comes Andar O'Sullivan who fell in love with the mermaid, poor man—just two more of the neighbors."

"Potato! Mermaid!" said Kevin, finishing his writing.

Malachi Michael drew out his watch. "'Tis late," he said, "and you must catch that early train to-

morrow to go back to the big world again, with a long drive to the depot."

"Think I'll pass up the early train. I'll have another drink. Don't like to take it at the house with Uncle Shane around. Can't see what reason he of all men had for taking the pledge."

**MALACHI MICHAEL** smiled. "A man like him needs a good reason. He never told you because you never asked him, and everybody knows it. Do you remember how he took a tumbler of whisky every morning before he shaved?"

"Indeed I do," laughed Kevin. "His morning constitutional, he called it."

"Well, one morning he was taking it when he happened to glance at the looking glass, and he couldn't believe his two eyes at what he saw there."

"What's the point?" asked Kevin. "What could he see, or any man see in a mirror but himself, his own image!"

"His own image it was. The only thing that troubled him was, just as he lifted the tumbler of whisky to his lips the man in the mirror lifted a big glass of porter, and he

thought the devil was in it this time surely."

"Good Lord!" mumbled Kevin as he wrote again. "How extraordinary! It makes him yet another character. But—"

"I'm due at the tavern," said Malachi Michael, "to tell the boys another story out of the old time."

Kevin jumped up. "I'd like to hear it too, if you don't mind."

"Och, just a story of men and women with the same dreams and troubles we have today, for despite changes, the substance of humanity stays the same till time's wick gutters out. But 'tis the quiet spot here, and a strange world, no matter where you go or stay."

"Malachi Michael," said Kevin, "I've decided to stay. A week's only a—"

"Good lad! By the way, what were you writing, if 'tis not too personal?"

"Notes about the neighbors. I got an idea. A title too."

"And what might the title be?"

"Window in Main Street."

Malachi Michael smiled, and to Kevin his eyes seemed to glow with lights like the twinkling of distant campfires at evening.

THE END





PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

HOLD-UP. A clerk pushes a hidden button that sounds an alarm— in the central office. Guards in the vicinity are dispatched—

# Invisible Policemen

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr.

SEVERAL months ago a burglar painstakingly cut his way through the ceiling of a New York jewelry store and dropped to the floor. But before he could decide what to carry off, the front door opened and in walked what appeared to be a couple of cops. When they dragged him out, he discovered that they were blue-uniformed guards from a private protection agency.

"Who tipped you guys off?" he growled. "There wasn't any burglar alarm on that ceiling."

He should have known better than to break into that store. Posted on the door was a little red-and-black seal, signifying that the place was guarded *in absentia* by the Holmes Electric Protective Company, an organization dedicated to nabbing criminals. When it comes to capturing jewel thieves, bank robbers, and second-story men, this organization's founder, Edwin Holmes, makes the famous Sherlock look like a piker. The methods Edwin Holmes worked out almost a century ago are so effective today in guarding thousands of banks, stores, and business houses that the company's quarry almost always turns out to be either a novice or a lame-brain. Profes-

sional crooks give Holmes-guarded premises a wide berth.

That burglar was a victim of Holmes' newest burglar barrier which throws a protective cordon of infra-red rays around anything from a pearl necklace to a warehouse. As long as an invisible beam continues to hit a photoelectric cell, all is well. But let someone walk through it and the cell is darkened and an alarm sounded. The beam can run the length of a warehouse, or be reflected between numerous mirrors to weave a sort of ghostly cat's cradle around a safe, a display window, or a rackful of fur coats.

The company's efficient crook-catching dates back to 1850, when Edwin Holmes ran a notions store in Boston. One afternoon a Mr. Pope walked in and sold Holmes an invention, a crude device for ringing a bell when a door or window was opened. Pope's early burglar alarm launched Holmes in the crime-prevention business. He perfected the alarm and, more important, worked out an effective technique for its use.

He reasoned that a static defense against crime in the form of locks, bars, and vaults could never be thor-

oughly dependable. Given a drill, explosives, and sufficient time, a determined cracksman can break into any stronghold economically practical to construct. On this premise, Holmes worked out his system of mobile defense. In a nutshell it was, "Have an electrical impulse automatically register in a central office the instant an attempt at entrance is made. Then get trained and armed men to the point of attack in the shortest possible time." The plan was sound, it sold, and in a few years Holmes had a thriving business.

Some of the mechanical and electrical contrivances the company has worked out are worthy of Rube Goldberg at his best, and its laboratories are developing new ones all the time. One recent device uses the same principle by which the Navy's ASDIC located U-boats. This "vibration alarm" now protects many jewelry and bank vaults. At the slightest blow against a vault guarded with this device, a microphone picks up the vibrations transmitted through the walls.

Another product of the Holmes' laboratories is the "pressure system," also a vault alarm. When the vault is closed at night, an exhaust fan lowers the air pressure inside. As soon as an attempted break-in allows air to enter the vault, the pressure returns to normal and the alarm sounds.

For many Holmes-guarded premises the company relies on its eighty-eight-year-old stand-by, tin-foil strips on windows, walls, and ceilings which might be pierced, and around safe cabinets. Any break in the delicate foil strips sets off an alarm. An-



PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN



DAILY NEWS PHOTO

and reach the scene swiftly. Often Holmes men arrive so quickly— that they catch a culprit inside. Here's a typical example.

other old-timer is the floor trap, nothing more than a black cord strung across a room or doorway a few inches above the floor. The cords are almost invisible, and at the slightest touch they make an electrical contact which calls a Holmes squad.

One night last year three burglars chopped their way through the ceiling of a Brooklyn store, dropped to the floor—and found themselves looking into the guns of two Holmes guards. The ceiling wasn't wired, but they had run up against what, in the crime-prevention business, amounted to a hole-in-one. A piece of plaster they had dislodged had fallen across the cord of a floor trap, and by the time they had enlarged the hole and slid through, the guards were waiting for them.

Holmes operates from strategically situated central offices in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh. In New York, fourteen central offices each sit like a watchful spider in the center of a web of wires leading to subscribers' buildings. In the central office, activity is concentrated in one large room which looks much like a busy telephone exchange. Switchboard girls wearing headphones watch thousands of dials. The close of the business day brings a flurry of activity, for each subscriber must signal the central office by buzzer code that he has locked his premises for the night. After this signal is acknowledged, the alarm system is in operation. No one can enter a subscriber's premises until the same procedure, repeated at a carefully predetermined time next morning, satisfies the central office that an

**Have you wondered about the fabulous valuables that lie unattended in closed stores, offices, and banks? The crooks have, too, but not one in a thousand will pit his wits against today's protective gadgets**

authorized person is unlocking the door. If a subscriber has to go back for any reason, he must call Holmes and tell them exactly when he will reopen the door. If he isn't on time, or fails to give the proper buzzer signal, guards investigate.

**W**HILE nights, Sundays, and holidays are the busiest periods, there is business-hour activity too, from the hold-up alarms installed in banks, jewelry stores, and other places which need daytime protection. Hidden buttons which cannot be pushed accidentally are so placed that even if everyone in the place has his hands up, a signal can still be given. A foot-operated switch on the floor under a teller's window is one favorite location. There are other artful hiding places.

Holmes men don't go out on hold-up alarms. Instead, these hurry-up signals are relayed directly to the local police radio station, which orders the nearest cruising cars to the point of attack. This triple play works so fast that four robbers who held up a Brooklyn pawnshop had just time to clean out a cash register and start toward the large safe when the police arrived—two minutes after

a clerk had pushed a hidden button. These crooks elected to shoot it out with the police. Two were killed and a third wounded.

An alarm flashes a light, sounds a buzzer, and swings a dial pointer to left or right to show whether the circuit has been broken or a trap sprung. A switchboard girl quickly transfers the alarm to the guard office where trained men are waiting, on their mark. In less than thirty seconds after the first light flashes, a flying squad, armed and equipped with passkey, route map, and entry instructions, is on its way.

Since the whole Holmes system depends on speed, alarm answering is made a matter of mathematical precision. Careful tests determine the running time to each client's premises—in many cases as little as two minutes. The guards have to equal or beat par, or have an A-1 explanation. In congested areas such as New York City's garment center, where several thousand subscribers are concentrated, the guards can make better time on foot than they could by automobile. In other areas they hop into a car and speed through the night quietly—no sirens.

(Continued on page 62)



The new streamlined ballet.  
A spectacular leap by Harold  
Lang of the Ballet Theatre.

PHOTO BY EARL LEAF



# Ballet

BY TED SHANE

**B**ALLET, America's newest and rarest passion, either drives you to drink, as it did the critic of a New York newspaper at the premiere of *Undertow*, or is food for the eye, ear, brain, and soul.

But be it poison or poetry, ballet is here to stay. Only yesterday this 400-year-old art was the private pleasure of the high-brow and the well-heeled. The latter paid twenty-five dollars a seat to see and be seen. Today it boasts a rabid and growing audience of about two million, not counting husbands dragged to it by their culture-seeking wives. Where it once played only the opera houses or auditoriums in the high-brow centers for a few weeks, today it goes on the year round, making regular stops at such places as Warsaw, Indiana; Waco, Texas; Eugene, Oregon; and Kalamazoo, Michigan. And for the first time in its history, ballet has been breaking even!

It's gotten so you can't avoid the art of the organized twitch. Ever since the musical show *Oklahoma!* substituted the stubbily graceful Joan McCracken and a *corps de ballet* for the conventional leading lady hooper and chorus of forty, ballet has become standard equipment for Broadway musicals. Chorus girls doing time-steps in familiar routines

are now considered old-fashioned. The hit, *On the Town*, was a giant ballet interrupted by songs and comedy; the same McCracken, elevated to stardom, now *pirouettes* and *ballonnés* in *Billion Dollar Baby*. Movie musicals sport long-hair jitterbugging, and even circus elephants toe-dance and lift ballerinas daintily to Chopin's music, choreography by Balanchine.

High-brow balletomanes (fans) complain bitterly about the invasion of the ballet by Broadway. They like their ballet "white," pure, and done with the liveliness of an art-museum piece. Broadway producers and customers have no complaints. The majority of the audiences seem impressed with the cultured leg doing a bit of *développé* to illustrate a plot point. Ballet's been a shot in the leg to musical shows' triteness.

While much ballet is as unintelligible to the eye as some modern music is to the ear, the newer ballet is making concessions to Main Street. Items like *Union Pacific*, *Hear Ye! Hear Ye!*, and Jerry Robbins' current balletomaniac delight, *Fancy Free*, often conceived and performed entirely by native talent, are as American as soft drinks and chewing gum. *Union Pacific*, inspired by switching-yard noises, dances out

the story of the joining of two hunks of railroad; *Hear Ye!* is a murder trial danced in a courtroom; while *Fancy Free* (later expanded into *On the Town*) recounts the adventures of three American sailors on shore leave in search of three willing American girls.

Ballet jargon remains French, but the Slavic burr and the French "ze" are no longer heard backstage at the ballet as often as they once were. Nor are the ballerinas black-stockinged, somewhat plushy, foreign-looking dames. Home-grown ballerinas like Nora Kaye, Janet Reed, and Texas-born Nana Gollner are as thin as Elizabeth Arden herself and have that Lord & Taylored look offstage.

Ballet, originally an Italian-French-and-Russian invention to "conquer the laws of gravity to music," was modernized by the late Sergei Diaghilev. Trained in Russia, where the czars liked their dancing pure, Sergei found refuge for his revolutionary ideas in France. With the Prince of Monaco's money, Sergei founded the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, probably the greatest

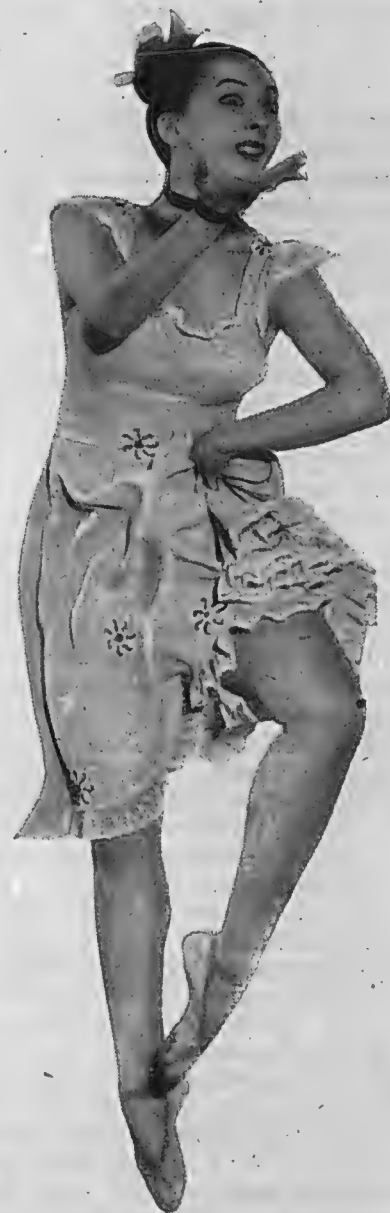


PHOTO BY EARL LEAF

Sono Osato, Japanese-Irish-American ballerina, is the tops in musical-comedy ballet.

LIBERTY

ballet factory the world will ever know.

Needled by Sergei, great dancers bloomed by the dozens—Pavlova, Nijinski, and others. The ballerina, traditionally a pasty-faced creature who floated around in living-room curtains, had her feet set on the ground, even did the cancan. Male dancers, long a moving prop that lifted and supported the ballerina while she wiggled ethereally, were emancipated and desissified—witness Nijinski and his knack of leaping nine feet in the air and staying there.

Diaghilev commissioned a young unknown named Stravinsky to write music for a ballet called *The Firebird*; he got Picasso to do cubist backgrounds and costumes; his writers dashed off librettos of Shakespearean quality; he created a modern art renaissance. Everything Diaghilev did had scope and size, including the dent he made in the Prince of Monaco's bank roll. The prince paid cheerfully, but the czars excommunicated Diaghilev's ideas. Even today, Russia, the world's balletomanieland, rejects modern ballet.

Ballet, once for long-hairs, is now in a hep groove. Some of the best ballet-dames are lowa cuties



Horse opera in ballet slippers. Dorothy Etheridge in acrobatics from Agnes de Mille's hit, *Rodeo*.

PHOTO BY EARL LEAF



The leading exponents of the classical ballet are Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin.

Stalin, who pays the bills as did the czars, remains just as conservative as they in his ballet tastes. Themes must not be capitalistic, however.

In 1916 the late Otto Kahn imported Diaghilev and the Ballet Russe, including Nijinski, to the New York Met—object, National Culture. Kahn finally picked up the check for \$250,000, and ballet as a show in itself sank into a coma.

Then in 1933 a squat eyeglassed gent named S. Hurok decided to eliminate the snob appeal from ballet. Hurok, who had toured Pavlova successfully around America in the '20s, reimported the Ballet Russe. He lowered prices and lost only \$85,000. In 1934 he broke even; and in 1936 his company grossed over a million. By this time he had begun the Americanization of the ballet. Today the bulk of American audience is Hurok-built.

American ballet, 1946 style, falls into two classes, classical and narrative. The so-called classical ballet is largely "white and abstract." It is danced from five basic positions of the feet and is pretty traditional.

In narrative, the play's the thing. Dancer, choreographer (dance designer), scenery man, composer, and the rest combine to make the dance

(Continued on page 60)



# The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

**THAT'S THAT**—Mere words can't top the camera's portrayal of Marilyn Maxwell's charms. So let's change the subject and talk about the weather—nylons—the pennant race. Oh, anything at all but the talented Miss Maxwell.

ACME PHOTO



**NEW CARS ON OL' MAN RIVER**—A huge barge loaded with 175 new automobiles arrives in New Orleans, after floating down the Mississippi from Evansville. Go ahead, eat your heart out. We did.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO





**IMPRESSIVE BOX SCORE** — Cleveland's Judge Joseph H. Silbert substituted figures for verbal explanations to impress traffic-law violators with the seriousness of this recognized national problem. Traffic violators appearing before him are told to study the figures a few minutes before they plead their cases.

PHOTO BY BEN R. TIDMAN

**FATSO'S PERFECTOS** — Rep. A. L. Miller holds a box of special cigars made expressly for Hermann Göring. The cigars cost \$2 each and, designed along Hermann's lines, they're balloon size.

ACME PHOTO

**DROP, YOU . . . !** — Joe Ezar, trick-shot golfer from Hollywood, puts a lot of urging on what turned out to be a successful putt on the final hole in the thirty-six-hole qualifying trials of the National Open.

ACME PHOTO







You could dust F. Sandford to the canvas with a penwiper. A presence emerges from the shadows. "Well!" says Miss Connie Parker.

**F**reddy was in a jam. To be more specific, he was in

a canoe with the beautiful girl reporter when Connie

happened upon them. But Al, the Eisenhower of the

ice-cream parlor, had planned it that way

# The PHILANDERER

BY EDWIN RUTT

**W**HEN Mr. Henry Woolworth Longfellow remarks that "Into each life some rain must fall," he obviously does not have the career of Frederick Sandford in mind. Because, were such the case, Mr. L. is guilty of gross understatement. In my opinion, I put in the golden hours on the receiving end of cloudbursts. A perambulating Johnstown with a crew haircut—that is your correspondent.

Witness what transpires on this so rare day in June!

Awaking, I stretch luxuriously, contemplating the prospect ahead. It is indeed pleasing. This ex-G.I. is in excellent health. At the real-estate office of Schofield & Sons, Shadow Orchard, N. Y., I am held in high esteem, due to my penchant for establishing entire families in anything from abandoned cracker tins up. And for some time the cornflower eyes of Miss Constance Parker rest fondly upon Frederick, and Frederick alone.

Then comes the cloudburst, by telephone.

It is Connie Parker, and my heart leaps. "Good morrow, my girl," I says. "You are looking—"

"Freddy," says Connie, "don't babble so! I'm calling to say good-by."

"G-G—" I begins. "HUH!"

"Last night," Connie says, "Debby Cornwall asked me to spend a month at their cottage on Frightened Porcupine Lake in Maine. I'm driving up with the Cornwalls this morning, rushing like crazy to pack, and you be good while I'm gone, Freddy."

I make strangled sounds. "But I—look! I— Hey, I got to see you!"

"You simply can't, Freddy. The Cornwalls will be here any minute and this place is a madhouse. But you write me. 'By now!'" The phone clicks.

Stunned is the word for Frederick.

**W**ELL, headed officeward, I pause at Al's Soda Bar. Al, guardian of this court of confections, is a man of great learning and some perspicacity. Moreover, he resembles an aproned encyclopedia re Shadow Orchard and Citizenry. And in times

past he lends trifling assistance when the Sandford-Parker loveboat strikes temporary snags.

I apprehend the scholar gazing into the fountain mirror attempting to twist his mustache, a droopy concern, to more ferocious aspect.

"Al," I says sharply, "cease aping Narscissors and compose a Cloying Caramel Caravan."

Al stares through the mirror. "At this hour?" he says with stark admiration. "Freddy, your digestive arrangements would confound Gargantua."

The Cloying Caramel Caravan is a symposium to the somber. Flank one scoop butter-pecan ice cream with two of vanilla. Drench copiously in caramel syrup. Dollop marshmallow on ice-cream mounds. Mount citadel with fresh dates, suitably spaced. Note: avoid use of maraschinos or other ingredients calculated to produce color clash.

Awed, Al watches, as deftly I absorb the morsel.

"Now, then," I says. "This morning—"

He holds up a hand. "I know, Freddy. Mr. Cornwall was here earlier, purchasing Neapolitan ice cream in brick form. They plan a picnic lunch en route. And," he adds offhandedly, "I note nothing sinister in this hegira."

"Nothing sinister!" I echoes. "Listen, Al. Consider Maine in summer! Teeming with droops and droolies. The wolf pack rampant in the wilderness. Blue water, motorboats, crowded diving floats, windings at golf and yachting clubs. I blanch at the mere thought."

He pulls his chin. "H'm. You put a strong case for apprehension, Freddy. But what can I do?"

"Specifically," I says, "estimate my chances of wangling an invite to the Cornwalls' myself. I got a couple weeks off coming."

He looks at me with compassion. "If, in the elementary schools, Freddy," he says, "you had eschewed pulling Miss Deborah Cornwall's pigtails and addressing her as Elephant Ears, things might be different today. As it stands, your chances

rate unfavorably with those of a biscuit Tortoni in Hades."

I preserve silence. This is irrefutable.

"Also," continues Al, "this appears to be one contretemps in which I am powerless to advise you. To my regret, Freddy."

"Now, listen." I point at him. "You ponder this! There is a remote possibility of your evolving something. And if I should find you callously dismissing the matter, I—"

I check it, leaving Al ill at ease. He is familiar with my contention that the strawberry smash by Defenderfer down the street runs second to none.

"Take it easy, Freddy," he says. "I shall give your problem the most scrupulous attention."

**S**OME evenings hence, dropping into Al's, I find him in converse with a platter of pulchritude. A lush affair, and a one strange to me.

"Ah, Freddy," says Al, "we were just talking about you. This is Miss Genevra Banks. Miss Banks joined the staff of the Shadow Orchard Sentinel only last week."

"Pleased to meet you," I says. "But why was this inconspicuous person under discussion?"

"He's cute, isn't he?" says Miss Banks to Al.

"It seems, Freddy," Al says, "that one of Miss Banks' first assignments is to interview Amos Kinderhook for a feature story. But she's got no way of getting out there. So it occurred to me that you might drive her."

For the record, Amos Kinderhook runs a model chicken farm about twenty miles from Shadow Orchard.

"Sure," I says chivalrously.

Miss Banks puts inch-long lashes at half-mast. "That's awfully sweet of you, Mr. Sandford. How about late tomorrow afternoon?"

"Roger," I says. "If Lily Pons is in the mood."

"Lily Pons?"

"My jalop," I explains.

"He is cute," says Miss Banks.

So, on the morrow, I waft her newspaper nibs to the chicken ranch. And while she confabs with Kinderhook, I compose self in the back of the car. Like Napoleon, I can slumber on the battlefield.

Surprisingly, I awake to darkness—and a chuckle from the front.

"Well, Rip Van Winkle?" says a musical voice.

"H—how long have I been asleep?" I gasps.

"About an hour," says the girl Genevra composedly. "I couldn't bear to wake you, Freddy. You looked so peaceful."

(Continued on page 50)



# JUNGLE PETE COMES HOME



This was it: the time Pete had looked forward to during all those bleak, dangerous years of battle and boredom. What would he have done then if he had known he'd come back to a wife turned stranger and a son happily independent without him? What would he do now?

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

### RESUME OF PART ONE

**A**FTER four years in the Pacific, Jungle Pete (J.P.) Pritchard, now a civilian, was on his way to Duketown, where a job awaited him. To Dr. Hamish Andrews, who sat opposite to him on the train, the man's nervousness at the imminent meeting with his wife and child was very apparent. "Me with a five-year-old son!" exclaimed J. P. in awe. "I told the wife to come from her home to Duketown and get a place for us to live." Dr. Andrews knew that J. P. didn't realize the difficulties Jenny was meeting. She had combed the town for a place to stay; finally Mr. Rees, the stationmaster, had sent her to Miss Avrilla Pettigrew, who owned an old house, an ancestor, and a mortgage that was keeping her worried. Desperately Miss Avrilla realized she would have to take paying guests, but small Jamey Pritchard and his nondescript dog, Clara, were more than she had bargained for. She refused to rent a room to Jenny, and the trio, discouraged, returned to the railroad waiting room.

When J. P. arrived, he seemed like a stranger to Jenny. As for Jamey, he didn't want a father. Besides, he was asleep in the stationmaster's office. Jenny tried to explain to J. P. his small son's jealous attitude. Quietly J. P. sized up the situation. He decided on strategy. He visited Miss Avrilla, persuaded her that he was an F.B.I. man investigating Jenny and the boy. "You must take them in," he told the old lady, "and introduce me as your nephew. I'll sleep in the attic." And Miss Avrilla, awed by his manner and the glimpse of Mr. Rees's badge flashed by J. P., agreed to do so.

### PART TWO—CONCLUSION

**F**OR a long time Miss Avrilla had lain awake, listening to the old house that at night was never quite silent. Sometimes it seemed to her that when everyone else slept, it woke to talk quietly to itself of things past and dead. But these sounds were different. They made

her think of the broad-shouldered, unshaven fellow, powerful, almost clumsy-looking, who yet was able to move as stealthily as a cat. She'd heard him in the attic overhead. A door had opened as though he were waiting and listening too, and then had closed with a sort of gentle but grim finality. Whatever he'd been waiting and listening for, it hadn't happened.

Downstairs in the guest room where Great-Grandfather Amos had died a soldier's death, was the strange young woman, a ruffianly-looking little boy, and a dreadful little dog. The room would never again be what it had been—a sort of shrine. Miss Avrilla had shuddered to think what the dreadful little dog might be doing to it at that very moment.

On the other hand, just before she had crept with little rheumatically groans and sighs into her own bed, a letter had slipped mysteriously under her door. It contained a clean fifty-dollar bill and a note written in a bold black handwriting: "From the Department of Justice—" And then, as though the imp had got the better of him, "to Aunt Avrilla, with love."

An outrageous, impertinent fellow.

But the bill had taken a load off her heart so that she had seemed able to breathe more freely. And after a while she'd fallen asleep. She awoke with a shocked start to find daylight seeping between her curtains and a rich warm odor of coffee up her stairs.

Someone, obviously, was mussing up her kitchen.

She dressed in shaking haste. It was that young Jenny Pritchard woman, she'd tell her plainly that there were some outrages even the Department of Justice couldn't make her stomach. But it wasn't. It was the F.B.I. man. He had found an apron. He had actually set the kitchen table with her best break-

fast set. Also he had shaved. With his sleeves rolled up, he looked so much a matter-of-course that she didn't say what she had meant to say. She remarked, "Well, for the land's sake—!" quite mildly and he turned to give her a friendly grin.

"Morning, aunt. I forgot to tell you that your nephew was an early riser, and that he makes the best coffee. Just take a sniff of it."

Miss Avrilla sniffed against her will.

"But I've got a yen for hot cakes," he went on—"but I'm no hand at them. What about you?"

"I haven't made 'em for years—not since Bob died."

"Who's Bob?"

"Robert," she told him, though it was none of his business, "was my young brother."

"Oh, sure. Uncle Bob. Or maybe he was my dad—"

"He was not." She added indignantly, "He wasn't so much as married. He never had any truck with girls—"

"Is that so?" He cocked a wicked black eyebrow at her. "Well, anyway he liked hot cakes, so that's one family bond between us. Let's go."

**H**E FOUND the flour for her. He wanted hot cakes. So, like any aunt, she would make them for him. Her unaccustomed hands shook a little. In the old days her hot cakes had been famous. But the old days were so long ago.

Still, the batter looked fine. Then something happened. It was as though the familiar kitchen had caught its breath. She turned. The little boy Jamey stood in the open doorway, and he and the F.B.I. man, the coffeepot in hand, were looking at each other. It was as though they were taking stock. Jamey was still in his pajamas. But at least he had been washed. Without the smear of dirt and tears under them, his gray eyes looked less dangerous. Even the dog, which he still clasped, looked just a very little dog.

"Clara wants out," he said.

"Then for the love of Mike take her out," the F.B.I. man said hurriedly—"but not without shoes on your feet." For the first time Miss Avrilla had the satisfaction of seeing him flustered. "Here, give her to me."

"There ain't any sense in my fussin' with hot cakes," Miss Avrilla remarked snappishly, "if you and that mutt are going traipsing all over the lot together—"

"Not traipsing, aunt. And Clara isn't a mutt. She isn't even just dog, is she, Jamey? She's Clara."

(Continued on page 72)

She flung her arms around J. P.'s neck. "You're a swell guy," she said. "I know it, if your fool wife doesn't."



# Blatz Beer

*Good Taste*

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# OLD DOC

BY ELIZABETH SEIFERT



On his sixty-fifth birthday, the supposed bachelor, Dr. Sam Lowry, confessed that he had a wife and three grown children. He invited his young friend, Dr. Renny McNaire, home to meet them. That evening, to Dr. Renny's amazement, Old Doc began a new career as general manager of the love affairs of the Lowry family — including a special one of his own.

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFFE

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • READING TIME: ONE EVENING



OLD DOC slapped his hands flat on the glass of his office desk and leaned toward his assistant. "Now look, Renny, war or no war, shortage or not, I've said I'd retire the day I was sixty-five, and I mean to do it!"

Dr. Renny McNaire ran his pen point down the items on the paper before him, signed his name. "Even if it kills you," he said, laying the form in the basket.

Old Doc's eyes blazed. "What in hell do you mean?"

Renny shrugged, and began to read another report. "Nothing. Except that before this I've seen old fire horses turned out to pasture—only to die of bloat."

Old Doc snorted, got out of his chair, strode across the rug, which had a path worn by his pacing feet; he came back, opened the blinds to look out at the front lawn of the hospital, at the circling drive bordered with beetle-like cars, the fountain throwing its spray up into the spring sunshine. "You talk like a benighted fool, Renny!"

Renny did not argue the point. He really was worried about the Chief Surgeon. Doc would miss the work which had been his whole life. Maybe for a month or so, maybe through the summer, he'd content himself with his garden; but, with snow untracked upon his doorstep, with only the servants to talk to—

"It would be different," Renny blurted, "if you had a family in that big house of yours, somebody to help you get adjusted, Chief!"

There was an extremely odd expression on Dr. Sam Lowry's face when he turned again toward his young friend. Almost furtively he crossed the room and tried the door which opened directly into the hall, then the one which led into the secretary's office. From the hangdog look of him, Renny was prepared for any revelation—except the one Sam blurted: "I do have a family, Renny!"

Dr. McNaire gasped, choked, and coughed his throat clear again. "I didn't even know you were married."

Old Doc was beginning to enjoy himself. He sat down. "I've been married twice," he said smugly, well pleased by the dramatic punch he had delivered. He leaned back in his chair, pursed his lips, and gazed quizzically at Renny. "I've never let my personal affairs become a part of my professional life, but, yes, Renny, I've committed matrimony twice. I married the first girl when I was fresh out of my first Residency—and I mean, I was fresh, Renny. She divorced me during the first World War, and I married again—with three children born to the second union."

"But—where are they? Where do you keep 'em? Not here in the city, surely? Nor out at the Place—"

"Oh, no," said Doc. "They're with their mother in White Hall. It's a little town, about seventy-five miles upstate."

Dr. McNaire got out of his chair and walked his path, which ran diagonally across the blue rug and back. He paused at Doc's desk, leaned across it. "Why does this family of yours—children and their mother—live seventy-five miles away while you cut the bachelor figure you do here in the city? What happened?"

"I just decided that I'd rather do surgery in a big city general hospital than be a small-town success and a family man. I had to choose."

Renny lighted a cigarette and took a long drag on it. "A hell of a family you had who would fail a man that way!"

"Take it easy, son. There's a fifty-fifty chance I failed them. At the time I made my momentous decision, I was charged with doing just that. Though at that time it seemed to me that surgery had first call on me. I mean, the sort of industrial surgery I do."

"Well, sure it did. Your wife certainly knew, when she married you, that you were a doctor—that your work had to come first!"

Old Doc shook his head, smiling wistfully. "You don't know much about women, Renny. Of course, I'll agree that it was too bad the choice had to be made."

"Did you love her, Doc?"

"Of course I loved her!"

"But you gave her up—and your children. I see that

even I have never guessed, Chief, how much you've sacrificed for the profession."

"Hold up, Renny!" the Chief cried, gruffly. "You've known me for ten years, and you know that I'm nothing better nor worse than a man. And so I was twenty years ago. A man, and chock-full of mistakes. Some I've made were not intentional, but some—maybe the greater part—were the results of my own red-headed cussedness." He leaned forward, waggling his finger. "Don't you ever make so many damfool mistakes in your life as I've done. You find you a good girl, marry her, and settle down! You hear me, Renny?"

Renny laughed, and turned back to his own desk. "O.K., Doc. When I find that nice girl, I'll come around and you can tell me what to do. But first I gotta find the girl."

He took up a report as a signal that the conversation was over, that Doc need not bother to recite the list of available girls on the tip of his tongue. For the ten years they had known him, Doc and the hospital had tried to marry Renny off. Dr. McNaire, however, felt confident that there was one woman in the world for him, that he would know her the minute he saw her—and if that minute never came, why, then, he'd make out the best he could, a bachelor.

Miss Howard, their secretary, came in to tell Renny



that he was wanted on Women's Surgical, and to lay a special delivery letter before Dr. Lowry.

When Renny had sprinted for the elevator the Chief sat holding the letter in his hands as if it were a time bomb.

PEOPLE who wanted to pay Renny McNaire a compliment said he had nice eyes. They were black, glowing, and deeply set. His thick black hair waved like a flag in the breeze, but his forehead was too high, his cheeks too thin—they were streaked with red which accented the cadaverous effect. His nose was straight, but it was also big. His mouth was—well—generous. What a novelist might call sensuous. Renny was six-foot-three, and had trouble keeping his weight up to one hundred and fifty, which meant he was plain bony. He was always in a hurry.

"You know what?" Old Doc began when the young doctor strode back into the office. "I've come to the conclusion that most children—well, two-thirds of 'em—could be put out of the way to the world's advantage."

Renny grinned. "Is that the project you'll work on in your retirement?"

"No. I know what I'd run up against, though I'd admit my own offspring could have been exterminated."

"What are they like?"

"I haven't seen 'em for ten years." Sam grinned sheepishly. "They're coming to see me, Renny. Tonight. For dinner, and maybe stay on for a visit. I've just had a letter from Ruth—my wife."

"Well," said Renny, judiciously, "that seems a normal enough thing to do. It's your sixty-fifth birthday, and they probably figure you'll be making your will."

"Oh, damn it, Renny, I wish they'd stay home! I don't want to be bothered. When they were kids and would visit me, they'd mess up my magazines—and one or the other always got sick at his stomach."

"Oh, now, look!" Renny broke in. "They must be beyond that! How old are they?"

"Twins, twenty-six. Page is twenty-two."

"There are things you probably can do for them, things you should do."

Sam nodded. "I wish I'd let the Staff give me a farewell dinner," he confessed. "Be nothing to this—ordeal. Er—Renny, can't you come out to the Place with me?"

Renny buttoned his vest, reached for his coat. "Sure," he said calmly, "I'll see you through your ordeal—this birthday dinner and your reunion with your family. It's the least a man can do for a friend."

The Chief snorted, threw open the door and strode out, Renny following close at his heels. They went down to the office. Renny checked his wards by phone, and took his grey hat when Doc took his brown one. Both men leaned against the desk counter and gave the clerk Doc's home as their destination for the evening.

Striding through the greenish gloom of the basement corridor—their eyes apprehensively upon the ambulance at the ramp, relieved to see that it was a scheduled coming in—the Chief growled, "Make no mistake, Renny, I know you're going out to the Place only because you're plain cat-curious."

Renny held the screen door for him. "Sure, I'm curious. Aren't you?"

**R**ENNY turned the car's nose between stone posts on one of which hung a modest sign reading, "Samuel Lowry, M.D." At the end of the drive was the big white house with columned porch and green-shuttered windows.

He brought the car to a gently rocking stop, reached behind him for his hat. "Come along," he said briskly, "they can't be as bad as you fear."

Together the two men went up the shallow flight of steps, crossed the wide porch and went into the front hall, pleasant with its flowered wall paper and white paneling, mahogany furniture, and graceful spiral stairway. Freeman, the colored houseman, took their hats. In response to Old Doc's whispered question, he nodded toward the living room.

At Sam's entrance the four in the room rose quickly and came toward him—Jasper, the son, well in front. He was a big young man, and very like his father. Red hair, inquisitive, bright hazel eyes, a warm handclasp. Of course, he was a doctor.

At his shoulder was his twin, Jane, a tall, lovely girl with silver gilt hair worn in a coronet of braids on top of her head; clear, level eyes—hazel, not brown. In all else she was a replica of her mother, who went quickly to the Chief, both hands outstretched.

"Sam, my dear!" Ruth Lowry said warmly. "Happy birthday!"

The third "child," Page, had brown hair in a thick bang on her forehead. She had green eyes, and a provocative smile—and as handsome legs as Renny had ever seen. She wore white—dramatic against her smooth, tanned skin.

Renny was introduced and Freeman brought drinks. The group shifted and moved about, everyone talking at once, not saying much of anything, and laughing a great deal. Doc wanted to show off his garden, and they drifted through the French doors and down the steps. Renny stood at the top for a moment. The garden was beautiful under the leveling rays of the sun. Old Doc moved proudly about, displaying it, probably not admitting even to himself that Guinan, his gardener, did the real work of it. Page was clinging to his arm, Jane walking at his side. Renny had never seen a woman more immaculately beautiful than Jane. His black eyes softened as he watched her, and the color deepened in his thin cheeks.

Mrs. Lowry walked with Jasper—the boy was so like Old Doc! Would he perhaps come in and fill the gap left in their Staff by his father's retirement? Renny would be Chief, and free to choose his assistant. . . .

He got his pipe going, and ran down the steps, coming up behind the Chief with that suggestion on his lips. Old

Doc's eyes brightened as he turned to look questioningly at Jasper. "How about it, son?"

Jasper looked uneasily toward the house, where another young woman had appeared upon the steps. Renny lifted a quizzical eyebrow at Doc, who snorted, "She isn't mine!"

Ruth Lowry laughed. "Of course she isn't. That's Sylvia—go bring her down, Jasper. She must feel even stranger than the rest of us."

Renny thought of a cat's amber eyes when he looked at Sylvia Hayes; hers had no warmth to them. She had a determined chin and mouth—and a possessive way with Jasper as they walked toward the family group. She wore dark blue slacks, beautifully cut and tailored, and a dark blue sweater snug against her throat; a gold-colored jacket was slung across her shoulders. With utter aplomb she acknowledged the introductions Jasper made.

"Goodness, so many doctors!" she said gaily, turning from Jasper to Sam, and then to Renny. Ruth and her daughters, as if by mutual accord, moved on. Sylvia did not mind their desertion; she was the sort of girl to explain that she got on better with men than with women.

Sam repeated to her Renny's suggestion that Jasper go to work at General. She shook her head, her smile firm. "Oh, no, Dr. Lowry, don't count on that. Jasper's plans are all made. He—both of us are glad that he doesn't have to go into Service—you know, he has a back injury which excludes him—"

"How bad an injury?" Sam barked at his son.

"Not bad, sir. I could get in on a waiver—" Jasper said hastily.

"Which he doesn't mean to do," Sylvia took over swiftly. "He is free to get right into the work he wants to do up home—isn't that right, darling?" Her hand stretched out to Jasper.

His fresh-colored face was a shade pinker than natural. "You see, Doc—I mean, Dad—there's quite a doctor shortage in White Hall."

"And Jasper is right on the spot, ready to work up his practice before the other men come back," Sylvia explained.

Old Doc was looking at the girl as if he had just detected the first signs of glaucoma in her eyes. "By God!" he exploded. "You're Doc Hayes' daughter!"

Her smile was as bright as sun on water. "Of course! I'd forgotten that you must have known him." Her face sobered. "Dad's been dead a year—but I've held on to the strings of his enormous practice, for Jasper, you know. There are so many things a woman can do for a doctor—socially, you know. I've really labored for Jasper this last year—but when we marry—"

Sam shot a look at his son. "Do you plan to do that?"

"Oh, yes," Sylvia answered for him. "And quite soon."

"Why don't you let him talk?" Sam demanded.

"He's embarrassed. You see—poor Jasper—I know him so well! Just lately he got himself a little involved with a patient—but, of course, I know how it is with doctors, and am ready to rescue him."

Old Doc growled, "I am pretty damn sure Jasper should study some more doctoring—even military service would give him experience and perspective. Things any doctor can use, any place!"

Sylvia, still with a smile bright on her firm mouth, moved along the graveled path. Jasper, after a sheepish, sidelong look at his father, trotted along at her heels.

**R**UTH LOWRY, amusement in her brown eyes, came up. She tucked her hand through Old Doc's arm, and together they walked the length of the garden.

"That girl's a leech!" Sam declared. "She is the kind of woman who would marry a doctor and share his life, his work."

"I can remember, Sam, dear," his wife said calmly, "when you thought a doctor's wife should."

"I believed a wife should follow her husband, not lead him around with a ring in his nose."

Ruth laughed warmly. "Yes," she acknowledged, "that is what you preached."

At the entrance to the grape arbor they paused to watch a cardinal feed sunflower seeds to his rose-and-grey mate, and smiled into each other's eyes at the sentimental



rite. "Ruth," Sam asked, somewhat humbly, "won't you help me with Jasper?"

"I think, my dear, that you are going to have to let your son make his own decision—as you did." She patted his arm and walked away from him.

"Ruth—"

She looked over her shoulder. "I'm going in to lie down a little before dinner—I'm not as young as I used to be, Sam."

"You're just as beautiful," he assured her, standing there in the dappled shadows of the arbor to watch her, the sunshine glinting on her hair which shone pure silver now, though her back, her shoulders, were as erect as ever. And Ruth had always had the prettiest ankles he had ever known. By golly, she was a handsome woman!

He was still standing there bemused with memory when Page came up behind him, and asked if he would sit and talk to her a little. Sylvia and Jasper had walked down to the river, and Renny was explaining the sundial to Jane. "She's letting him, so she must like him. Why is it men like women to be dumb, Daddy? Only, I think I'll call you Sam. You're too young to be called Daddy."

Sam chuckled and spread his handkerchief for her on the bench under the arbor. "You'd even flirt with the old man."

"You've a beautiful place, Dad," Page told him. "Are you going to let us stay here a while?"

"As long as you like, my dear. As long as you'll be happy."

"Oh, I'm happy any place."

"Tell me about yourself."

"I was in the WAVES a year. Then our branch got inactivated—but I liked it. Especially because that's the way I met Alton."

Old Doc lit a cigarette. "Alton?"

"Mmmmm. My dream boat." She hugged his arm. "Alton Crenshaw. He really is wonderful, Dad. He's very tall, and slender, with dark hair and brown suede eyes—Oh, he is a bird dog, Dad! I can't wait for you to meet him. He's Regular Navy and is being converted to transport duty. He's stationed at the airport here. It's new work for him—and quite a strain—he says it's like flying a streamliner after learning to handle a bicycle—and he agrees that it will be a good break for him to be able to see something of me while I'm visiting you."

Old Doc was looking at her sternly. "I've an idea, my dear, that you came to see Alton, not me."

She snuggled against his shoulder. "I guess you share honors."

"I take it his intentions are serious?"

"And *how!* He wants us to get married at once. He knows he can be shipped to China, or some other place, but he says if we have only one day, it'll be worth while." She turned wide eyes upon her father. "Do you think it would be, Dad?"

"What do you think? You're the one who matters."

"I think it will. But Mother—Mother says we shouldn't get married just yet. She says separation is too much of a strain. That changes come which we wouldn't understand in each other. Maybe she's sort of forgotten what it means—what it *meant*—to be in love in a shivery sort of way."

"Ha!" cried Sam. "Your mother's a dozen years younger than I am, Page, and I haven't forgotten what it's like to be in love!"

THE evening was warm and still; dinner was served on the big front porch with the table set so that all could look down the slope to the river which was like a polished mirror, faintly pink from the reflected glory of the sky.

Renny seated Ruth at the head of the table, held Jane's chair, then took his seat beside her.

"Tell me," he asked her, "are you as much like your mother as you look?"

"I'm afraid not, Dr. McNaire."

"Even the elevator girls call me Renny."

"I expect they do. You're the sort—" She stopped, and flushed.

He leaned toward her. "What sort am I?"

"Oh, you know—a woman's fingers itch to sew on buttons, and darn your socks."

"How come, then," he demanded, "I have to sew on my own buttons and wear socks with holes in 'em?"

"Your sales resistance must be phenomenal!" she retorted.

After the flurry of the birthday cake and its candles—which Doc called a conflagration—Renny turned again to the blond girl. "Why do you say you're afraid you're not like your mother?"

"She was—she is—a wonderful woman. But I'm not like her—Renny." Her smile, as she spoke his name, did things to his thorax. "I wish I were. If I had been, I'd not have made such a mess of my own life." She looked up at him. "I'm divorced, Renny. And that means I failed."

It was a shock to discover that she had been married; there was that virginal, immaculate look to her. "I'd want to know the facts in your case," he told her, his voice deepening, "before I'd decide you had been guilty of failure."

He wanted her to know that he liked her—and he knew at once that he had bungled the attempt. She drew back, her face very white. "I hope," she said in a muffled voice, "that you *never* find out about me, and my case—Dr. McNaire."

SEVERAL people came in for the evening, to congratulate Old Doc. In the confusion, it was a simple thing for Jane to evade Dr. McNaire. In some disgruntlement, he dropped down upon a cushion of the deep couch and watched her go into the garden with Dr. Cassaut, who owned the hilly acreage adjoining Old Doc's. Cassaut was an orthopedist, raised dachshunds, and had a blond mustache. He was also a bachelor. Before Dr. McNaire could decide to break up that twosome in the moonlight, Sylvia Hayes sat herself down beside him.

"I want to talk to you about Jasper," she said, leaning back, looking at him through her eyelashes.

She went on to say that it was particularly urgent for Jasper to seize every opportunity to get himself firmly established in his White Hall practice before some of the older doctors returned from their war duty. "I suppose you think that's taking an undue advantage—I can see you are an idealist, Dr. McNaire. But you see, Jasper has his own handicap—I am not at all sure he will ever be able to live down the talk there's been in White Hall about his poor sister."

"Oh, yes?" Renny lighted a cigarette.

"I know doctors don't like gossip," Sylvia acknowledged, "but if you're to help me with Jasper, you must understand his position in White Hall. You must know the story, or as much of it as I'm able to tell you."

"I am very fond of Jane," she assured him. "She's beautiful and, while she was never very popular with her contemporaries, older men have always admired her. She has a mature, aloof sort of beauty; she reads—oh, she has all the highbrow accomplishments! So it wasn't surprising that, when she was barely twenty, she should marry an older man. Rufus Mitchell was rich and the war expanded his business incredibly. He is the owner of the Mitchell Refractories, you know—some sort of brick used to line ship boilers. It was considered that Jane had made a wonderful match."

Yes, Renny thought dryly, and Miss Sylvia Hayes possibly suffered a disjointed nose.

"We all envied Jane her lovely home," the girl continued. "And the beautiful clothes Rufe bought her. He picked every thing out himself! Of course, Jane wears clothes magnificently, though I will say that Rufe's money never seemed too important to her. Well, anyway, things went along—but there was no child, though Rufe said often that he wanted children. But Jane—I think that those tall blondes are often cold." She glanced over at Renny.

"They were married—let me see—oh, about three years when the blow-up came. No one really knew what happened. I certainly didn't. It is pretty certain that Rufe asked Jane to give him a divorce, and she refused. It seems she said that she had married him; if he didn't like the sort of wife she made, she was sorry, but she didn't believe in divorce. He was free to live his life, as she felt free to live hers, but—"

"Well, poor Rufe—to protect himself, as much as anything, he had to sue her. He couldn't charge desertion with her right there in town, and under the laws of our state, he had to make some sensational charges. He named a young foreman at the factory; a discharged war veteran—an Englishman. It developed that she had had him out to the house evenings when Rufe had to go out of town on business. Rufe had to testify to those parties."

"Didn't Jane deny his filthy tales?" Renny demanded.

"She wouldn't deny anything. She refused to enter any sort of countercharges, though Rufe wasn't any angel, and there were things she could have told on him. She claimed that her friends would know whether his stories were true or not, and people who were not her friends didn't matter."

Renny took a deep breath; that sounded like the girl he had figured Jane to be.

"It was very bad," Sylvia assured him. "The foreman left—but he knocked Rufe down before he went, and that only increased the scandal. Everyone felt terribly sorry for Jane's family, though I will say they stuck by her in a wonderful way. I really hope she decides to stay here with her father. As I say, it won't ever be easy for the town to forget the scandal."

"Is the man still there?"

"Oh, yes. He couldn't abandon his business."

Just then Sam called Renny to settle one of the damfool arguments the Chief could get into, and Jasper took his place beside Sylvia on the couch; later Renny saw them dancing together. Jane had come inside, too, with Cassaut twiddling his mustache at her.

Renny had long felt he would recognize the right woman for him when he first saw her. But to find her, to recognize her, and then encounter mental doubt almost from his first thrilled moment of discovery . . . He walked over to Jane and her companion.

"Hello, Cassaut. Jane, will you dance with me?"

"He's a lousy dancer," Cassaut warned her.

"But I am very good," Jane laughed as she started with Renny toward the hall.

The record was changing as they reached it, and so there was a minute for Page to introduce her naval flyer, who had just arrived. He was a nice, dark-eyed lad, very handsome in his white and gold; Page was radiant.

The new tune was the *Waltz of the Flowers* done in modern dance tempo. Renny gathered Jane into his arms and stepped out. "Tchaikovsky is none too good for my first dance with you," he told her.

She looked up, laughing. "Your first . . . ?"

"Of many!"

Dancing was Renny's chief social accomplishment, and Jane was tall enough to be a good partner for him. Shorter girls made his back ache. It was wonderful to hold her in his arms. Even dancing decorously, a man's imagination may leap ahead. He could find in this girl no trace of the ugly things Sylvia had suggested. To Renny, Jane seemed as warm and sweet, as clean, as new straw.

*The hell with it!* he thought, casting doubt and rumor to the wind. He'd walk hot plowshares to win this exquisite woman.

LATER Sam decoyed his elder daughter out to the porch. He settled her in one of the big white chairs and took another himself. He sat puffing great clouds of smoke from his fragrant cigar, and finally said crossly, "I'd like you to let my assistant alone. Renny is at a very critical stage in his career. He's a pretty young man—as doctors go—to have the responsibility that is being put upon him. Just now is certainly no time to involve him—"

"Dad!" Jane's soft voice stopped him. "What on earth are you talking about? Or do you know?"

"Of course I know!" Sam cried. "I'm talking about Renny McNaire and marriage. Lord, when he was dancing out there in the hall, I could just see a white carnation sprout in his buttonhole."

"Oh, Dad! You've just drunk too many with your friends."

The Chief leaned across the arm of his chair. "Renny's fallen head over heels in love with you. The way he was dancing with you—the way he held you, and looked at you. Can you honestly deny . . . ?"

Jane made a little despairing gesture with her hands. "But what do you want me to do? Break my leg?"

"Don't be an idiot. All I ask is that you—well—lay off the boy."

"But why, Dad? He seems very nice. And he admires you tremendously."

"Yes," said Old Doc, ignoring her salve. "That's just what Renny is. A fine, clean man, idealistic about women."

"Oh?" she said coolly.

"I mean—to Renny, women are either good, or they are bad. All good, or all bad."

"But don't all men feel that way about women?" Jane asked.

Her father snorted. "We aren't talking about all men. We're talking about Renny. The boy's more of a son to me than Jasper has been. His happiness, his success, mean everything to me. And just now, Renny is at the most critical point of his whole medical life. He's a fine doctor—but since he's the sort of Galahad he is, too—it



would be very bad for him to fall in love with a girl, marry her, and then have that marriage fail."

"So that's the way you think it has to be? Renny's in love with me, we are married, and it's failed—all in ten minutes! There could be no other possible development!" She was very angry, and very beautiful there in the moonlight.

"Now, look, Jane . . . I never did know anything about your marriage, my dear—except that it didn't work out. And I—well—I just feel that Renny couldn't afford to experiment with your second venture. Maybe you don't realize the important work he does, Jane, but—"

Jane rose and walked to the front door. When she had reached it, she turned. "I understand everything you have tried to say to me." Her eyes were wide, and dark with hurt, her face dead white. "You might at least let a girl hope that what would be one man's poison could be another man's meat!"

She opened the screen, went through. Sam followed her. As he watched her mount the stairs Ruth's hand fell on his sleeve.

"Let's go out on the porch—it's so noisy in here. What have you been saying to Jane, Sam?"

"Well, I was sort of talking to her, about her future—"

Ruth leaned against one of the tall porch pillars, like a slender shadow in her black lace. "And being tactful, I suppose?" She sighed. "The thing about Jane is, Sam, that she's a firm believer in the axiom of a straight line being the shortest distance between two points."

Sam snorted.

"And, poor girl," her mother went on, "she is always running into people, and events, that go in circles."

Sam hurled his cigar into a clump of ground juniper. "Damned riddle talk!"

"All right, Sam, I'll talk plainly to you." She moved into the path of light from the door and held out her hand. "Good-by, Sam. I'm going home now. The children, I think, are planning to stay for a time, but I—"



He took her hand in his, and looked closely into her face. It was calm, and serenely beautiful. His own cheeks flushed, and his eyes were very bright. "Ruth—" he stammered, "won't you stay?"

She drew her hand from his. "No, my dear, I won't stay."

"I'd like you to. Very much. If you're thinking of the conventions—"

"I'm not," she said quickly. "It's—well, I just don't want to stay, Sam."

"But why not?" he demanded ingenuously.

She stood looking at him earnestly. Then she took a deep breath. "I might as well tell you the truth. I don't want to stay because I don't like you, Sam Lowry."

"But you used to love me, Ruth! I thought that you did . . ."

"I did love you, Sam. But surely you know that love and liking are quite different things?"

"I don't know any such thing!"

"Well, they are, Sam. A woman likes a man for the way he behaves, his honor, his dependability—things of that sort. But love isn't at all reasonable. It's based on the shape of a man's mouth, on his hairline, on the glint in his eye—"

"So you don't like me, but—do you still love me, Ruth?" There was definitely a glint in Doc's eye.

Ruth laughed in some confusion. "I don't really know, Sam. You may have changed—but I don't mean to find out. So—it's good-by, Sam."

"You're not planning to drive up to White Hall this late at night!"

"There's a train which leaves the city at 12:30. It's only a two-hour trip—and I can sleep late tomorrow morning."

"But, damn it all, Ruth—"

She smiled a little and shook her head. "Renny promised to drive me in; he says he's going back to the city, anyway. He's such a pleasant young man, Sam. He has such fine eyes."

"He's solid gold, Renny is. A fine doctor."

"I believe he's a fine man. And that's much more important."

Sam smoothed his hand back over his hair. "Yes. I guess you're right, Ruth." He looked at her like a boy admitting to mischief. "I guess you always are right—almost."

Her laughter was genuinely amused. "Good night, Sam," she said, going into the house.

OLD Doc did not show up at the hospital for the rest of that week. On Sunday, Renny drove out to the Place, telling himself that he had better check on him. And maybe he could get up the necessary courage to ask Jane to go dancing. All the way out he practiced little speeches of invitation.

He found the family gathered around Sam's outdoor fireplace. Dr. Cassaut was there, looking and acting very much at home.

When Cassaut talked to a woman, he leaned toward her, watched her face with his very blue eyes intent, and spoke in a tone of tender confidence. His charm seemed pretty obvious, but Renny would admit that women, generally, liked it—and responded.

That afternoon Dr. Cassaut was working on Jane, and while she greeted Renny pleasantly enough, she wasn't running away from the other doctor.

"You sit down, Renny," Sam said in a fatherly tone. "Page, you run up and have Freeman bring some cock-tails. Or would you rather have a glass of milk, Renny?"

Renny stared at the Chief. "Now, why in hell would I want a glass of milk?"

"I've worried about you this week—"

"You've worried about me!"

"Yes. I know what the job of Chief Surgeon can take out of a man!"

Renny laughed, then, collapsing on one of the benches. "I came out to check on you," he confessed. Then in answer to Sam's look of genuine amazement he gestured around the immediate neighborhood. "I wasn't sure how you'd react to idleness—and a family. Page, are you going to get me that drink?"

Renny grinned across at Jane—and then he just sat gazing at her. Her hazel eyes were smiling at him. He cleared his throat.

"I came out to ask you, Jane—Lopez is playing at the Chase—I thought possibly we could have dinner—and dance—"

"Oh, that would be fun, Renny," she said eagerly. "You do dance so well!"

"He'd do better to stay out here and eat supper with us," Sam declared. "Get a bit of rest against next week's work."

Jane's smile faded. "Of course," she said. "I wasn't really thinking about Renny—how tired he must be on Sundays."

"Sure he's tired," cried Cassaut. "But I'll take you dancing, Jane. And love it."

"Maybe a little fun wouldn't be bad for Renny—" Sam said uncertainly.

But Jane interrupted him briskly. "No. He's to stay here." She turned and smiled at Dr. Cassaut. "Bill, if you meant what you said this afternoon about giving me a puppy—why, now would be as good a time as any for me to go select the one I want."

Catching her hand through Cassaut's arm, she started him toward the steps. "Can we cut across the fields?" she



asked gaily. She threw Renny a glance over her shoulder. "I'll see you before you leave, Renny."

Renny did not answer; he was watching the way Cassaut strutted. Page had been standing to one side during this talk, and now she whirled and ran after the couple. "Just in case he has some etchings!" she shrieked back at her father and Renny.

Sam and Renny had eaten their supper, and Renny was deciding to go back to the city when, from where he was sitting on the porch, he saw Page come pelting down the hill, her hair and skirts flying. Sam had gone into the house for a sweater. Renny stepped down off the porch and went quickly to meet her, holding her while she regained breath enough to speak.

"Renny!" she gasped. "It's Jane—she ran out into the orchard—"

"Is she hurt?" His face was stern.

"She fell—her ankle—it's really nothing, but—"

Renny raced up the hill, Page trying to keep up with his long legs.

Jane had got to her feet, and came to meet them, hobbling painfully. Cassaut stood well behind her, looking like a man who has inadvertently kicked up a dead skunk. Jane moaned as she collapsed into Renny's arms. She clung to him as a child would cling to anyone who had rescued it from a nightmare. Renny set his jaw, and gestured to Page. "We'll take her home," he said gruffly, to Cassaut.

"She wouldn't let me touch her," Cassaut bleated. "I don't think she more than twisted her ankle—"

Renny did not answer. Supporting Jane between them, he and Page started away.

Jane shivered; her shoulder pressed against Renny's heart. He stopped, took off his jacket, and folded it about her. She thanked him in a faint, tear-washed voice.

At their approach, Sam came blustering down the front steps. "Jane's twisted her ankle," Renny told the Chief brusquely. "I'll help her upstairs—"

But Sam trailed them into Jane's room. The girl sat dispiritedly on the edge of the bed while Renny knelt to examine her ankle. "I'm so ashamed—" she whispered.

"You aren't hurt," he said firmly, standing up and turning to Page. "Can you get her undressed? A warm bath would help. I think all Jane needs is to go to sleep."

"Renny," Page said fervently. "You're grand."

He touched her chin with his knuckles, and then turned his attention to getting Sam out of the room and downstairs before he could say anything troublesome. When they reached the lower hall Renny put on his coat, Sam still bumping at his shoulder.

"Good-by, Chief—I'm stopping at Cassaut's on my way back to the city to ask what he did to give Jane hysterics."

"And then what? Now, look, Renny—"

Renny shook his head. "I'm not going to get into a row with Cassaut! I just want to know how little, or how much, it took to put Jane in the fix she's in."

He didn't bother to ring the doorbell at Cassaut's. He could see the blond doctor sitting in the living room, smoking—he was alone. Of course the dogs made a row, so Cassaut was on his feet when Renny came into the circle of lamplight. "How about Jane?" he asked, with such sincere concern that it took the fine edge from the rage Renny had worked up.

"Do you care about Jane?" Renny asked, as gruffly as he could.

"Hell, yes, I care! Lord, Renny, I feel awful. I don't deny that I can act like a heel, but I swear to God I didn't this evening! I just put my arms around her, and kissed her. Lord, most girls expect it of a man. But, Jane—why, the woman's crazy! It wasn't that she squealed, and acted coy—she didn't. She honestly hated my touch!"

Renny took the glass of brandy Cassaut was offering. "I'm sorry you kissed her. I think some man, lustful or sadistic, has gravely hurt her. So—all men are loathe-some."

"I still don't think a kiss—"

"It might not have been the kiss. It could have been some gesture you made—innocent in itself—that reminded her of some horror she had known. I guess both of us would do her a real kindness if we'd forget tonight's little episode."

"I don't think I'll kiss her again in a hurry."

Renny stood up. "No, I wouldn't advise that. And—another thing—I'll undertake to persuade Sam you're just a sheep in wolf's clothing."

Cassaut grinned in an unhappy fashion. Jane had badly shaken his faith in his own charms.

Renny drove back to the city, as blue as a man can get and still retain some slight ability to hope. He loved Jane, and he wanted her, fully. But how would he overcome a feeling such as she had shown to Cassaut if she should ever apply it to him? He knew that he would have to proceed with her more carefully, more skillfully, than he would do in, say, a brain exploratory. . . .

AND so Dr. McNaire spent a second week thinking about Jane. Again her father did not appear at the hospital, and again Renny made that failure an excuse to drive out to the Place on Sunday.

He was pleased to find Sam alone with Jane. The day was cold for May, with rain threatening, and the two of them were comfortably established before a fire in the library. Jane offered Renny tea, and Doc offered him a highball, and Renny said, "Thank you, I could use both."

Jane laughed, and Old Doc snorted, "An opportunist!"

The girl's face and manner were serene; evidently she hoped to ignore the events of the previous Sunday.

Page, they told him, was off horseback riding with her Alton and some other young folks. Jasper had driven Sylvia back to White Hall, but planned to return soon for some fishing with his father.

Renny had a question or two to ask the Old Man, and they got into a detailed discussion of a McArthur enteroclysis. When Renny apologized for boring Jane, she silenced him. "I love it," she declared. "I only wish I understood it better."

She came to sit on the cobbler's bench between Old Doc's big leather chair and Renny's. "Renny," she said, with purpose behind her tone, "have you any influence over Dad?"

Renny glanced at the Chief, and shook his head. "Not me. What's he being stubborn about now?"

"I want to be a Nurse's Aide, and he objects."

"Why, Chief—" Renny cried. "What, in God's name, would we have done without the Aides?"

"In the emergency, they were needed. Not now."

"Oh, no? With half the girls deciding the war is over, and that they owe themselves a little rest? Ha!"

"There was no chance up home," Jane appealed to Renny. "Our hospital there is tiny. But if I'm to be here this summer—I just can't sit around and be ornamental!"

"That's what you think," Renny told her, softly.

"What's that?" the Chief demanded. "Don't mumble, Renny!"

"No, sir," he said meekly. "I was just saying that of course Jane can be a Nurse's Aide. I'll stay out here tonight—if I'm coaxed—and take her in myself in the morning, introduce her to Miss Scott. You'll have to take a few hours of instruction, you know, Jane?"

She nodded, smiling delightedly. "I know. Oh, thank you, Renny!"

"It's evident," Old Doc said loudly, as if making the complaint to himself, "that I have no authority. And won't the hospital have something to talk about when Renny shows up with a blonde?"

"A beautiful blonde," Renny drawled.

THE hospital had waited a long time for something—preferably feminine—to josh Renny about. Now he got the works. Broad remarks and subtle ones were hurled at him. He found wedding ring ads clipped and put prominently upon his desk blotter. He couldn't show up with a new necktie without the whole hospital fluttering. He deliberately bought himself a biscuit-colored sharkskin suit, and got a great kick out of the reaction when he wore it into the hospital.

The day of its debut, he sought Jane where she was working in the Nursery, a station rather out of bounds for the Chief Surgeon, and told her he was planning to drive out to see her father that evening. Would she hang around and go with him, instead of taking the bus?

She looked up from the diapers she was folding. "I've never seen you with a mask before. They never allow me in the operating rooms, you know."

"When do you go off duty?"

"At two."

"I'm demonstrating from two-thirty to four. You may observe, if you think you won't faint."

She looked affronted.

"O.K.," he said quickly. "But we had a two-hundred-pound medic fall off the bench just last week. I'll look for you in the theater. Afterward, you can wait in my car—you know which one it is."

Her smiling eyes were demure. "I should."

He saw Jane the minute he came into the rotunda, though the theater was full. There were a Medic class, and a dozen men from a nearby re-hab hospital, with plenty of brass among them. There were also two British doctors, who had been in consultation with McNaire over burn cases.

Those two detained Renny after the demonstration, and he mentioned them when he apologized to Jane for keeping her waiting. "I want your Dad to come in and have dinner with them—that's what I have to see him about," he said, getting into the car.

"You could have phoned . . ."

"Oh, this is much better!" he assured her, and they both laughed.

"Renny," she said shyly, "you were wonderful!"

"Wait till we see how that eyelid graft takes," he advised, turning into traffic.

"I never realized how tall you are," she said musingly.



"When you came in under the balcony, pulling on your gloves, and looked around—you were so sure of yourself—"

He made a deprecating sound in his throat, and she laid her hand on the sleeve of his tan coat.

"I haven't felt thrilled in this particular way since I was sixteen and fell in love with Robert Montgomery. Seeing everybody watching you, waiting for your slightest word or move—and thinking, 'That tall man in white is Renny. We're friends!'"

Renny glanced at her, his lips quirking. "You wouldn't kid a guy, would you, Jane?"

Her eyes flew to his face. "I mean every word of it, Renny!"

"All right. But, boy, what a jolt you're in for when you wake up."

She laughed. "I'm awake. I know that, any day I want to, I can see you as you were in that operating room—because it's the *man* you are!"

Renny waited for a stop light, then moved along, his expression grave. "Jane," he began, "do you mind the hospital's behavior? I mean, their moonlight and roses ideas concerning you and me?"

"No girl 'minds' that sort of thing, Renny. Not if the man's attractive."

He looked down at her—and away again. Her eyes had been mocking. "I don't know how to flirt," he told her stiffly.

"You do all right. Though I know it's not flirting, Renny."

"The Staff is so interested in us, it would be a shame to disappoint them—" He shot her a look.

Her eyes were down. "It would be a shame."

He nodded, and pressed his foot down, the car springing into speed which he quickly throttled. The next time he was alone with Jane this way he'd tell her how he felt. There was no reason why he should not propose. He'd set the scene carefully, choose his words, keep his hands to himself, and maybe—oh—maybe—

THEY found Jane's father working in his garden; Jasper was lounging on one of the wrought iron benches, "in a purely advisory capacity," he informed Jane and Renny, inviting them to sit down, and promising to go in for "some long cool ones."

Renny told Sam about the visiting Britishers, and invited him to have dinner with them the next night. "You may come too, Jasper, if you'd be interested."

"You really should see Renny in the hospital," Jane told her brother.

"I guess *you* see plenty of him," Old Doc growled.

"But, of course, Dad! He's all over the place! You know where to expect some doctors, Dr. Cassaut on Orthopedic, Dr. Becker on Maternity—but Renny—he's likely to turn up anywhere!"

"Even out here at four in the afternoon," said Old Doc.

"As a matter of cold truth," Renny corrected, "it's a quarter of six. And it's only jealousy that makes you interrupt."

Old Doc glared at him, then turned and smiled toothily at his daughter. "Go on, my dear," he said. "Tell how all the women are in love with him."

Jane smiled at him. "I *shall* say that all the women in the hospital are more or less in love with Dr. McNaire. The patients, too."

"That's because he looks like Abraham Lincoln," said Jasper in an analytical tone.

"My friend!" Renny drawled.

"I still want Jasper to see Renny on a ward walk," Jane persisted. "He really is magnificent. My, my! People bowing before him, we poor Aides scuttling out of the way, the awed intern walking backward—"

"Jane!"

"There is a breathless pause as he comes into a ward, and everyone waits on his first words—"

"Yeah," said Old Doc, "and those first words are just as apt to be, 'Did his bowels move today?'"

They all shouted, and Renny got reluctantly to his feet. "I'll have to be going back. I'll expect you tomorrow, Chief. Do bring Jasper."

"So he can see you being wonderful?"

"You don't appreciate Renny," Jane told her father. "He is wonderful in the hospital."

"I know—I know."

Renny smiled at Jane, his black eyes dancing. "What he means is that you should have seen the show *he* used to put on. Now, *there* was *ham*!"

SAM brought Jasper in for the dinner with the British brass hats and the boy showed so much intelligent interest in the strictly professional conversation that Sam, within the week, brought him in twice for a tour of the hospital. The boy seemed to be especially interested in burns; he was present the day they got Ensign Melton who had crashed into another plane in mid-air.

Alton Crenshaw came in on the ambulance; his presence may have pointed up the case for Jasper. "They told me you were the man to fix him up," Alton said earnestly to Dr. McNaire.

"I'll do my best, Lieutenant," the surgeon answered calmly.

Jasper's interest in the case held, and grew. He asked Renny frequently about the man's progress, went up to see him a time or two, and at the appointed hour he was in a front seat when his father and Renny came into the theater to do the necessary plastic surgery on young Melton.

There was a class, of course, and a half-dozen Naval Medical Officers in attendance.

Renny took the desk and explained their procedure, mentioned the fairly comfortable time young Melton had had, and asked the patient to confirm this. His only complaint was that he couldn't smoke nor see, and he was damned sick of eating slops through a tube.

Old Doc took the thick, swathing bandage from Melton's face. Renny stepped to the side of the table while the boy took his first look at himself in the mirror a nurse was holding before him. For his part, Renny was delighted to see the healthy pink granulation. But the Ensign took one quick look at his face, gulped, looked again, then turned his eyes to Renny's. He even forced something like a smile. "Can you do anything about that mess, Doc?"

"Do you want to look like yourself, or Tyrone Power?"

"I'll settle for a reasonable facsimile of Melton."

"O.K. Let's go, then."

Doing the graft was tedious; facial plastic is not done in a half-hour. Renny was tired, and he knew that Sam was, when they sent the young flyer away for another three weeks' turn in bed.

Renny glanced up at his audience. "Prognosis," he said crisply, as the nurse untied his mask, "a reasonable facsimile." He ducked his head under the balcony, Sam close at his side.

"I'm taking the boy to lunch at the Club, Renny," Sam said. "Could you get away?"

"Not possibly, Chief. I've a skull fracture to check on. I'm sorry—I suppose you're going to strike while the iron is hot?"

Sam grinned, and nodded. "It's all in a good cause . . ."

"You bet!"

SAM, as one of the directors of the Physicians and Surgeons Club, and a popular man besides, could strut his stuff in a big way when he led his son into the handsome dining room, paneled in walnut, with good portraits of important medical figures on the wall. "I'll be proud to put your name up for membership here some day," Sam told Jasper.

He ordered a hearty lunch, and cocktails. Sipping his, Jasper said, rather diffidently, "I'm awfully glad I got to see you work, sir."

"You should be making your decision, and acting on it, shouldn't you, son?" Old Doc asked. "I mean, whether you'd rather learn industrial hazards from Renny, or go into Service."

Jasper leaned back in his chair, took out cigarettes. "I guess I really should go into Service," he said, shaking out his match, "though the War's about over."

"If it ends tomorrow, which it won't, there's still plenty of medical work to do. Important work. You could be a great help to the older men who are probably tired

and stale. And then there are the Government hospitals, and re-hab work all over the world. . . . Yes, I think the Army and Navy can use doctors for quite a while. And to enlist might seem to be the thing for you to do at this time. Especially for a husky young man like you, without obligations—"

"Oh, but—" Jasper's face was a distressed pink—"I do have an obligation to Sylvia."

"You aren't married to her, are you, son?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not yet. But we are engaged—you know that! And we plan to be married as soon as I get at all settled—she's rather put it up to me, Dad. She says she won't marry me unless I take up her father's practice in White Hall, and do so at once."

"Good!" cried Old Doc, attacking his onion soup with gusto. "Tell her you realize you aren't ready to practice, and—you won't have to marry her!" He regarded his son with eyes as ingenuous as those of a boy of five. "You don't love that girl, do you, Jasper?"

"Sylvia's a wonderful girl, Dad."

"Well, now I wonder. It sort of strikes me that if she



were so wonderful, she'd want you to do the thing that is best for your career."

"I think she believes she does."

"Remember, I tried the sort of medical life she wants you to lead, Jasper. I know what she's letting you in for. And you must know that you're not ready to take up any sort of private practice. Not even Doc Hayes'."

"I think I really should join up," Jasper mused. "I could get my College of Surgeons' certificate afterward. But, maybe—don't you think, Dad, whatever I decide to do, that I should marry first?"

"I thought you said she wouldn't marry you, unless—"

"Well, that is what she said. But, well—would you advise me to marry?"

"I certainly would advise no such thing," Sam said quickly.

**R**ENNY had finally managed to secure a date with Jane for that night. What with her being full of varied excuses and he having little time he could count as his own, he had despaired of ever accomplishing this miracle.

They were to have dinner together and go on to a concert of Chopin played by Iturbi. Jane waited for Renny in one of the main lounges of the hospital. He was late, and apologized nervously when he finally appeared. In the restaurant, he urged the waiter to hurry their order, then sat back and looked his fill at her.

"Jane," he asked abruptly, "have you been avoiding me lately?"

She didn't flutter an eyelash. "Yes, Renny," she said calmly, "I have."

He turned the cocktail glass in his long, spade-ended fingers, and laughed ruefully. "I suppose a really sensible man would let the thing drop right there."

"I've always considered you sensible, Renny." Her voice was cool.

Renny set the glass aside, clenched his two fists upon the table top, and leaned toward Jane. "But I'm not sensible!" he said tightly. "No more sensible than any man in love. I realize the presumption of my telling your sort of woman that I love you, and that I can see no reason why we should not marry."

Jane looked at him in honest amazement. "Well!" she gasped. "At least you do it in your own individual way."

He made an impatient gesture. "I'm dead serious, Jane! Such as I am, and however badly I do it, I am formally asking you to marry me."

She leaned toward him as if her impulse were to touch him. "I know you're serious, Renny," she said softly, "but I do wish you wouldn't be."

He said stubbornly, "I've loved you from the first time I saw you."

Not looking at him, she said, "A man—whose wisdom I have reason to respect—once told me that love at first sight was due to one of two things: Sex urgency or the supposed realization of an ideal."

"There's something of both in the way I feel about you, Jane," he said.

"Then I'm sorry, Renny. If I could love any man, it would be you, or someone like you—if there are other men like you." She smiled gently at him.

"But we like to be together, we like the same things, you're interested in my work—those are things on which we could build a life together—unless, of course, you feel physical revulsion toward me—"

Now she let herself touch his hand, and looked earnestly into his face. "It isn't revulsion, Renny. Not toward you. But it isn't love, either. I feel no—urgency—and any inclination I may once have had toward idealism has been throttled and killed. Long ago. You see, Renny, I have been—gravely hurt."

**S**HE spoke with such difficulty that, had there been less at stake, Renny would have hushed her out of pure compassion. "I have not been able to speak of that hurt to anyone before, Renny. I thought it was something which concerned only me. But things happened—embarrassing things—like the way I reacted when Bill Cassaut kissed me. I know it was horribly embarrassing to him. It was to me—and—to my family. But I could not help it, Renny! At least, I didn't help it. And—" She looked up at him, pleading in her face. "Oh, don't you understand? I could never be a fit wife—for—any man!"

Renny's hand reached for her wrist, his firm touch quieting her. "The thing you don't take into account, Jane," he said steadily, "is that bruises heal, if they are not renewed. From the first I've known that you had been hurt. I don't mean the specific manner or extent—but I did detect hurt. You're a young woman, and a lovely one—I'm making a tremendous effort to speak impersonally, you know!"

She glanced up, and was able to return his smile.

"What I'm trying to say in my clumsy fashion is that you are a warm woman, Jane. And you'll acknowledge that warmth if ever you'd come to want what a man has to give you—and would want to make your gift to him."

"Oh, Renny—"

"I do love you, Jane, and need you. I—I would hope that you could come to want my love, because all my hopes of a wife and family are bound up in you."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I can't marry you—and you shouldn't marry me. It would end only in failure, in tragedy. Your career could be ruined!"

"My career! What is work alone to a man?"

"But your work, Renny—"

"My work is like any man's work, a means to an end. If I have done anything well—its value would lie in the pride with which I could come to you, asking for your love and companionship."

She brushed her hand across her eyes. "And all I can give you is friendship," she said wearily.

Renny drew back to let the waiter set their soup before them. "If friendship is the best you will give me, I'll take what I can get. But I warn you—it won't be enough!"

"I truly wish it could be, Renny," she said wistfully.

"No, you don't, Jane. Because it won't be enough for you, either."



At the auditorium Renny gave his name to the usher, and took time to tell Jane about her father's support of the Symphony and these concerts. "I'm surprised he didn't come in for this one," he concluded.

"Page is having a party—for the Navy, of course—and he thinks he must be chaperon."

Renny chuckled at the picture of Sam chaperoning anything, and then the lights went down. Iturbi began. Renny was absorbed in the thundering waves of music, but any surgeon is apt to flex his fingers when they are empty. Jane caught at his hand to still what she thought was nervous twiddling, and Renny let her hold it, the war blood rushing through his veins. During the next number, he shifted a little so that it was his hand which held Jane's—and she let him.

He was understandably gruff to the usher who came



down the aisle to say in his ear, "Dr. McNaire? There's a call for you—I'm sorry."

Renny glanced at Jane, saw that she meant to follow him out, and went swiftly up the aisle.

"This is what you get for associating with doctors," he told her, in the lobby.

"You have to go to the hospital?"

"Yes. If you want to stay . . ."

"I don't."

"Then I'll have an orderly drive you home from the hospital."

"I can take a bus . . ." They had retrieved their coats, were out on the street, and she was endeavoring to keep up with his long strides.

"You'll take no bus," he told her flatly. She got into the car without a word of protest.

As they swept into the speedway, she edged closer to him. "Renny—" she said softly. "I won't talk and divert you, driving this fast—but I'd like you to know how I feel about being with you just now. It's as if I could feel the strength and the skill of your hands, the ability there is in you to help the man or woman who is waiting for you."

Renny whirled the car up to the ambulance entrance. "I'll send someone out," he told her; then, on an impulse, he leaned toward her and kissed her soft, cool cheek. "That's for luck!" he told her, getting out of the car, hurrying with his loose-limbed lope toward the lighted doorway, peeling out of his coat as he went.

AFTERWARD Renny decided that it was his sending Jane home with a hospital orderly as driver that made Sam come to see him the next day in a new and surprising attitude. Actually, Sam had been brought to a sense of guilt by a remark of Jasper's when the subject of Jane's divorce had come up during one of their discussions of Jasper's future career.

"I hoped Renny would fall in love with her," Jasper had told his father. "I believe Jane's only chance for marriage and happiness is with someone like him."

"The trouble with Renny is," Sam had replied crossly

and guiltily, "he has an exalted idea of women. If some busybody should tell him about Jane's divorce and Mitchell's charges—"

"Jane might tell him herself," Jasper declared.

Sam had thereafter done some thinking, and this morning he had come down with a coup all planned.

When Renny came into his office after rounds, he found the Chief installed behind his desk, fresh-shaven, well-tailored in brown mohair. Renny sat down behind the other desk, in the old way.

Thinking that Sam was going to report what decision Jasper had reached about his work, Renny was utterly unprepared to have the Chief lean toward him and demand in his most belligerent tone, "Renny, do you intend to marry my daughter?"

"Why, Chief," he faltered, "there's nothing I'd like better—but I'm afraid—" The laugh he had intended to be modest and deprecatory turned into a silly hoot.

Sam pulled himself to his full height. His face was red, his eyes bulged. "Well, by God!" he cried. "You're no saint yourself! I know that! And I guess some substantiated lies could be built up around *your* good name! You hear a bit of filthy scandal about a girl, and you're ready to believe the worst of it, and add your own interpretation—"

He went on while Renny could only sit and stare. Gradually Renny came to realize that Sam surmised he had heard the scandal concerning Jane's divorce, and thought he had believed it to the point that he had become wary about her. He pushed his chair back from his desk and stood up, his full lips pulled back thin against his teeth.

"You let me get a word in!" he snapped. "I owe you a damn lot, Chief, and I know it. But I'll not stand for your infernal meddling in *my* life! The way you've handled your own personal affairs scarcely gives you a right to believe you can tell other men what to do. And I'm warning you: keep your fingers out of whatever Jane and I plan—because whatever we do is none of your damned business. I've a hard enough fight on my hands without your meddling."

Renny had never before spoken so to Sam, he had never been so angry with him. Sam snatched at control of the situation. "I'm Jane's father!" he shouted.

The phone was buzzing. Renny grabbed it. "I wonder," he said icily.

RENNY really was sore, and his anger held, but when, on Friday, Sam phoned a conciliatory invitation to spend the week-end out at the Place, he agreed to try to do so. Jane, unaware of the crisis Sam had precipitated, seconded the invitation and said warmly that she did hope Renny would come—the rest would be good for him.

He arrived at the Place about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. It was one of those early summer days when the sun can shine for an hour from a cloudless sky, and then be immediately drowned in drenching rain. At the minute Renny showed up, the sun was out, steam rising from the gravel drive and the flagstone walk.

Sam greeted him as blandly as if there had never been a hot word between them; he told Freeman to put Dr. McNaire's things upstairs as usual, and then led his friend around to the garden, where they would find the "young folks."

Page, in white shirt and brief shorts, Alton in grey shirt and slacks, were working over a loose bicycle chain, while Jane, as cool as mint in a big chair in the shade, smiled at Renny and suggested that he take off his coat. Alton asked the doctor about Ensign Melton, and Page came to perch on the arm of Renny's chair and tell him the "perfectly rancid news" that Alton had received his stand-by orders.

Renny looked at Alton's grave face. "Is that bad?"

"It's bad for me and for Page, sir. I look to be shipped in about ten days or so."

Renny did not especially relish being called *sir* by a man old enough to be contemplating marriage.

"We've been waiting for you to come, Renny," Page told him, "to get an unbiased opinion."

"About what?" he asked, trying not to look too hard at her bare, brown knee there close to his hand.

"About Alton and me getting married right away. Why, we could do it this afternoon!"

Renny shook his head. "Three-day laws and blood tests."

"Pooh! They're nothing! It's Mother that's the real trouble; she thinks we should wait . . ."

"Then maybe you should."

"Now, look, Renny, don't take that line!" She put her two hands on his shoulders and looked at him with earnest eyes. He made frown-like wrinkles in his forehead and pursed his lips in an effort to seem judicial. She giggled, and Renny smacked her—then caught a look on Alton's face which made him say quickly, "If you really do want me to be unbiased about you, get a little farther off. All males are susceptible to white shorts—I'm no exception."

"But that's exactly what I mean, Renny. I want you to try to put yourself in Alton's place. If you were in love, would you want to go off to China or India or maybe Siberia, and leave your girl?"

"Not me! Why, does Alton want to?"

The young Lieutenant chuckled and dropped the pliers.

"Oh, you!" Page pouted, "I mean, would you want to go without marrying her—and—having her first?"

It was Alton who blushed, and Renny reflected his color.

Sam spoke up quickly. "I tell you what you two kids do—pack up a lunch, take the canoe and go over to the island for a picnic supper. Try to talk this thing out and make some plans—sensible plans Page's mother will listen to. I stand ready to help you out, but you've got to figure out a way to sell her on the idea."

Renny squinted at the purplish clouds in the northern sky. "I'm afraid it's going to rain some more, Chief."

"It may. But what's a little rain? There's a leanto on the island. Get along with you. Lot more fun than sticking around here with Renny and me."

"Maybe you should phone your mother," Renny told Jane, when Sam went with the two young lovers to superintend the filling of a proper picnic basket. "Warn her that Doc's conniving—"

She laughed. "You do it."

"Gosh, it's no skin off my nose. If it were, I'm rather for Alton."

**W**ITHIN a half hour, Alton and Page were off. Jane and Renny watched them get out the canoe and start across to the little island. The two big rivers converged just above it and Alton had to do some clever paddling to navigate the swift currents. But they saw them safely beached, and then Jane suggested going indoors.

Renny frowned at the purple clouds which were boiling up in the north, then he shrugged and followed Jane. Sam was wise to the river. He knew a storm was coming, but he also would know how safe the kids would be on the island.

Jane and Renny played records, having to light the lamps in the library very early. Sam joined them, said with some satisfaction that it was raining striped cats and polka-dotted puppies, and lit the fire.

"Where's Jasper?" Renny asked him, setting his markers for backgammon.

"White Hall."

"Has he decided . . . ?"

"Not definitely. Want a drink, Renny?"

"No, thanks. Jane, it's only fair to tell you that I am very good at backgammon."

"Oh, you!" she retorted. "According to you, you're good at everything!"

"I believe you're right," Renny answered, liking to see her laugh.

It began to rain hard.

"They'll build a fire," Sam assured them, sitting back like a benevolent Buddha in his leather chair, watching their game, smiling at his own thoughts.

By five o'clock, rain was coming down in torrents which washed the windows and roared among the trees. Now and again, hail rattled like machine gun fire. About nine the downpour slackened. But by midnight Alton and Page had not come. Renny twiddled the dials of the radio, and they learned that Coast Guard cutters were

rescuing people from lowlands threatened by the steadily rising river.

"There's nothing anybody can do," Sam declared. "Till daylight. Alton'll take care of Page—" He spoke so smugly that Renny swung on him.

"What have you got on your mind?" he demanded.

"Now, Renny, keep your shirt on . . ."

"Maybe we should phone Jasper," Jane fretted.

"Worry the soul out of your mother, that's all you'd accomplish!" Sam snorted.

"I'm going to call the Coast Guard!" Renny cried, striding out to the hall.

Sam said nothing to stop him; he even followed Jane out into the hall and stood at her shoulder while Renny got the Station. The man who took the call was calmly reassuring. "He says the Patrol will get them," Renny reported. "I'm going to call the Base and report Alton's whereabouts."

When Renny put the phone back on the shelf, he turned off the light in the closet under the stairs, ducked his head to come out into the main hall, and said he guessed they'd done all they could, and maybe they should go to bed.

They did—or made a pretense of doing so. But within half an hour they were all down on the first floor again.

When Sam finally did go upstairs Jane and Renny went to the kitchen and made toast, ate it spread thickly with jam, and drank tall glasses of cold milk.

Renny liked sitting across the porcelain-topped table from Jane, the overhead light throwing lovely shadows in the hollows of her throat. His gaze roused color in her cheeks; she laughed a little shyly, and said, quickly, "Aren't you very dark for a Scotsman, Renny?"

"Black Scot? No. My great-grandmother was a Spaniard, anyway. That's where my black eyes come from, and that's why my great-grandfather came to Canada."

"Scandal?"

"Only a Scot would consider it one."

She put her chin upon her hand and regarded him. "You're not handsome . . ." she continued thoughtfully, "but your eyes are beautiful. You'd have a dimple in your chin if you were a bit more plump."

"Then I'll do no more worrying about my weight!"

"Your nose is very good. Your lips are full, but they're beautifully modeled—and you hold them together so firmly . . ."

"Had my adenoids out when I was ten."

She laughed. "There's something sweet about your mouth, Renny—"

He leaned across the table corner, and for a second her lips trembled against his. Then he saw her eyes widen, and she slipped away from him, getting out of her chair, beginning to clear away their dishes. He touched her arm. "Jane?" he asked, pleadingly.

She shook her head, smiling as if she were tired. "Please, Renny—"

He sighed, the excitement fizzing out of his blood. He helped her tidy the kitchen and they returned to the fire in the library. Jane sat down in her father's chair, her feet tucked under her, and Renny picked up a magazine and read snatches aloud until, glancing across at her, he saw that she had fallen asleep.

He snapped off the lamp, and in the glow from the fire, sat watching. He was tired, with an aching knot of nervousness on the back of his neck, but sleep was miles away. There was a rug folded on the window seat; he fetched it and spread its warmth over Jane, moving as soundlessly as he was able, wanting desperately to kiss her as she slept. He did not—but back in his chair he indulged in such dreams and fancies as came his way . . .

**D**AWN came at last, erasing the blackness from the windows; with the first light, two river patrol boats brought Page and Alton, pretty well bedraggled from the night's experiences. Everyone talked at once, of course, though the older ones were stopped short by the disclosure that reporters and photographers had been in one of the boats.

"What a story for tomorrow's papers!" said Sam, in a curious, satisfied tone.

Alton turned on him. "What do you mean, sir?"



"Don't mind him," Renny advised. "He gets his plots from the movies."

They all trooped in to breakfast, and ate enormously of waffles and little sausages, orange juice and coffee.

"Now!" Sam said, "tell us what you two did last night."

Alton's face settled into lines of defensive indignation which Page saw. "Well," she said quickly, "the rain was—wet. The canoe washed away—but Alton said we couldn't have tried getting back in it. So we just sat there, and kept as warm and as dry as we could until morning—and Alton signaled the first plane . . ."

"That brought the Coast Guard and the reporters," Alton took up the story. "I'm sorry; it really won't look so good. One thing my mother told me I was never to do was to compromise a girl. And it does look as if I had."

Page's smile was wide and delighted. "Gosh, when I was sitting on all those pebbles I didn't realize how romantic it was. Are you going to save my good name, Lieutenant?"

"I could fix it for you to be married before the paper comes out," Sam said heavily. Everyone turned to stare at him. "But," he went on, "I think an announcement of the wedding—say, for one day this week—would be sufficient . . ."

"Daddy!" Jane gasped.

He looked up at her, his eyes innocent. "It's the only thing to do, Jane. We can manage a real wedding within the week," he told Page. "In view of Alton's imminent shipping orders— You do want a church wedding, don't you, Page?"

"Well," she said, her green eyes beginning to shine. "If you think the shotgun will look well stood up against the altar."

Alton got up out of his chair. "See here, sir," he said sharply, "I don't like the appearance this sort of thing might put upon our marriage. . . ."

"Sit down, Lieutenant," Page bade him. "Of course we have to get married. And we'll name the first baby 12-gauge—"

Renny laughed then, and Jane joined him. "It's like a bad dream," she gasped.

"A very bad B picture," Renny agreed. "See here, Chief, you can't do this!"

"Now, Renny, you shut up!" Page whirled on him. "If Daddy thinks my good name is involved, why, we'll be married." She leaned across the table to gaze at Alton. "Isn't that what we want, darling?" Her expression was tender and beautiful.

Alton's eyes answered her, and she leaned back in her chair, blissfully smiling. "Then it's all settled. Daddy's plan—though I never smelled anything so corny—solves everything. There just can't be any more argument about our getting married before you leave."

Jane was sitting beside Renny; she turned now to say softly in his ear, "Mother will be furious!"

"You said she had nothing against Crenshaw. . . ."

"No, she hasn't—"

"Then I'd say, let things slide."

Plans and excitement mounted throughout the day. The morning's papers carried many pictures of the storm damage, the one of Page and Alton not too prominent. But Sam had got in his lick . . .

ON Wednesday, Renny found himself free to go out to the Place, and so was there when Jasper drove his mother's car up to the front steps. Mrs. Lowry, in a trim suit of black linen, with a little veiled hat on her silvery head, was very efficient-looking as she came up on the veranda. She smiled toward Renny, acknowledged Jane's kiss, and then turned on Old Doc.

"What mischief have you been up to now, Sam?" she challenged.

Renny would have gone away, but Jane touched his arm and indicated one of the big chairs at the far end of the porch; she perched upon the arm of it. "Dad may need some moral support," she murmured.

"You think you're God," Ruth was saying. Jasper had escaped—maybe he had gone to warn Page to stay hidden. "Directing and deciding people's fate! I don't know why you should think this matter was one for you to arrange—"

Sam mumbled something about its being a father's prerogative to protect his daughter's good name.

Ruth stepped backward to look him up and down. "You've suddenly become very moral! There was a time when you didn't think a night spent with a girl demanded marriage!"

"You really don't like me, do you, Ruth?" he asked humbly.

"No, Sam, I do not. Not when you get us into things like this—" She glanced down the porch to Jane. "Will you come upstairs with me, my dear, and tell me just how far your father has gone in defeating my known purposes? And, since he has become so conscious of appearances, I hope I may share your room."

Renny gave Jane's arm an encouraging pat. "Tell her it's too late to change anything," he said quickly. "I'll take care of the Chief for you."

However, Renny was almost immediately called back to the city, and he departed reluctantly. Some sort of truce must have been effected between Sam and Page's mother, because, so far as he heard, the plans went busily on. Sam wanted his daughter to have a real wedding, and details piled up. Page came to the hospital Thursday morning, asking Renny to serve as an usher.

At his first opportunity on Saturday, Renny left the hospital and went out to the Place, hoping that he could be of some help. He found Sam and Ruth nearly swamped with last-minute details. Jane told Renny they had been quarreling all week, over everything. The wording of the wedding invitations, the guest lists—every single thing! "That is, Dad quarrels and shouts. Mother listens to him, then serenely does things her way."

But the wedding was solemn and beautiful. Sam fairly strutted in his pride in Page, and her loving smile to her father when he put her hand into Alton's tightened Renny's throat. He saw Ruth reach her hand out to her husband when he joined her in the front pew. Renny's dark eyes turned from them to Jane. Would he ever stand so, with her at his side, and say, "I, Reynald, take thee, Jane . . .?"

THE reception was gay and large. There was a tiered wedding cake, and champagne, a string orchestra in the library, and roses lavishly in bloom in the garden.

Alton's parents were present, such solid, respectable citizens that all of Ruth's doubts must have been dispelled. Sylvia Hayes was there, somewhat stiff with affront at not having been included in the wedding party, but clinging with possessive determination to Jasper. There were a few other guests from White Hall, quite frankly curious about the Lowrys. Renny was interested in Jane's cold, defensive manner toward these people.

He clung to her side, and finally, on the plea of not being able to take any more champagne without a breath of air, he got her out into the garden. In the rose arbor, he attempted to take her in his arms, but she evaded the embrace. Her voice was cool, even a little amused. "It's the wedding that makes you sentimental, Renny."

"It was a very beautiful wedding," he said stiffly.

"Very beautiful," she agreed. "Though weddings frighten me."

"Oh, but not ones like this!" Renny protested. "Where love is . . ."

She turned to look up into his face. In the moonlight, her eyes were softly shining. "Do you really believe that their loving each other would make the difference between safety and—the other thing?"

"Of course, I believe it!" he said quickly.

"Then maybe it's true—" The words came faintly.

"Have you ever been in love, Jane?"

She glanced at his dark, alert eyes, and then away again. "I thought I was," she said slowly, "but it's hard to tell. Maybe, in my wish to know it, I only thought I had found love. I suppose," she was speaking very softly, "that with love, there has to be sex. . . ."

"Sex is a part of love," he said quietly. "Yes."

She turned swiftly, then, to look tensely up into his face, to question his dark eyes. "You don't despise the human body, do you, Renny?"

He spoke as calmly as he was able. "No, indeed. It's too wonderful a thing. . . ."

Urgently she touched the sleeve of his white flannel coat. "Do you really believe that?"

"I know it, my dear."

"And yet you see it in very bad lights, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I fight disease and hurt because they are wrong in bodies that were destined to be fine and beautiful. Needless injury and filth make me very angry—I'm a passionate man, you know, Jane." He watched her face.

"Are you, Renny?" she asked, only curiosity in her voice.

He smiled. "Don't you know that I am, Jane?"

"Ye-es," she said softly.

He touched her arm. "Shall we go in and dance?"

"Oh, yes!" she said quickly, and the gratitude in her eyes for that suggestion hurt him, and frightened him.

Renny stayed at the Place for the night; everyone got to bed very late, and slept till noon the next day, coming down to a dreary clutter of fading flowers and stacked caterer's chairs. Renny and Jane decided to take a walk in the light rain which was falling. Sam and Ruth had accepted an invitation for cocktails at Bill Cassaut's. Jasper went into the city on some business.

The walk was not too satisfactory, and callers came in immediately after their return. On the plea that he must phone the hospital, Renny went upstairs. Done with his check-up, and still hearing voices in the living room, he lay down across his bed and fell asleep.

It was dark when the ringing telephone roused him. Automatically he reached his hand to take it, but, remembering where he was, he went out into the hall—Freeman would call him if he were wanted. He heard the colored man say, "It's for you, Miss Jane. Long distance."

Renny went on downstairs, and was standing in the hall when Jane came out of the little under-stairs closet. Her face was as cold as marble. Renny went to her swiftly. "What is it, darling?"

"Rufus—my husband—has been badly hurt," she said stiffly. "They want me to come to White Hall at once."

"But you can't go! You won't—"

Her face showed no feeling, no emotion. "I have to go. A wife must go to her—husband." She looked up at Renny. "I have to speak to Mother."

"Yes." As he would have done with a child, he took her hand in his and led her back to the phone closet, snapped the light switch, and dialed Cassaut's number. He got Mrs. Lowry, and gave the telephone to Jane. He heard her repeat exactly what she had said to him.

Ruth said something and Jane sighed. "I feel I must go." Then—"Jasper isn't here, Renny is—"

Renny took the phone from her hand. "If she feels she must go to White Hall, Mrs. Lowry," he said firmly, "I'd very much like to go with her."

"Oh, no, Renny!" Jane whispered.

He put up a hand to silence her. "I know it exceeds the right of even a good friend," he said to her mother, "But—under the circumstances—I would like to be trusted to do this for Jane."

He talked to Sam also, and then set the phone down.

"I keep my head better than Doc does," he said quietly. "Your father and mother know that, and they trust me. I wish you might, Jane."

"I do trust you, Renny," she said faintly.

"O.K., then," he said briskly. "Get ready—I'll be waiting for you out in front in ten minutes."

AS the miles ticked out through the speedometer, he could feel Jane's tenseness increasing.

"Renny," she said when they were entering the town, "if—when we get to the hospital, there is anything you can do for Rufe—you won't hold it against him that he—and I—"

A chill crept into his voice. "If my services should be called for—as a doctor, Jane—I'll give them, in just that way."

"Of course!" she said quickly. "I'm sorry, Renny—that I even suggested—but I'm frightened; I do so dread what we'll find. Turn here—it's about two blocks—I'm afraid that Rufus was hurt under—well, embarrassing circumstances. I don't know why else they would have sent for me."

Renny parked the coupé against the curb. "Look," he said as they got out. "This is a hospital; I am a surgeon; I'll know how to take care of that angle. Suppose you wait downstairs."

A sleepy-eyed nurse was at the desk, and a somewhat rumped fat man came out of the parlor to the left of the entrance.

"Jane, I'm so glad you're here!" he cried, his hands outstretched.

Jane did not touch him. "This is Mr. Foltz," she said. "Dr. McNaire, Ray."

"How'ya, Doc! I thought you might bring your father, Jane. Rufe's hurt bad. Shot through the neck, Doc..."

Renny winced. That was bad. "Maybe I can help," he said crisply.

"Dr. McNaire is Chief Surgeon at City General," Jane explained, with warm pride in her voice. She smiled up at Renny, and then looked beyond him. "Here's Dr. Averett, Renny. He owns this hospital."

Dr. Averett knew who Dr. McNaire was and he almost slavered with relief. "We don't get this sort of surgery often enough to keep our hands in, Doctor," he said anxiously. "I said we'd have to call in a specialist—I guess



you're an answer to prayer, as the fellow says. Bullet's lodged a thread away from the spinal cord."

Renny glanced at Jane. "Will you stay here? Or you could go to your home. Here are the car keys..."

Her hand reached for them. "Will it take long?"

"It could."

"Well, I'll either be here or at the house."

Renny watched Jane follow the greasy Foltz into the parlor. He didn't know then that the man was Rufus Mitchell's lawyer.

A thread's difference of the surgeon's scalpel blade could have meant paralysis or death to Rufus Mitchell. But in Renny's steady fingers, there was not that difference.

"Somebody must have got awful mad at this guy," he said once, straightening his back. The table was six inches too low for him.

He finished up the job, and still in gown and cap, with Averett following, he hurried down to the parlor where Jane and Foltz were waiting. Before Renny could speak, Averett was telling them about the wonderful operation, the marvelous surgery, the stupendous cleverness of Dr. McNaire!

Renny was watching Jane's face. "Is he going to be all right, Renny?" she asked.

He nodded, then was shocked at the despair which swept her face. "What's wrong?" he demanded sharply.

"Well—" She looked at Foltz. "I'll have to tell Dr. McNaire what it is you want me to do, Ray. He—Renny sort of stands for my family."

"You're of age!" the fat man said quickly, and not pleasantly.

Renny turned firmly to Dr. Averett. "I'd like you to stay with Mitchell, Doctor," he said briskly. "I'll come up



again in a few minutes—but he'll take watching, you know."

Dr. Averett trotted off. Renny sat down beside Jane, pulling off his cap and dangling mask, rolling the muscles of his shoulders to ease their tenseness.

"Now!" he said.

"Well—" Jane's eyes lifted to his face. "Ray thinks I ought to remarry Rufe."

"Jane!" he cried, "You can't! You won't—"

"Now, look, Doc," Foltz broke in. "Let me give you the whole picture—"

Putting up the flattened palm of his hand to silence the man, Renny looked at Jane. "Do you love Rufus Mitchell?"

"I hate him," she said tensely.

He took her cold hand in his warm ones and turned to face Foltz. "Now, what was it you had to say to me?"

**T**HE fat man edged forward in his chair. "Rufe's an important man. His business is big, and it's important—to a lot of people. The Plant's done a big thing in the war effort—Army and Navy E's, you know—and, well, you can see that just now, at the time of reconversion, it would be a bad time to shake confidence in the head of the company."

"Are you the company lawyer?" Renny's tone was sharp and crisp.

"Yeah. Yeah, sure! And, of course, I've got the interests of the company at heart. That's why, the minute I found out Rufe was hurt, and how, and where—I called Jane—"

"Who shot him? A woman?"

"Yeah—Rufe and Blanche have been friends for years—you understand me, Doc?"

"I understand. Jane, were they friends while you were married to Mitchell?"

Her little black-capped head nodded. Renny looked across at Foltz. "Go on."

"Well, this Blanche runs a sort of resort at the edge of town—I guess Rufe's been backing the place—but you know how a town like White Hall is—pretty intolerant; and I gather Rufe was trying to get free of her. . . ."

"So, naturally, she shot him."

"Yeah. But you can see what it could appear to be, Doc. . . ."

"I can see what it probably is," Renny told the lawyer. "Now, what about your suggestion that Jane re-marry Mitchell? What will that effect?"

"It'd make all the difference in the world—in the talk," Foltz explained eagerly. "Say we could show that Rufe was breaking with the woman because he was taking his wife back. . . ."

"Especially," Jane broke in, her voice tinkling like icicles falling from a roof, "after the charges he had made against me to get the divorce."

Foltz coughed a little. "That's right! You see, Doc, people will think Rufe was trying to—well—sort of reform. Could mean the saving of the business. The Plant's a big thing in this town. You know that, Jane."

"I know," she said softly, her head down-bent.

"I tell you what," Foltz said, getting to his little, high-arched feet, "I can get a preacher and a license and you can be married to Rufe within an hour. How about it?"

Jane's hand trembled within Renny's; she looked up at him, her face pinched and tired. "Two thousand people depend on the plant for a living, Renny, and their families—what I want doesn't seem important—"

Renny was shaking his head. "You'll not do this, Jane!"

"It's her decision, ain't it, Doc?" Foltz suggested. "I mean, she's of age—"

Renny stood up. "She's of age," he agreed, "and this thing should be her decision. But let it be just that! Not the decision of Mitchell's lawyer! You heard her say she hated the man; you know you're not considering her—"

"You could be a mite prejudiced on the other side, couldn't you, Doc?"

"Damned right!" Renny answered promptly. "And if no one else is going to think about Jane, I'll do it."

Foltz shrugged, a loathsome expression on his sallow face. "Oh, sure," he said, "I understand. . . ."

"You understand nothing! Jane's given me no more

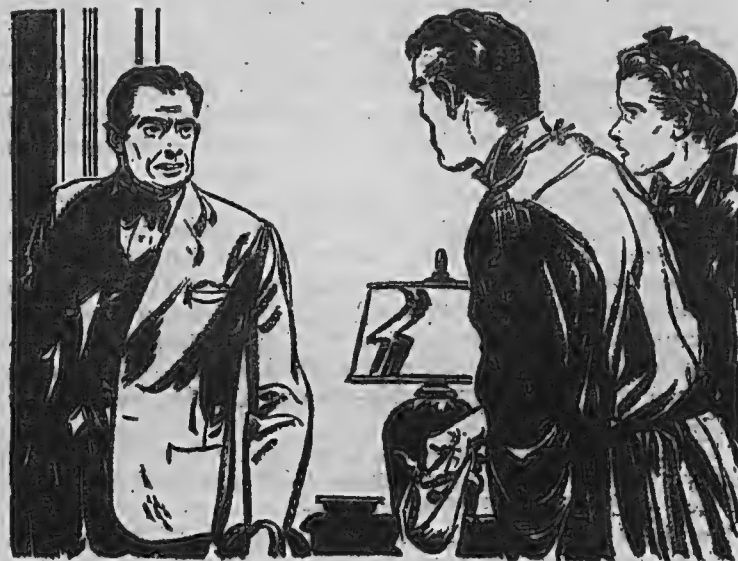
than a friendly smile, so far, but it's enough for a man of any decency to want to protect her against worms like you and Mitchell. I'll not have her panicked into any such act as you want to stage. I won't let her emotions be used for your purposes."

Foltz made a show of great patience. "How about it, Jane?" he urged. "Do I get that preacher?"

His face black, Renny strode across the room toward Foltz, who gave ground before his threatening advance.

"Listen to me, Foltz," he said tightly. "You called us up here, and we came—I saved Mitchell's life. Though I didn't come up here for that purpose. I came to take care of Jane, and that is exactly what I intend to do. I'll not stand by and allow her to martyr herself in any mistaken idea that she will be helping anyone except Mitchell and the crawling insect he hires for a lawyer. Understand that, Mr. Foltz! My hands are valuable to me; I don't want to soil them on your greasy neck; but you let Jane alone! Believe me, you'd better!"

Foltz backed toward the door. "Well, of course—I didn't



know how things were with Jane—I understood she was just visiting her father in the city—but—"

Renny turned away from him, as he would have turned from any crawling, filthy thing. Jane was huddled into a corner of the couch, weeping.

He took one end of her blue scarf and wiped her eyes. "Come on, let's go upstairs while I get my things."

She had never looked so beautiful to him as she did with her hair a little disheveled, her cheeks stained with tears, her eyes still misty.

Upstairs, he sat down at the floor desk and wrote detailed orders for Mitchell's care; then he stood up abruptly. "I'll go change. . . ." he told the nurse.

"Yes," she fluttered. "I'll light the operating room—"

"Don't bother." He strode toward the doors of it. "The dressing room is lighted."

He opened the door, and Jane preceded him. A great window filled one end of the operating room; she walked across to it and stood there before the dark glass while Renny changed. When he came out she still stood there.

He set his bag on a stool and came over to her. He put his arm about her shoulder and drew her against his side. She stood rigid in his embrace.

"Renny, the Plant is important. . . ."

"If Rufe is out—there is a good chance of that happening—the Plant will go on without him. But if you fall in with their scheme, you shut yourself away from any chance of a happy marriage to—another man. And you can't do it, Jane. You know I love you and want you—and I may never have you—but, by God, I'll do this one thing for you. I'll not let you immolate yourself for Mitchell. The man's a beast, Jane—"

"You can't tell me one thing I don't know about Rufe, Renny," she said softly. "I knew him for a beast on my wedding night. I knew then that my marriage to him was a mistake. But I did marry him, and I still feel bound to him. Mother never felt that her divorce dissolved her marriage."

"In your mother's case, the divorce was wrong. In yours, it was your marriage—to a man you did not love, who did not love you. Your mother hurt Sam and she hurt herself—she hasn't been happy about it, has she, darling?"

"No-o. But I do think, now, Renny, that she may—"

"She may go back to him. But they're both old, and love can no longer be what it should have been between them. Think of the waste, Jane. . . ."

At the passion in his voice, she turned to search his eyes.

"If you did what Foltz wants, you'd destroy all chance you'd ever have for the sort of happiness you should have," he said.

"You believe I could have that happiness with you, don't you, Renny?" she asked softly.

"I do!" he said tensely.

He was looking at her. Her arm came up around his neck, her mouth trembled under his, and then passion leapt like a white flame between them; the light of it in her face was a glory. . . .

"Can't we get out of here?" Renny whispered. "Could we go to your house?"

"Oh, yes!"

They stole downstairs and went out into the first promise of dawn.

"I must phone your father at once to tell him you're safe," he said, when they had let themselves in with Jane's key.

She showed him the phone and he heard her going up the stairs.

She was down at his elbow again when he set the phone back into its cradle. She had put on a housecoat of yellow pique with crisp little embroidery ruffles and tied back her hair with a black ribbon. He kissed her soft lips.

Her fingers in the thickness of his black hair, she asked, "Could I interest you in waffles, Dr. McNaire?"

Renny laughed, loving the way her eyes shone. "You, my sweet," he told her, "could interest me in anything." He drew her to him and kissed her again, feeling in his heart, and seeing in her eyes, the wonder of her response, the melting of her body against his. Jane had no dread. The bruise was healed, the scar was gone.

Reluctantly he moved away from her. "Now I'd better go freshen up. You can trust any man just so far."

"And any woman, too," she said softly.

WHEN they drove up to the Place later in the day Sam was out on the steps, very glad that Dr. McNaire had shown up, because there had been a call for him.

Renny opened the door for Jane to get out of the car. "This is what it means to tie up to a doctor," he told her, leaning over to kiss her.

When Sam, with Jasper, showed up in Renny's office the next morning, they were taking his position in the family as a matter of fact.

"All the talk last night," Jasper told Renny, "sort of jelled my ideas about the sort of doctoring I want to do. If you still want me here, and will have me, I'd like to come in as intern, Renny—hoping to work up."

Renny's eyes lifted. "That's fine! We're very short—"

He pushed his chair back and got to his feet. "We might as well sign our new doctor up right away," he told Sam.

In the office of the hospital Jasper was given a questionnaire to fill in. He got out his fountain pen as he began to read it.

Sam turned to Renny. "Well, there's one thing sure. You'll have at least one young and able-bodied man on your Staff."

Jasper turned in his leather chair to look at his father. Then, slowly, carefully, he capped his pen and stood up. His face like a rock, he started for the door.

Sam caught at his arm. "What's got into you? Where're you going?"

"I'm going to join the Navy," Jasper said clearly. "I figure it's my turn to do what other young and able-bodied men have been doing." He shook free of his father, and walked out.

Renny looked at Sam. "Come on," he bade, "you substitute for an Act of God."

Sam was chuckling. "He'd have to have his whack at the Service—he's exactly like me."

"That's all very well," Renny said crisply, "but I need help now! The Surgical Staff is too short—"

"Oh, I'll fix that up," Sam said quickly. "I'm planning to come back to work." He was smiling like a pleased baby. "These are no days for an able-bodied man to retire from his profession."

SAM found his family and Sylvia Hayes, who had hurried back from White Hall—preparing to cook a picnic supper at the outdoor stove.

"I hurried back without phoning, as soon as I saw how things were going to be up home," Sylvia was saying.

Jasper glanced at her, then bent his flushed face over the chicken he was turning with a long fork.

"The scandal about Rufe Mitchell is simply terrific!" Sylvia continued. "But people are being perfectly lovely about Jane. You see, everyone there knows now, as we've known all along, that she was innocent. Things are going to be just wonderful now for you in White Hall, Jasper."

"I haven't had a chance to tell you, Sylvia," he said quietly, "that I joined the Navy today. I leave tomorrow for Chicago."

"Jasper, you're crazy!"

"Not anymore, I'm not. When the Navy is through with me, I intend to come back and work with Renny, try to follow my father's footsteps," he said.

"But we can at least be married before you leave, Jasper?"

"No, Sylvia."

"You don't love me!" she cried dramatically.

He had moved away from her a little; now he looked at her critically. "I don't know about that," he said thoughtfully. "But I do realize that I am probably not the right man for you."

"So that's it!" she cried. "All your noble talk about your work; you've just met some girl who's put her hooks into you, someone who won't care a fig for your career. . . ."

Ruth saw Sam coming around the corner of the house with a tray of drinks, and she hurried along the path to help him.

"What's all the row?" Sam demanded.

"Jasper has just told Sylvia he has enlisted."

"She doesn't approve, I take it."

Ruth smiled. "What really frightens her is his announcement that he plans to lead the life of an ascetic."

Sam looked startled. "Ascetic, eh?" He craned his neck to look through the bushes at his red-headed son, who was escorting the visibly indignant Sylvia down the drive to her car. "I wouldn't worry about that," he decided. "It won't last."

"I'm sure it won't," Ruth agreed. "He is too much like his father."

Above the dark green of the orchard trees the western sky had turned an extravagant pink. Ruth stood beside Sam as they watched until it faded to pale gold.

"Ruth," he said softly, after a time, "will you marry me again?"

"Oh, Sam. At our age?"

"I guess we could just have the divorce set aside—neither of us remarried. But I'd do anything to get you to stay here—"

"Don't you think scandal is a little improbable at our age?" she teased.

"Well, if you like the idea of scandal I can take it, I guess. Anything at all, to keep you here. . . . I was a damned fool ever to leave you!"

"And I was wrong to let you go." She reached up and kissed his cheek.

"Have I made a mess of my whole life, Ruth?" he asked her. "Renny once said I had."

"I don't think Renny has any complaints of your life as it stands tonight, Sam. You're going back to work—and he has Jane. . . . Your children are happy as happiness goes in this world—and you're largely responsible. And you too are happy—"

His voice deepened with eagerness. "Am I, Ruth?"

She put her lips to his. "Of course you're happy, Sam. And will be."

THE END



# BOOKS IN REVIEW

by Helen Greenwood

**HILDEGARDE DOLSON'S** *We Shook the Family Tree* is a gay and laugh-provoking account of the writer's childhood and early struggles in the business world.



Hildegard Dolson

The Dolsons of Franklin, Pennsylvania, were a carefree family. Hildegard's friends, bored with the circumspect behavior demanded in other Franklin homes, used to say, "Aw, let's go up to the Dolsons', where we can bounce on the beds.' This was a game we liked very much," relates Miss Dolson. "Each child would take a turn standing on the bed, after first taking off his shoes as a concession to the proprieties. Then he'd jump up and down with high, bouncy leaps and end up sprawled flat on the mattress—winded and happy."

In high school and college Hildegard, the oldest Dolson child, was almost totally unable to grasp anything but her English courses. One day in her Allegheny College chemistry class there was a terrific explosion. Miss Dolson writes: "Through the noise and confusion, I could hear a voice yelling frantically, 'Miss Dolson! Are you all right, Miss Dolson?'"

"Both assistants ran unerringly to my work table, and when they saw me and my equipment intact, they seemed really stunned. I knew how they felt, because I myself was just as surprised and relieved to find this was one thing that wasn't my fault."

From college Hildegard went to New York, where she and her cousin, a fledgling dancer, immediately and quite innocently got mixed up with a burlesque show that specialized in strip-tease.

Miss Dolson's effortlessly humorous style and her family's wacky adventures make an extremely happy reading combination.

Random House, New York. Price \$2.50.

**DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN**, by Malcolm W. Bingay, veteran Detroit newspaperman, is a penetrating and highly entertaining account of a robust city and the vital people in it.

Bingay loves Detroit and is fascinated by the industrial tycoons who give the Mid-western city its special flavor. Here are new and revealing anecdotes of Ford, William C. Durant, Charles F. Kettering, Joe Louis, the fighter, Albert Kahn, the famous industrial architect, and of Eddie Guest, America's most beloved poet.

This is one of the most successful books ever written about a city—possibly because Detroit is as firmly integrated as a small town.

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, New York. Price \$3.75.

**FROG FACE**, by H. W. Stokes, is an interesting, if depressing, first novel.

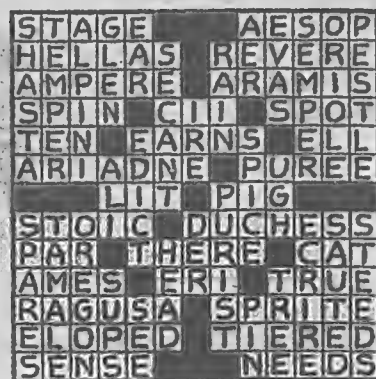
It's the story of a frustrated grocery clerk who is finally released from bondage by an unexpected inheritance. The release doesn't last long, however, for Walter Cormand is an unlucky little man who by an act of violence puts himself forever under a burden of remorse and terror.

More European than American in feeling, *Frog Face* may be an indication of a new trend in postwar literature.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price \$2.50.

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



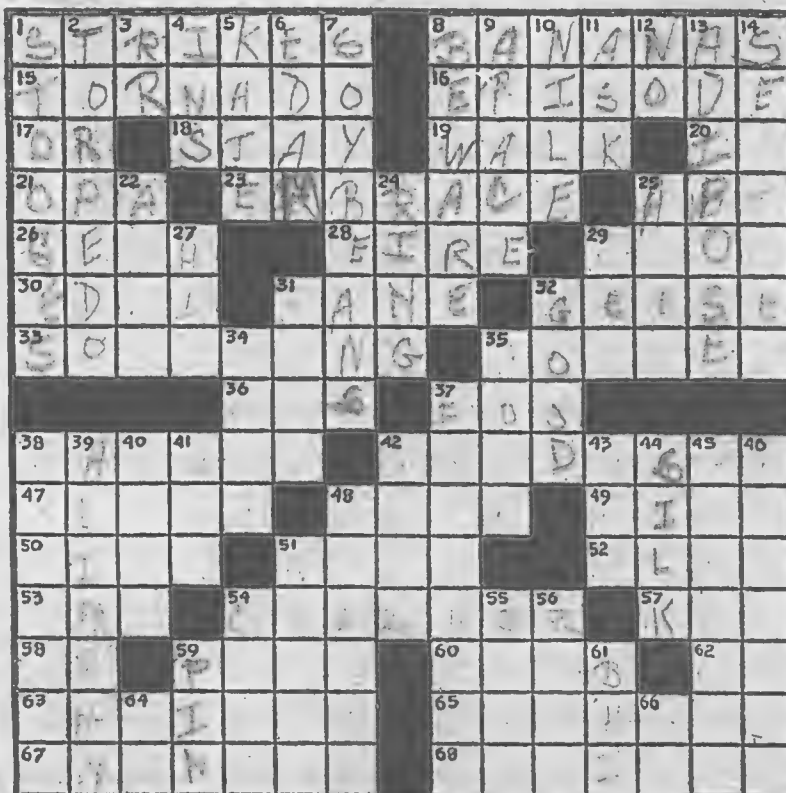
Last week's answer

## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Wrenches in the wheels of progress
- 8 Slip manufacturers
- 15 This moved Bob Burns' folks from Arkansas to Texas
- 16 Hunk of soap opera
- 17 Gold in ore (Fr.)
- 18 What guests oughtn't to do after 2 A.M.
- 19 Go forward with right and leftist movements
- 20 It remains neutral in peace, too
- 21 Chester Bowles' dying hope (abbr.)
- 23 Grip honeymooners have on each other, weakens with the years
- 25 Cramped living quarters
- 26 Human termite
- 28 Thorn in the British side
- 29 That bum wood wind nobody blows good
- 30 Part of cliff Junier insists on playing at
- 31 Where the old horse-hair sofa came from
- 32 These flyers stick their necks out when they give folks beneath them the bird
- 33 Balmy
- 35 Militant mobocracies
- 36 Cloak and dagger outfit (abbr.)
- 37 A word from Smokey Stover
- 38 Hardest kind of house to find
- 42 A shining example of a man who has come out on top
- 47 What income-tax refunds and unexpected legacies do
- 48 Germany's leading prewar product
- 49 Artist and river
- 50 Tired chassises
- 51 Modern wolves make, old ones do this
- 52 The Geewhannas country
- 53 A little heller
- 54 No'th Cahlinian, sounds like a low-down black, huh?
- 57 He khan say he's worth his weight in diamonds
- 58 Each end of a tomato
- 59 Twin rat exterminators (abbr.) (Childish, isn't it!)
- 60 Man with three sheets in the wind
- 62 Do midgets come from this state? (abbr.)
- 63 A sarong is of cat's fur (anag.)
- 65 Kitchen utensil our cook's face resembles
- 67 What RRs., bridge, rouletteers, and humans have in common
- 68 Split ecclesiastical breeches

## VERTICAL

- 1 Funny assistants
- 2 Tin fish
- 3 After one strike was called, it began to run (abbr.)
- 4 They have their outs
- 5 Big Lady Smith
- 6 Cheese, made backward
- 7 Saucy Chinese things that make plastics
- 8 "You are hereby brusquely advised to apprehend the ferocious canine!"
- 9 Fast stepping
- 10 Cleo barged around here, making her Marc on Antony
- 11 Query
- 12 One word John L. Lewis rarely hears
- 13 Fatty
- 14 Romantic places for indoor wrestling matches
- 22 Jason's LST
- 24 Husbands exchange one for one in the zone
- 25 What has four legs, a high back, is covered with feathers, and filled with awful snorts? (two words)
- 27 Ran into
- 29 It's nearly over
- 31 Atomized cloud
- 32 Not bad, eh?
- 34 There's no place like it to a little shaver
- 35 What John L. Lewis' miners rarely are in
- 37 Pigheaded people
- 38 Chief ingredient in old Roman wine
- 39 The high cost of leaving
- 40 Temporary housing project
- 41 Silly things on Britishers' minds
- 42 Kind of ful
- 43 Isn't without
- 44 The nylon worm's putting him out of business
- 45 Mar a nag is one
- 46 The old kings collected them
- 48 Nag (starts with a laugh, ends like a stubborn mule)
- 51 My first's nuts, my second's a nag, my all's a name for a social bag
- 54 Old-time weed
- 55 First Red mentioned in history books
- 56 Old-fashioned justice dispenser
- 59 It always makes a point
- 61 Baby Howlers, Inc. (abbr.)
- 64 GromykoSits! (abbr.)
- 66 And, as an afterthought: Isn't Shane Super? (abbr.)



*"Inspecting the Barrels of Aging Whiskey"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Ernest Fiene*

**88 years at fine whiskey-making  
makes this whiskey good**

**IMPERIAL**  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey*



86 proof. The straight whiskies  
in this product are 4 years or  
more old. 30% straight whiskey.  
70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram  
Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



# THE PHILANDERER

Continued from Page 29

I peer through the gloom. I am unaccustomed to such consideration.

"Gee," I says, "that was nice of you, Geneva."

"Poof!" Miss Banks snaps insouciant fingers. "A blind girl could see you were tired out. So I just sat here and wrote my story until it got dark. But, Freddy, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."

"Well," I says, "I don't have a horse. I know where to get swell steak sandwiches, though."

"Let's start," says Geneva promptly. "But mine's on my expense account, Freddy. I don't let men do me favors and then spend money on me."

So we steak-sandwich at a roadhouse called Dutch John's. Likewise, the establishment being properly juiced, we tread a couple decorous measures. Which ends the expedition and, I supposed, my association with Miss G. Banks.

I AM wrong. Geneva calls me the next evening. "Busy tonight, Freddy?" she inquires.

"Why, n-no," I says.

She kind of gurgles. "Well, then, how about the movies? I'll meet you outside the theater."

About to point out the inadvisability of an affianced man traipsing the community with casual cookies, I reflect that Geneva is practically a total stranger. She would not know that Frederick is bespoke. Also, she could be lonely.

"Okydoke," I says courteously. "Dig you later."

The following afternoon, glancing out the office window, I observe young Horace Parker, Connie's kid brother, idling on the curb. This character, disrespectfully known as Beanie, is twelve years of age—and it is laughable to recall that they aluded to Attila as the Scourge.

Since we permit no loiterers before Scofield & Sons, I give Beanie the move-on sign. He replies with a gesture not described in the chronicles of Mrs. Post. And when eventually I issue forth, he skips preambles.

"Freddy," he says, "I gotta have two bucks."

I neigh in derision. "Ha!" I says. "If you've frittered your month's allowance, don't come whining to me."

Beanie swallows morosely. "You'll be sor-ree, Freddy Sandford."

"Scram, son!" I commands briefly.

He inches off, leering over his shoulder. "All right. Mebbe you want a—a certain party to find out 'bout you an' this new dame?"

I halt in my tracks. "What do you mean?" I says uneasily.

"You know," Beanie is somber-visaged. "Didn't I see you two goin' in the secon' show las' night when I'm comin' out of the first? You didn't see me, though."

I scoff. "A happenstance. I met the girl by chance."

"Yah!" It is Beanie's battle cry. "An' I s'pose dancin' an'—an' carousin'—Beanie is a student of paper-backed literature—"wit' her at Dutch John's is a hap-happen-aah, happenthing, too?"

"See here!" I grab his arm. "How do you know that?"

"Nevva mind." He gives me a myspies-are-everywhere look. "An' you'd oughta be ashamed for yourself, Freddy Sandford. The minute my sister's back is turned. Leave go a me!"

I am appalled. He even moralizes, smoothly, while negotiating the blackmail. But, thinking fast, I deem it wise to treat with the wretched creature.

"And just what," I temporizes, "does the two bucks represent?"

"The price of my silence," hisses Beanie.

I shake my head. "Unhappy boy," I says. "Do you realize that Sing Sing, right over here in Ossining, crawls with individuals who once entertain ideas similar to your own?"

I hand over two ones. "Now then! You will exercise discretion for the sum of two dollars?"

"Per week," says Beanie.

Speechless, I stare at this concentrate of depravity. But I am a peace-at-any-price man. "Very well," I says finally. "But I'm remembering this, Parker."

Well, the disgraceful transaction gives me furiously to think. If Connie Parker ever hears . . . the very thought induces goose pimples.

MODESTY forbids the statement that Miss Banks emulates Dinah of the chase. But whithersoever I wander, I encounter this damsel. Let me quit my place of business and ten gets you twenty Geneva lurks casually along Main Street. Do I infiltrate Al's—frequently I find her moored to the bar.

Frederick, I think, you are living dangerously. But dangerously.

Then, one noon, she throws a block on me outside Ye Green Peacock Tea Shoppe.

"Oh, Freddy," she says, "how nice meeting you! Do let's have lunch!" Before I know it, I inhabit a red-leather wall seat and confront veal cutlets.

"This," Geneva gazes over the packed emporium, "is cozy, isn't it? Look! What's this picnic thing at Mr. Abercrombie's place next week?"

According to rumor, P. Theobald Abercrombie, resident of the outskirts of Shadow Orchard, has thirty cents more than Agha Can. And once a year P. T. throws open his vasty preserves and invites the hoi polloi in for merriment. Seeing that the estate sports a picnic grounds complete with barbecue pit, a private lake, a minnie golf course (flood-lighted), woodsy walks, etc., the affair is well attended. I detail this.

"Gee," Geneva says wistfully, "I'd love to go."

"Well," I says with caution, "maybe you will."

She is quiet a moment. "You know, Freddy," she says then, "you're nice. I could sort of go for you, if—"

"Having a good lunch, children?" booms a terrible voice.

Like a one saved by the bell, I glance up. Hovering over us is Miss Letitia Bowlbrook, an antique of the spinster variety indigenous to Shadow Orchard, small, thin, gray-haired—all lace and black-velvet chokers. But the rhinoceros of the jungle would slink away, shamed, before the power of her lungs.

"Who's this you got here, Geneva?" she roars now, training pincenez on me. "Freddy Sandford, hey! I knew Freddy when he was in short pants. You still in school somewhere, Freddy?"

This to the sometime Nemesis of Field Marshal Kesselring!

"Where did you meet her?" I asks Geneva, when the beribboned typhoon blows past.

"Oh," Geneva says, "she comes into the newspaper office some."

Subsequent to this mortifying repast, I converge on Al. That individual greets me with frivolity. "Hi, Freddy," he says. "How's tricks?" Quite evidently the fact that I am tortured by doubt and worry is of supreme indifference to him.

"Heard from Connie?" he pursues crassly.

"For your information," I says, "I have. Two ten-line letters. And, as I feared, life at Frightened Porcupine Lake is a rug cutter's dream. I do not like it. Nor do I like your supine attitude toward the situation."

He looks blank. "But, Freddy, we regarded the condition as beyond my poor powers. I cannot get you to Maine, or bring Connie back."

"Al," I says, "I requested that you make an effort. But has this effort been made? The answer is no."

"But I gather from the grapevine, Freddy," he protests jitteringly, "that there is no real necessity. I understand that you are finding solace—er—elsewhere."

My eyes are slits. "So!" I says. "You stand revealed in your true colors. A sponge, soaking up gossip. And upon such I counted for help and sympathy! It may interest you to know, Al, that I contemplate an enjoyable interlude this afternoon at Diffenderfer's, down the street."

THE following week, as I am negotiating Main Street, come heel clicks, and Geneva Banks smiles richly upon me. "Hello, Freddy," she says. "All set to take me to Mr. Abercrombie's tomorrow evening?"

"Wh-what?" I says, nonplused.

She pouts. "Freddy, you haven't forgotten!"

"Look, Toots," I says in kindly vein, "I shall be very busy at this jollification."

I refer to the fact that when Shadow Orchard gathers for picnics, clambakes, barbecues, and such, the

call, "We want Sandford" unfailingly arises on account my touch in coaxing fragrance from the frankfurter, quintessence from the clam, etc., is a byword. Gently I make this clear to Genevra.

"But, Freddy," she persists, "you could at least take me."

Well, what the heck! Nobly obliged, as the fella says.

Wherefore Frederick appears at the Abercrombie domain squiring forbidden fruit in view of the entire community. During the next two hours I am foreman of the long-handled fork and slavey to the skillet.

At length, blackened and be-greased, I desist. And a svelte figure bears down on me. "Freddy," says Genevra, "you've done enough. Couldn't we slip away and go out on the lake? It's a heavenly night."

So it is. "Very well," I says. "We will take a canoe."

GENEVRA is quiet on the ride. She curls up amidships and looks at me with eyes like black stars.

"Con conversationally, my good woman," I says, "you leave much to be desired."

She shifts a little. "Don't mind if I don't talk, Freddy. I'm just contented."

"Possibly," I says presently, "we ought to go in. That bunch might want something more to eat."

"Oh, not yet," objects the cargo. "It's so lovely out here."

But after I circumnavigate the little lake again, she rouses herself suddenly and looks past my shoulder toward the dock.

"Maybe," she says, "we should go back. It's getting chilly."

Accordingly I dock. I hand Genevra out. And then—

You could dust F. Sandford to the canvas with a penwiper.

As I leap lightly to land, a presence emerges from the shadows.

"Well!" says Miss Connie Parker.

Punchy though I am, I yet appraise the situation. There is Constance, Mediterranean eyes aflame. There, too, is her brother, the fiscally minded Beanie, looking like what he is—viz., a crook. And Genevra Banks is fading fast.

"C-C-Connie!" I gasps, without notable coherence.

The night swallows Genevra. Beanie likewise folds his tent like the Arab.

I pull self together. "Why," I says heartily, "this is a surprise! Back early though, aren't you? I thought—"

"Shut up!" Shadow Orchard's slimmest foot stamps uninhibitedly. "If you want to know, I got home late this afternoon. And Horace begged me to come to this thing, because he had nobody else to drive him. And—Oh, gosh, Freddy Sandford, you've got the world's biggest crust even to speak to me."

"But what's the matter?" I says puzzled.

"Matter?" It is ladylike, but

strictly a snort. "Running after women! Making a spectacle of yourself! Getting your name in the papers! You're nothing but a philanderer, Freddy Sandford."

"H-hold it!" I sputters. "Who's a—whaddayasay?—Philanderer? And who got whose name in what papers?"

She fumbles in her seagoing bag. "Suppose you read that, Mist-er Sandford!"

A clipping, no less, on newsprint. In the dock lights I make out the following gibberish: "What up-and-coming young real-estate man, recently returned from the wars, seems . . . shall we say mellow? . . . about the latest and loveliest addition to our humble suburban sheet? Dame Rumor contends—"

I get no further. "Hey!" I shouts. "This here—"

"Please!" cuts in the lamp of my soul. "Don't put on an act. But I simply couldn't believe it. Until"—she indicates the lurking canoe—"I saw for myself practically. And that, Freddy Sandford, is all I have to say to you, now or ever."

With that she spins on a heel and leaves those parts.

\*\*\*\*\*★\*\*\*\*\*

Give a woman an inch and she gets the idea she is a ruler.—Chicago Tribune.

\*\*\*\*\*

I CANNOT figure out that poison-pen clipping, nor how Connie obtains it. In short, I know from nothing, except that Kismet has cleared the doghouse and waved Sandford on in.

At length I encroach on the dying fire. And suddenly I halt.

A convocation, predominantly female, emit clucking sounds, with occasional bursts of intelligence. I hear, "Oooh!" "Aaah!" "Super!" "How perfectly exquisite!" and similar extravagances. Then I see that Genevra Banks monopolizes the limelight.

She has her left hand extended, twisting it this way and that. Something on the third finger glitters in the fire glow.

"But, Gen," reaches my copious ears, "why haven't you worn it?"

"Because, darling," says Miss Banks, "I was tipped off when I first tried to get a job on the Sentinel. Mr. Norwood, our editor, is funny about hiring girls engaged to soldiers. He thinks they'll rush off to get married any minute and leave the paper flat. Of course, I wasn't planning to do that. But Ralph was with the occupation forces in Germany, and I didn't know when he'd be home, and I really wanted the job. So I tucked this in. Then Ralph's cable came yesterday. He's landing next week."

There's a light touch on my arm. "Freddy!" Wonderment, sheepishness, and relief—yes, relief!—blend tastefully in Connie Parker's voice. "Perhaps I was a little hasty tonight.

There couldn't have been anything actually serious between an en—" She pulls it because embarrassed.

How I get this sudden advantage I do not know. But clearly Frederick is in the saddle, for once.

"Hereafter, my girl," I says severely, "eschew tittle-tattle!"

"Freddy, don't misunderstand. I like you to be popular with other girls. I'd loathe it if you were flybait and a goon. And—oh, gee, this is terrible technique! But I was having a perfectly dull time, and when I heard you were giving someone a positive rush, I just got—well, upset."

"Dull time?" I parrots, astonished.

"I—I white-lied in my letters, Freddy," Connie confesses. "The Cornwalls' cottage is a million miles from nowhere."

"Please," continues the dreamboat, "don't ask how I found out what I—ah, thought I found out. Just let's sit on this bench. And, Freddy"—the navy-blue eyes drop demurely—"I don't suppose I'm as attractive as that lovely girl. But you used to think me sort of—of— Oh, say something, you dope!"

P.S.: The dope says it with glibness. But glibness.

AROUND eleven I invade that backsliding Al's, and I am pained to perceive Beanie Parker just finishing a banana split. He got up and left.

"Ha!" I sniff. "You seem, Al, to conduct a rendezvous for the underworld."

"Now, Freddy," Al says, "Horace was hungry, and intuition tells me you're in a generous mood tonight."

"Al," I says, "I came to inform you that Connie returns today unexpectedly. And, without an iota of support from you, I raise my stock. But, first, what leads you to suspect I would pay for the depredations of that unnatural monster just departed? Why, the little thug is blackmailing me!"

"Only," Al chews his mustache with insouciance, "at my instigation. You see, Freddy, Horace's word carries great weight with his sister. Moreover, the lad possesses lurid descriptive powers. I felt certain that these would prompt vigorous action from Connie."

I start. What nameless magic is this?

"However," proceeds Al, "it was necessary to interest Horace in your problem. But, unhappily, Horace's attention is most readily captured by the—um—monetary. I therefore pointed out that your apparent devotion to Miss Banks presented an unrivaled opportunity for him to increase his assets."

I am mute before what appears to be some vast and inexorable design.

"Of course," says Al, "Miss Banks occupied the basic position in my thinking. I have long wished, Freddy, to observe Connie's reaction to the stimulus of competition. Due to your



steadfast nature, she has formed the habit of accepting you. So I decided to give her a jolt."

"Al," slowly I grasp it, "this smacks of the stupendous."

He bows. "Miss Banks," he resumes, "was highly diverted by my account of your emotional life. And, being alien here, she welcomed a proposal to simulate interest in my most valued client."

I shake my head. "To think, Al, that at Yale and suchlike institutions they feebly hand out Phi Beta Kaplans for less."

"I covet no honors," says the super-strategist. "But, some days before the Abercrombie outing, I entered a—a counter bid for Horace's services. Horace was quick to see the folly of accepting a paltry two dollars a week when he might sign chits up to three at this fountain. There are quite a few."

I WAVE my hand. "Don't mar this masterpiece, Al, with mention of the mercenary. I'll take up those chits. I—hey! Beanie hit me for his weekly hush money only this morning."

"Well, well," says Al admiringly, "that boy will go far. And it was his telephone conversation with Connie which caused her to cut short her visit and hotfoot home. As I foresaw, Horace's portrayal of you in the clutches of a vampire unnerved her. Horace persuaded Connie to time her arrival just before the picnic. Genevra lured you into a canoe. Then, at the psychological moment, Horace produced Connie."

"Al," I says, as a one before a shrine, "this nudges the sublime. But that newspaper clipping?"

"A detail toward perfection," Al explains, "inspired by Miss Letitia Bowlbrook. It seems Miss Letitia has made a connection with the Sentinel, to conduct a gossip column after the manner of Cholly Knickerbocker, and appealed to me for material. Later, I composed those unworthy lines. Genevra Banks, astutely, had them set in type and I forwarded the item anonymously to Frightened Porcupine Lake. In my opinion, this helped lend credence to Horace's subsequent efforts. And now—ahem! Freddy, I must have four dollars and eighty-seven cents, in cash."

"Four—"

"—eighty-seven," confirms Al. "I am informed, Freddy, that Mr. Ely K. Parker, your intended father-in-law, peruses his phone bills with jaundiced eye. And Horace spoke at length to Maine. I fear," Al adds, "that the boy inclines toward loquaciousness."

I place folding money on the bar. "Al," I says, "this campaign, though costly, is scintillant. Compared to you, Aristotle is just a big palooka."

"Quite so, Freddy," says Al with modesty. "But, frankly, I always thought I might have met my peer in that other old Roman. What's his name—Socrates?"

THE END

Clothes Clinic  
By P. B. Juster

## HOW TO LOSE 5 POUNDS IN 5 MINUTES

**SURVEYS** prove that the average American wears his fall and winter clothes through the hot summer months. This not only means extra weight, discomfort, and heat for the man—but it's tough on the clothes too. Here's how he can change all that.



1. It's midsummer. This perspiring gentleman is wearing his winter suit. His total weight: 160 pounds.



2. Off come the heavy winter-weight shoes and in their place go light ventilated oxfords and ankle-length light-weight socks designed for summer wear.



3. The winter-weight suit and vest come off and the gentleman dons a tropical weighing forty-three ounces. Its lighter tones shed the sun's rays.



4. The final, crowning touch is a cool, sun-shading, in-style straw panama.



5. He's five pounds lighter, one hundred per cent cooler and smarter.

# SHOW ME, MR. TRUMAN

## Continued from Page 13

that he did not want and which he did not have to take, became, after a faltering heartbeat, the President of the greatest, richest, most powerful and, therefore, most influential country in the world.

The people did not expect Harry S. Truman to be a Franklin D. Roosevelt. To those who knew him and loved him and trusted him, there never could be more than one Franklin D. Roosevelt. The people wanted President Truman to serve them in his own right, to carve out a statue that would fittingly take its place with those of other great American leaders who had preceded him.

Has he succeeded? Has he failed? Or is it too early to judge?

Certainly he can hardly be judged on the basis of what happened from the time President Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, to V-J Day on August 14 of the same year, for the decisions which won the war—the march into Germany, the atomic bomb, and the invasion of Okinawa—had already been made when President Truman took over. It was only after V-J Day that President Truman was confronted with problems for which the major decisions had not already been made, and thus given a chance to exercise in his own right the powers of the Chief Executive.

**B**UT even in evaluating President Truman's first year since the end of the war, he must necessarily, unfortunately, and inevitably, be measured by a Roosevelt yardstick. In appraising his work it must be on the basis of standards established by his predecessor.

Naturally, I found that Truman differed greatly from Roosevelt in his approach to the job of President. Roosevelt had the assurance and the poise and the know-how of long years in the job. In addition, he had an unusual background of travel, education, and government service both in Washington and as Governor of New York.

Truman's initial attitude was partly one of awe and a depressing sense of responsibility, modified by such a natural exuberance, however, as would be exhibited by a boy who had yearned for a hobbyhorse and had suddenly found himself the possessor of a spirited Shetland pony. With all of his demureness, President Truman has had fun out of the Presidency, and no one would begrudge him that, if it fitted him the better for the grueling daily tasks that are his.

But it was important, from the point of view of his impression upon the country, to have his fun in proper proportions and quality and without creating the thought that he might become a Presidential playboy. The times were too serious and too gravely fraught with potential-

ities for the future to risk the impression that no one would invite him anywhere without his eagerly attending. Hopping, skipping, and jumping about the country hardly comported with the people's idea of Presidential behavior.

The manner in which a man transacts public business is one indication of his character. On the many occasions that I discussed public business with President Roosevelt, he was gallant and good-humored, but he always gave the impression that there was a well of seriousness upon which to draw for

a real consideration of the matter in hand. He was resourceful and helpful and not given to snap judgments. If, out of his great experience and background of knowledge, he could not answer the question that was asked, he would discuss it seriously and, if necessary, defer the final answer until there had been a fuller opportunity to develop the facts. I used to leave his office with a lighter step and a higher head.

The difference between Roosevelt and Truman in this respect interested me, and it was not long before my interest developed into a ques-

**DOCTOR HUNTER HURRIED OVER AND THEN...**

YOUNG DOCTOR HUNTER, JUST RESUMING CIVILIAN PRACTICE, HOPED HE'D LEFT EXCITEMENT BEHIND IN THE ARMY. . . BUT HE'S AWAKENED BY A PHONE CALL AT 5:30 IN THE MORNING.

MAKE IT SOUND GOOD, LADY, OR..

14 ADAMS? BE THERE IN 20 MINUTES

IT'S LIFE OR DEATH, DOCTOR YOU MUST COME AT ONCE!

H-H-HE MADE ME CALL, DOCTOR!

GET BUSY ON THIS SHOULDER, DOC. ONE FUNNY MOVE AND THE GIRL GETS IT

OO-OH!

I'VE GOT HIM. CALL THE POLICE!

HE WAS HIT IN A DOWNTOWN HOLDUP LAST NIGHT, BUT GOT AWAY

WHEW! I THOUGHT I'D LEFT ALL THIS IN THE ARMY

I'M DUE AT THE HOSPITAL IN AN HOUR, I MUST HURRY HOME AND CLEAN UP

WHY NOT CLEAN UP HERE WHILE GWEN MAKES SOME BREAKFAST?

I LIKE YOUR BLADE, SIR. I'VE NEVER ENJOYED A MORE REFRESHING SHAVE!

I SWEAR BY THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING

GOLF? THAT'S MY DISH, BUT I'M NEW HERE AND...

YOU MUST LET US SHOW YOU OUR COURSE, DOCTOR

NICE WORK, DAD. HE'S GRAND

TAKE MY ADVICE, MEN, USE THIN GILLETTES FOR QUICK, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES THAT PEP YOU UP. THESE ARE THE KEENEST, SMOOTHEST-FINISHED, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. ALSO THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY. PROTECTING YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES.

**Gillette**



tioning attitude, to say the least. I found that President Truman was given to snap judgments and to pretending to an omniscience that led him to say on occasion that he knew all about a subject, when, as a matter of fact, experts who had spent months on the problem were not sure that they had all of the answers. He seemed afraid to admit there was nothing to which he did not have an answer, and an immediate answer. To me, after twelve years in the Cabinet, such an attitude seemed fraught with danger.

Politically, the two were greatly different. Roosevelt was a party Democrat in a hidebound conservative Republican community and he set out to establish himself, not by compromising with political bosses, but by fighting them. He was a strong man doing battle with other strong men for a place in political life. There might be alliances and compromises, as sometimes exist between strong men, but there was never subserviency or the seeking of favors by meek acquiescence.

**TRUMAN**, instead of fighting the political machine, got his first political job by subordinating himself to one of the most corrupt city machines in the history of this nation—the Pendergast machine. It wasn't much of a job—county supervisor, although an effort is being made to inflate it to the dignity of "judge"—but he satisfied the machine, for he was surprisingly chosen to run for the Senate.

What appealed to the boss and the machine was party loyalty, a loyalty which puts responding to the beckoning finger and voting the straight ticket above all other considerations. Hence it is not strange that it does not appear that Truman ever protested against political corruption in Missouri. Nor is it strange that, conscious of the political colors that he wore, he stood up on the floor of the U. S. Senate to deliver a speech in defense and in commendation of Pendergast after that corrupt political boss had been convicted of violating the income-tax law.

When President Roosevelt proposed to renominate as U. S. Attorney Maurice M. Milligan, who had convicted Pendergast, Truman protested this nomination, first as a U. S. senator, and then as Vice-President. One of his very first acts as President was to withdraw Milligan's nomination from the Senate and substitute for him a nominee who had no record of disapproval of Pendergast.

The fetish that Truman has made of loyalty to the political party has resulted in the errors which have cost him so much of his personal popularity and which have done the nation so little good. Again and again this complex about "taking care of his friends" at the expense of the public treasury has led him into appointing to office men who were obviously unfit for high positions.

It is a little difficult to understand why President Truman should feel so grateful to the men who connived at his nomination for Vice-President while he still continues to protest that he never wanted to be Vice-President, and does not now want to be President.

At the Cabinet meeting on the day of Roosevelt's death, President Truman seemed to be sure of only one thing, and that was that he wanted all of the members of that Cabinet to continue in office and to help him solve the problems that lay ahead.

**THESE** forthright words had hardly been uttered before Frank C. Walker, the old-time and very close friend of President Roosevelt who had been made Postmaster General, not because of his political versatility, but because he was a sound and able business man, was asked to step aside to make a place for Robert E. Hannegan, whose machinations had resulted in the nomination of Truman as Vice-President.

The departure of Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor was not long delayed. People had been clamoring for a long time for a strong, two-fisted man who would be able to handle troublesome labor conditions. At least they got a man.

Others began to have it indicated that their resignations would be in order. Claude Wickard of Agriculture took a lesser job, and Francis Biddle, a really able Attorney General, was unexpectedly thrust aside. It was a painful operation when it came to Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury. There were few men in the administration who were closer than he personally to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In my own case a determined drive was made by Hannegan to create a vacancy in Interior. I had told President Roosevelt before the 1944 election that I wanted to retire from the Cabinet, and I was entirely willing to go upon the accession of President Truman. But the idea of being pushed out by Mr. Hannegan did not appeal to me. There were also those, both in the administration and out, who believed that I should stay if I would, and who expressed themselves to that effect to the President. Nevertheless in July, 1945, I went to the President and presented my resignation to take effect on August 31. But he would not hear of it. He had never wanted me to resign, he protested. There were many problems that I could help to solve, and he particularly wanted me to help work out an oil agreement with Great Britain. He was going to a meeting of the Big Three at Potsdam and in no event must I leave before his return. So I stayed on with the understanding that when the time came that I felt that I could no longer continue, I would tell him so.

Truman's appointment and persistent support of Edwin W. Pauley for the Under Secretaryship of the

Navy, even when Pauley, under oath, told diametrically opposing stories, was explained on the ground of personal "loyalty." James K. Vardaman, about whose fitness for membership on the Federal Reserve Board, for which Truman had nominated him, there were grave questions, was finally accepted by the Senate as another vindication of Truman's "loyalty."

But the most grotesque appointment of all was that of George E. Allen as a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with no secret made of the fact that, as quickly as it could be done, he was to be made chairman of that tremendously powerful body. Allen seeks to pose as a close friend and confidant of the late President Roosevelt, just as Pauley's friends have tried to claim that it was Roosevelt's intention to appoint him to the Navy Department. Neither allegation is true, but, on the contrary, constitutes an aspersion upon the memory of a man who is no longer here to defend himself.

**ALLEN** is a glib talker, a professional purveyor of funny stories, and a court jester who has laughed and chirruped his way into high and important public offices. On his way to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation he has acquired directorships in twenty-six corporations. Just what these directorships yield to him—either directly or indirectly—it would be difficult to say, but such corporations as those in question are not indifferent to the fact that their professional playfellow has access at all hours to the White House and comes within the sacred circle of those to whom the President proclaims that he owes "loyalty."

Not all of Truman's appointments have been bad, however. An excellent one was that of Fred M. Vinson as Secretary of the Treasury. [Since this was written, Vinson has been named Supreme Court Chief Justice to succeed the late Harlan F. Stone.] Harold D. Smith, Director of the Budget, another outstanding and able man, concluded to stay on. An honorable and able man in the person of Lewis W. Douglas was designated to become president of the World Bank, but declined. The President appointed Bernard M. Baruch as U. S. member of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. Mr. Baruch can always be accounted an excellent appointment even in a field in which he has had no personal experience, because he knows where to get men to give him whatever help he may need. A recent and highly creditable appointment has been that of Dean James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

President Roosevelt had his loyalties too. Like all Presidents, he made appointments that could have been improved upon. But he was never operating as a member of a political

(Continued on page 56)

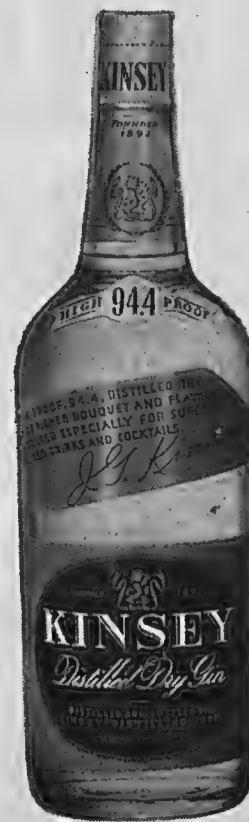
# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU TAKE A CHANCE IN A RAFFLE—FIGURING IT'S JUST A DONATION TO A GOOD CAUSE—AND YOU WIN A SWELL NEW CAR—IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU TAKE A CHANCE AND ORDER A MARTINI IN A NEW PLACE—AND THE BARTENDER MAKES IT VELVET-SMOOTH AND DOUBLY-DELICIOUS USING KINSEY, THE GENIAL GIN—IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



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GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
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"GENIAL: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND  
LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

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# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-TRY IT!



(Continued from page 54)

machine. He did not take orders from any "Boss" Pendergast. No one doubted that he was in command of the ship. He knew when to seek a harbor with that ship, as, for instance, when the country rose in protest at his mistake when he nominated Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx, of Belgian paving-block fame, as our Minister of Australia. He made no blundering scandal but quickly withdrew Flynn's nomination. Roosevelt knew that if generals are to win in the end, they sometimes have to withdraw their troops on occasion. He never took his eye off of the main objective, which was to win and hold the confidence of the people so that by all working together they could advance the welfare of the country.

Good administration depends upon two factors, the appointment of good men and the giving to those men of clear-cut fields of jurisdiction. One of President Roosevelt's faults was his failure to define clearly the jurisdiction of those whom he named to handle important jobs, thus creating a situation in which wrangling was inevitable. Truman had not been long in office before he adopted the same tactic.

In effect, his appointment of Dr. John R. Steelman as Special Assistant to the President created a second Secretary of Labor. Again, when Chester Bowles threatened to resign as OPA administrator unless the price-control line were held, Truman neither sustained nor disputed his position. He merely moved Mr. Bowles up into a position where his jurisdiction and that of John W. Snyder, War Mobilization and Reconversion director, overlapped. This can only lead to more trouble. [Snyder was later nominated to be Secretary of the Treasury.]

SO far as legislation is concerned, President Truman's first year was not so successful as people had the right to expect that it would be. He took over a recalcitrant Congress; but, even so, he was waited on by two notable delegations pledging their support, one of Republicans headed by Senator Taft and the other of reactionary Southern Democrats under the leadership of Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. He himself had been a well liked and respected member of the Senate and it was believed that he would succeed in his personal relations with members of Congress where President Roosevelt was getting along less well as time elapsed. Later a strange aggregation trekked its way through the offices of the White House—Tom Girdler, Ham Fish, John L. Lewis, members of lodges, politicians of only local standing, and friends from Missouri—always friends from Missouri—until one wondered how President Truman could see so many people on such varied and trivial occasions and keep his mind on the tremendously difficult questions that he had before him to be solved.

So far as words went, President Truman was even more outspoken for the Roosevelt program of social and economic reforms than President Roosevelt himself. There can be no doubt that he was sincere in his advocacy of measures that he felt that his great predecessor had committed him to, but almost from the start he seemed to fail to carry conviction either in the Congress or the country or to assert leadership. Congress became more and more disposed to brush him off. The people listened to him and read his words in the newspaper columns, but they found no inspiration in either his spoken or printed word. He became discouraged and showed it. This neither added to his prestige nor gave him the needed strength to cope with the politicians.

His legislative record to date shows that he is batting about .200, which is hardly good enough to keep him in the big league. Only five of twenty-five proposals which he has asked Congress to pass have been enacted in the form that he asked for. They are a one-man administrator for surplus property, more funds for UNRRA, a formula for selling ships, participation in the United Nations organization, and acceptance of the Bretton Woods monetary formula.

FIVE other of President Truman's proposals were passed after sharp revisions. These were the full employment bill, reorganization of the Executive Department, return of the government employment service to the states a year earlier than had been requested, the continuation of war powers, and lower taxes.

Fifteen others—many of them legislation vital to the forward movement of the nation—have been stalled or devitalized completely by the Congress. These include emergency housing, minimum wages, fact-finding boards for labor disputes, the Army and Navy merger, and the Fair Employment Practices Act.

Much of his legislative troubles can be traced to an apparent lack of understanding of the intricate and balanced mechanism under which the wartime economy of the United States operated. This lack of understanding was manifested in the conflicting policies which he adopted.

Unaware, apparently, of the fundamentals of economic life—that the price of any article is determined, in part at least, by the labor costs involved in making it, one of his first major acts after V-J Day was the abolition of the National War Labor Board, which had been charged with holding the stabilization line for wages.

This was probably his major mistake, for out of it grew numerous wage disputes with no effective governmental mechanism for settling them. Furthermore, as soon as business men's costs went up they began asking that the OPA raise the ceilings on the prices of the articles they

manufactured under increased labor costs. This led to a whole series of "bulges" in the price line, and to renewed and increased demands for the abolition of the OPA.

Again, his sudden-death action in ending the War Production Board with its control over the allocation of materials was much too hasty and showed again that he had little understanding of the economics of production. It did not mean, as the President apparently hoped that it would, the end of priorities and allocations. It merely substituted private priorities for governmental ones, and where governmental priorities were generally based on proven need, private priorities were generally based on ready cash.

SO with the end of the WPB, materials went not to where they were needed necessarily, but to the men with money. In the construction industry this immediately resulted in a commercial and industrial building boom, with materials needed to construct homes for returning veterans going into office buildings and new factories. To some extent the same thing happened in the textile industry, where woollens went into women's clothing because manufacturers could get better prices than they could for men's.

In an attempt to rescue himself from the predicament, the President asked for housing legislation, set up a housing expeditor, and re-installed some of the wartime controls. He compounded the confusion by calling for more housing, on one hand, and proposing an office-building addition to the historic White House.

In the field of labor, having ended the National War Labor Board, he found himself without a mechanism for the settling of strikes which affected the national interest, and proceeded to operate on a hope-to-hope basis, with the result that today, a year after the end of the war, strikes have so crippled our industries that we lack coal, automobiles, lumber, and farm machinery, to mention but a few of the major wants. And it took not only another crippling coal strike, but finally a general railroad walkout to prod Mr. Truman into belated action in the labor situation.

In the field of foreign affairs he has continued a practice of President Roosevelt that was always distasteful to the American people but for which Roosevelt had the justification of war necessity. I refer to the practice of making secret agreements with the heads of foreign nations. There is no justification for this secrecy now that the war is over.

In dealings with other nations, the foreign policy of this country under Truman has had no consistency, no direction, and little drive. Again this is due, at least in part, to a fundamental decision the implications of which the President apparently failed to perceive when he made it. The decision was that of permitting the quick and almost

complete demobilization of our armed forces.

Von Clausewitz' declaration that war is only a continuation of diplomacy is but another way of saying that a nation's foreign policy depends upon the ability of its armed forces to make good on the commitments of its State Department. With our armed forces in a shocking state because of overrapid demobilization, the rest of the world is inclined to shrug off our foreign policies.

My judgment is that it is still too early to assess his qualities as President with any degree of sureness. It can hardly be disputed that he has not succeeded to the degree that people hoped he would. Neither would it be fair to say that he has failed. There are portents of disaster in his administration, but there are signs which hold hope for all of us.

THE END

## WE CAN WIPE OUT MALARIA NOW

Continued from Page 19

sible death. They could give no promises of pardon or commutation of sentence or even the hope of light work or a trusty's job. But for the prisoners they worked out a neat little certificate of merit and then found that even this was not needed to secure volunteers. Patriotism extended well within prison walls; and from the federal "pen" at Atlanta, from Joliet—the Illinois state penitentiary, from Rahway—the New Jersey reformatory, and from a score of other places they found themselves flooded with applications.

For more than three years in prison hospitals and conscientious-objector camps they placed infected mosquitoes on the bare arms of their human guinea pigs. Then, when the fever was raging at its height, they gave each man a test course of treatment with a new drug. Sometimes the drug had little or no effect, and after days of testing they had to fall back upon atabrine. Sometimes the test drug proved to be highly toxic, complicating and aggravating the disease.

On several occasions the volunteers skirted close to death. Yet it is a significant tribute to the skill of the scientists and physicians who directed the work that not a single man of all these 800 died.

One of the most successful of the projects was conducted by Dr. James A. Shannon at New York City's Goldwater Memorial Hospital. Dr. Shannon was given three groups of conscientious-objector volunteers to work with.

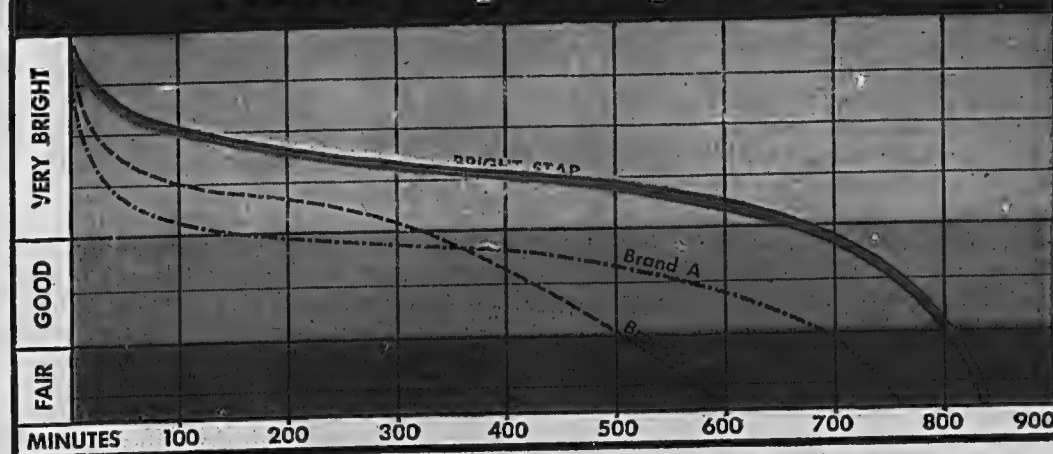
Each group of ten men reported to the hospital for a thorough series of physical examinations. On the third day the men were introduced to the mosquitoes. These were infected types, flown by plane from the most densely malarial South Pacific islands.

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These results of vital service tests\* prove that Bright Star batteries give you more *bright light* longer than the two other leading brands tested. Insist on the best — it's Bright Star by test!

\*Chart based on laboratory tests conducted under government standards.

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Five mosquitoes were allotted to each man—placed in a little cup and held to the chest.

When the mosquitoes had had their fill of blood—and paid for it with a heavy dose of malarial parasites—the men had nothing to do but wait in bed, eat good food, write letters, and listen to the radio.

The only catch was the certainty in each man's mind that at the end of two weeks he would have a raging malarial fever. Each man knew also that his malaria would not be treated for four or five days. Instead, he would be allowed to run through alternating periods of profuse sweating and racking chills.

Then, with the disease at its height, they received their first doses of test drugs. These sometimes involved more danger and more discomfort than the disease itself. In one experiment, for instance, the doctors tried to discover how much of a drug called plasmoquin their patients could tolerate. The traditional dose had been twenty milligrams. Gradually the experimenters stepped it up, until some of the men were taking eighty milligrams at a shot.

And the men did not know what Shannon and his assistants knew—that the doctors this time had another drug in their kits, a drug that could drive plasmoquin out of the body in case the heavy dose proved too much for the patient.

**T**HERE were scores of other experiments. Some drugs made men dizzy. Some discolored their skins. Some brought on nausea and vomiting. And some—the unpredictable few—made the whole series of trials worth while. For these were drugs that worked better than anything we have ever had before.

When they had tested nearly 100 drugs, representing the winnowings of 15,000 previously tested upon animals, they came across "SN7618"—a chemical compounded some years ago without any thought of its possible medical usefulness. SN7618—its full name, which only a scientist could love, is 7-chloro-4-(4-diethylamino-1-methylbutylamino)quinoline—worked like a charm.

Unlike atabrine, it did not stain the skin or produce disagreeable stomach ailments. It relieved acute attacks of malaria, not in the four to six days required with atabrine, but in two days—often in as short a time as twenty-four hours.

Most important of all, it had a wide margin of safety. With quinine, the M.T.D.—the maximum dose a human can tolerate—is only three times the amount required to control an attack of malaria. Quinine can actually kill an unusually sensitive person suffering from a particularly heavy attack of malaria. Atabrine is better; its M.T.D. runs five to seven times as high as the dose necessary to cure. But SN7618 was virtually free from all poisonous qualities. A patient could take twenty-five to

fifty times the curative dose without endangering his life.

This meant that you could pack a big dose into a single pill and give it to people in malarial regions only once a week instead of every day, as you must with atabrine. It meant even more. You could be pretty safe in letting people dose themselves—something that always presented a danger with quinine and even with atabrine.

With SN7618 we at last had a virtually perfect suppressive—a drug that could be distributed to all residents of malarial areas; that would free them, with almost perfect certainty, from ever suffering an acute malarial attack. They could be bitten by mosquitoes, could be infected. If they stopped taking the drug the parasite might produce a malarial attack. But as long as they took their dose at least once a week, they could—for all practical purposes—be free of the disease. Most important of all, as long as they did not suffer an acute malarial fever, they would be incapable of passing the disease on to new mosquitoes. The vicious cycle would be broken.

Even so, SN7618 is a drug to "control" rather than a cure of malaria. During the last year chemists and physicians of the Malarial Studies Board have been working on another group of drugs that give promise of an absolute cure. Their starting point here was plasmoquin, an anti-malarial drug that was extremely effective except for one thing. When administered, it was a nip-and-tuck race as to who would be killed first, the malarial parasite or the man who harbored it in his blood stream.

**I**N recent months, after testing many cousins of plasmoquin, these researchers have found one, at least, that is far less toxic than the original drug—far less dangerous to use—and which appears to cure one of the most prevalent of the three major varieties of malaria. Volunteers given this new drug have not only overcome their first acute attack of malaria—they have suffered no relapses. Yet the cautious physicians are not yet ready to say they have a cure. From six months to a year more will be required to "prove" this drug and to make certain that an even better one has not been overlooked.

Even if these experiments should fail, in whole or in part, SN7618 is important enough, for with it we can prevent the infection of mosquitoes—with it we can break the malarial chain at its weakest link. But if we are to use SN7618 effectively, we must make it available to everybody in every malarial region of the country and to every veteran who might possibly harbor an important strain of malaria in his blood stream. At the present time that is the catch. For although the anti-malarial properties of SN7618 were discovered and proved at government expense by scientists working under govern-

ment grants, the people of this country do not own the drug. It is controlled under patents granted to a private chemical firm years ago—a firm which developed and patented the drug as just another chemical, without any knowledge of its curative potentialities.

SN7618 is an inexpensive drug to produce, but unless it can be distributed free or at nominal cost, there still are millions of share croppers, Negro and white, who will probably never be able to afford it.

The simplest solution would seem to be for the government to step in and to utilize, in the public interest, a drug whose potentialities were discovered at public expense. If we did this, public-health authorities in every state could distribute SN7618 to every individual needing it. And within a year or two—or three at the most—we would have every right to expect a complete breaking of the malarial cycle in this country.

**M**EANWHILE, we have other tools to work with. One of the best of these is DDT, with which great areas can be cleaned of mosquitoes at a tiny fraction of the cost required by the old ditch-and-drain methods.

The Department of Agriculture has conducted extensive experiments in dusting DDT from aircraft and has proved it extremely effective against both adult mosquitoes and mosquito larvae. E. F. Knippling of the Department's Orlando, Florida, laboratory, has reported DDT to be at least twenty-five times as good as Paris green. Using modern methods, according to Dr. L. L. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Public Health Service, we could eliminate the mosquito pest at an average cost of \$125,000 a county a year. If we applied such a program only in the forty-two counties where malaria is worst and from which it spreads to other sections of the South for three years in succession, the total cost would not run over \$16,000,000. If we shot the works and used these methods in all malarial regions, the bill would still not run to more than \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000. If we combined this program with a widespread low-cost—or free—distribution of SN7618, there is not the slightest doubt but that by 1949 malaria could be made as rare in the United States as we have already made such old-time plagues as typhus and leprosy.

The scientists have done their job. They have produced more for \$5,000,000 than we have gained through all the scores of millions we have spent in ditching and draining in the last fifty years. Now it is up to the government and the people to decide whether we will use what they have produced wisely, quickly, intensively, and effectively.

We can end malaria in the United States. The question now is, "Will we?"

THE END

# AN OPEN LETTER to SCOTCH DRINKERS

Today, there is very little Scotch whisky in the market. You don't need to learn that from us. Judge by your own experience.

What you may not realize, is the important fact that this shortage will be *even greater* for at least 3 years...seems like a mighty gloomy outlook for you folks who have acquired the "Scotch" taste.

BUT...there is a product, made here in America, which is winning high favour among Scotch drinkers. It is KING'S TREASURE...a quality liqueur with all the rich bouquet and smooth smoky flavour that characterize fine imported Scotch. And KING'S TREASURE is available *right now*...at leading clubs, hotels and package goods stores.

Try KING'S TREASURE, made in America, in highballs, straight, or mixed however you prefer. Try it...and TRY to tell the difference between KING'S TREASURE and your favorite Scotch whisky.

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Treasure  
*Highland Liqueur*

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86.8 proof. Made and bottled for

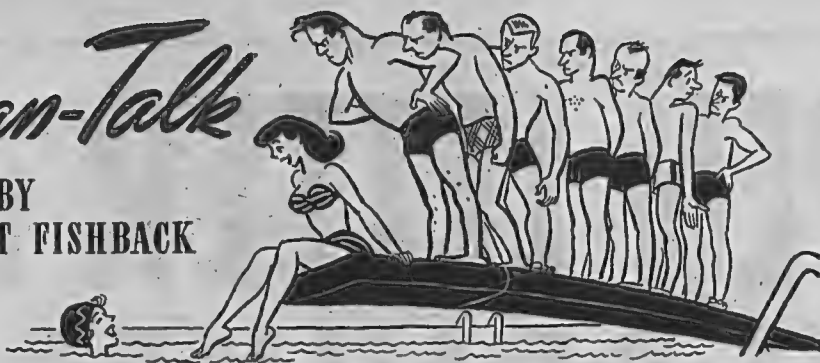
Norman W. Hanak, Los Angeles, Calif.





# Woman-Talk

BY  
MARGARET FISHBACK



**O**H, DRIVER, SPARE THAT RABBIT!—Thousands of dinners will be run over and wasted this summer, unless motorists exercise greater care. This year, with the critical food shortage, it is more important than ever to avoid food waste. A warning was sounded by M. B. Allen, hunting authority of the Western-Winchester division of Olin Industries, Inc. Next time you have the choice of slowing down or running over a rabbit or pheasant blinded by your lights, remind yourself you may be running over someone's dinner, says Mr.



Allen. . . . As for keeping your own neck intact while driving, here's a list of sound safety measures issued by the Automobile Club of New York: Check the condition of your car before starting out; stop and relax to avoid long strains while driving; be especially careful after dark; don't park on the road at night under any circumstances; pull off the road even to fix flats; don't speed; be positive of your judgment in overtaking and passing cars; slow down at crossroads and road curves; signal by hand to help the other driver as well as yourself. To sum up: Be a wreckless, not a reckless, driver. That we need to take this advice to heart is borne out by the grisly rise in traffic fatalities this year. The total of 10,770 fatalities for the first four months of 1946 was an increase of 45 per cent over the same months of 1945.

## SAVE THE PIECES

Beware the childless home that reeks  
With bric-à-brac and frail antiques.  
It's not the place for little boys  
Who like ferocity and noise.  
And though your hostess may be kind  
Enough to say she doesn't mind  
When Tarzan breaks a vase or two,  
She's surely not deceiving you.  
She loves to have him come, you know,  
It's such a joy to see him go!

**L**IGHTWEIGHTS: Art Director Jack Skolnik of Pedlar and Ryan, reports that on a recent visit to the Belmont Country Club near Boston, his wife made a fascinating discovery. The scales in the powder room

have been fixed to weigh the ladies fifteen pounds lighter. This makes them feel so good, they give squeals of delight and rush back to their tables for lighthearted indulgence in more food and drink.

**Y**OUNG DESIGNERS: The Fashion Institute of Technology and Design recently graduated its first class from a two-year course aimed at helping keep New York the fashion center of the world. A joint venture of the Board of Education of the City of New York and the Educational Foundation for the Apparel Industry, the Fashion Institute is a junior college that offers training to develop designing and management leaders for the apparel industry. In order to attract the most gifted high-school graduates in the nation, the apparel industry, through its representative associations, far-sighted industrialists, and labor organizations, has subsidized the learning period of junior-college students. There are some 125 scholarships, each of which carries with it a cash grant to the student of \$800 to pay for maintenance while living in the city, and for fabrics used. Tuition is free, and the 300 students are picked from those high-school students all over the country who have been most highly recommended by their principals. The school is located at



225 West Twenty-fourth Street. For further details, please write Director Mortimer C. Ritter. . . . Boys are enrolling in increasing numbers since the end of the war. One of the smartest hats in the fashion show was a white-feather job with a green satin chou designed by William Stanziano; and a knockout black bengaline-and-ermine evening ensemble was the work of Lewis Winer. . . . One of the guests at the preview regaled me with a description of the dinner dress he saw on Alice Faye, the well-known actress and singer, a few nights before at El Morocco. It was of black crepe with a bare midriff, and on what appeared to be the Faye epidermis there was painted a spirited black spider!

## BALLETHOO

Continued from Page 25

tell the story. These stories range from Agnes de Mille's Rodeo, a horse opera in ballet slippers, to the psychological dramas of Anthony Tudor, dancer son of a London butcher. In his Pillar of Fire, Tudor tells of a spinster's frustration, interpreting Freud with hip and wiggle. In narrative, if the story calls for a bump, the girls bump, as they do in Billion Dollar Baby's climax ballet.

Hurok is chief dispenser of narrative ballet. His Ballet Theater with its compromise programs of white and overalld ballets, which he recently left to form his own company headed by Dolin and Markova, was geared for both gallery and box. His programs, which combine circus, vaudeville, opera, symphony, the theater, athletics, and the most natural cheesecake in the world, have humanized ballet. "Everybody knows," Hurok admits, "that S. Hurok is the father of ballet in America. He brought the ballet to America and America to the ballet."

**H**UROK'S chief competitor is the old Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, run by Sergei Denham, ex-banker. It specializes in classical. Such delights as Concerto Barocco to Bach and Danses Concertales to Stravinsky are dashed off for Denham by George Balanchine, the world's leading classical choreographer. George has also directed the dances for such musical hits as On Your Toes and I Married an Angel.

The boom in ballet has caused a serious shortage in ballet dancers. But if any of you salesgirls or debutantes are thinking of giving up your dull lives for this life of glamor, the best time to begin is at the age of seven. Up to twelve you take two lessons a week from your local ballet teacher, practicing at home for a few hours each day. After twelve, you increase to a lesson a day.

After ten years of toil and the expenditure of about \$2,500, you'll wind up in the ballet. Now you're really ready to go to work. Dolin and Markova, stars in classical ballet, practice four hours every day, besides their regular performances. They also take a weekly lesson when their teacher's handy.

So you can see that dancers are made, not born, which is one good reason for the shortage. Ballet work horses, who used to get all of twenty-five dollars a week, now belong to a union, which assures them a minimum \$51.75 a week, road expenses, and time and a half for performances over three hours daily.

The scale rises with the talent. Featured dancers get from \$150 up. Markova and Dolin make about \$350 a week. Last year they snagged \$750 a week apiece for their few minutes in Billy Rose's Seven Lively

LIBERTY

Arts. No wonder ballerinas like Zorina and Tamara are flocking to Hollywood, where the money is really big and the road work not so strenuous.

But what you don't make in cash, you do in health. Ballet dancers are never sick; they have enormous appetites.

Reigning queens of today's ballet are Alicia Markova and Alexandra Danilova. Both are Diaghilev prodigies and exponents of the classical. Markova is a thirty-five-year old Englishwoman, born Alice Marks; dances like a bit of windblown thistledown. The Russian-born Danilova admits to forty, was Diaghilev's leading ballerina when he pirouetted out of this world in 1929.

New York's Nora Kaye is a specialist in the narrative style. Born Koreff, she Americanized her name. At nine she was a baby Metropolitan Opera balletette, at twelve she danced for Roxy, at fourteen she was in the musical-comedy chorus, at sixteen a Rockette. Such hard work landed her in leads for Hurok, and today nobody dances out a Freudian theme like Nora, who shakes a mean psychiatricky leg.

**S**ONO OSATO, the Japanese-Irish-American ballerina, is probably tops in musical comedy, and may be recalled as singing and dancing in *On the Town* as she stood on her head. Oregon's redheaded temperamental Janet Reed is another fine American narrator. Janet's back on her toes after having had a baby.

Among the males, the perennial Leonide Massine keeps up in the air with the best of the young flyers. He heads his own troupe, has librettoed and choreographed many standard favorites.

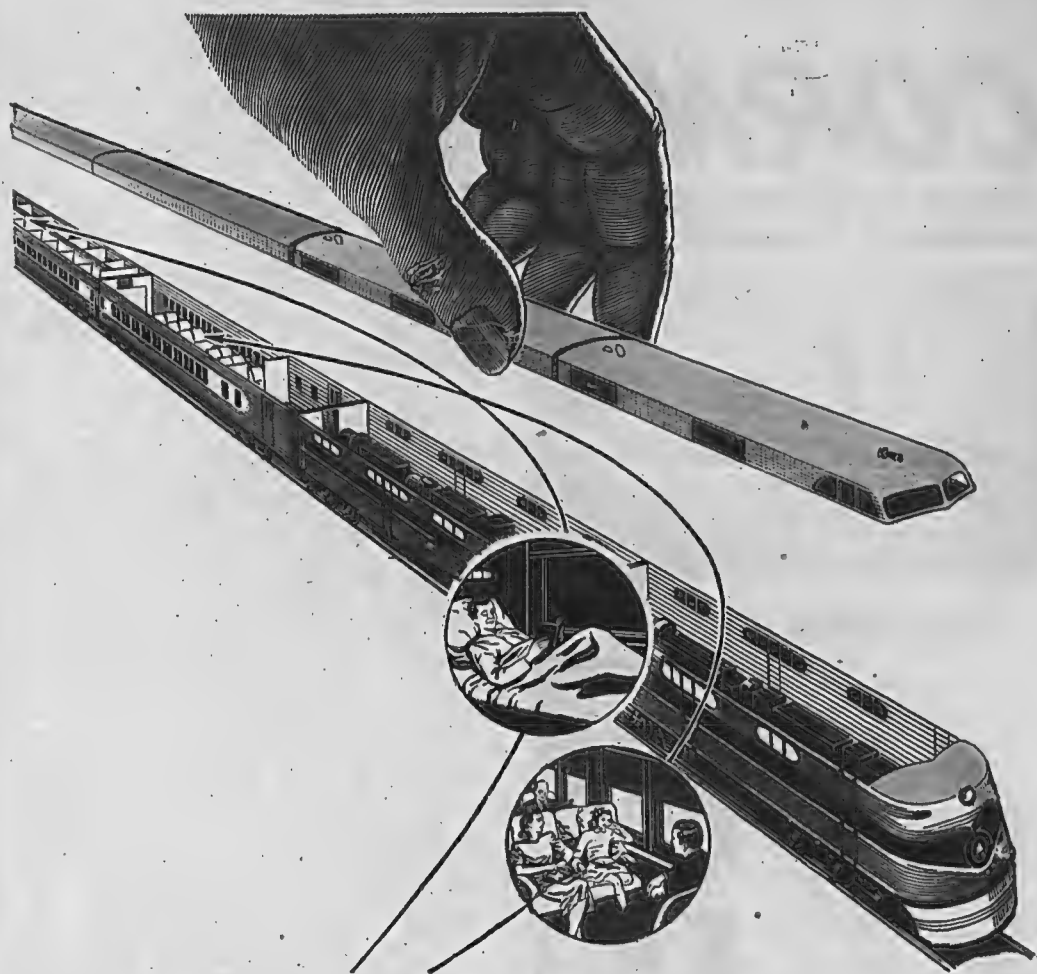
Anton Dolin, born Patrick Healey Kay in London, is Markova's partner. He's a forty-one-year old actor, ballet inventor, and high-brow hippist par excellence.

Modern narrative parts such as Billy the Kid are danced by young Americans like Johnny Kriza and Jerry Robbins. Kriza's the son of a Chicago butcher, and Jerry Robbins is from Weehawken, New Jersey, and was educated at N.Y.U. His father used to be a corset maker.

That brings up a most important question: Are male ballet dancers sissies? Fiorello H. LaGuardia when Mayor of New York, expressing a popular revulsion, confessed he hated male ballet dancers.

In spite of this, ballet dancers are tough.

Anton Dolin is very bitter about the matter. Like many dancers, Dolin is short: five feet four, weighs about 150, looks thin. Yet Dolin lifts his partner Markova to full arm's length many times a night, struts around with her, then lets her down with the ease of an elevator. Markova weighs only ninety-nine pounds, but Dolin defies any stevedore to do as much. Dolin has lifted danseuses who top 150.



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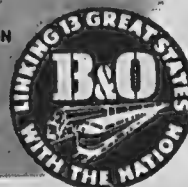
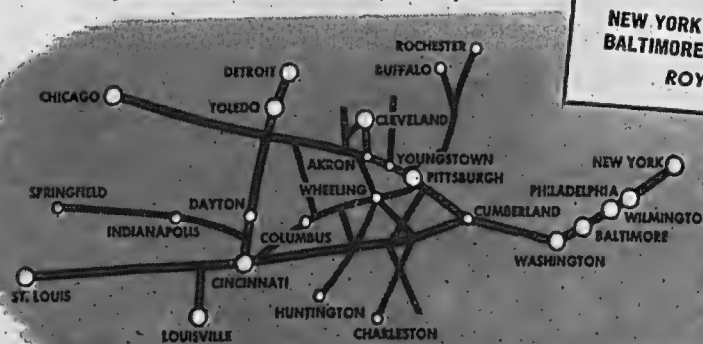
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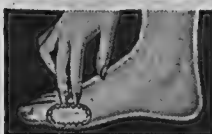


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Besides this, the male must run about three miles a night, leap up and down like a human pogo stick, slapping his thighs and legs together in the *entrechats*, and doing a thousand acrobatic and athletic stunts. "And he's got to do all this without showing the least sign of exertion," says Dolin.

Many athletic coaches take their teams to the ballet. Nat Holman teaches his C.C.N.Y. basketballers co-ordination and speed there. But ballet needs further Americanization to lure little boys into ballet-dancing school. The chorus line is still the chief source of male talent. As a final proof of their masculinity, ballet dancers usually marry—generally other ballet dancers.

For the first time in its history, ballet is said to have made money during the war. Figures are hard to get, but for an average ballet company of sixty, expenses total approximately \$885,000 a season. The Ballet Russe, playing to packed houses in 1944, grossed but \$800,000, proving that you can't make much money that way, even if a banker runs the thing for you. The Ballet Foundation, Inc., headed by yeast-maker Julius Fleischmann, raised the dough to pay off the deficit.

S. Hurok, who grosses over a million a year, is said to have financial assistance from Lucia Chase, daughter of the Waterbury Watch Company. Lucia has not only put up as much as \$50,000 a year to cover losses, but also dances in the ballets—and very well, too.

In 1944, a group of wealthy art lovers started the Ballet International, a super-duper group of classicists. Backed by the Marquis de Cuevas, whose wife is John D. Rockefeller's granddaughter, the organization lost only \$800,000. It's been disbanded.

But chances are good for the ballet to become a paying institution. It all depends on the size of the audience. Right now this audience is choice but enthusiastic, eager for new fare and faces. College gals and guys talk the ballet jargon as a ball fan talks percentages. They know what a *ronde de jambe* is, they discuss Stravinsky, Oliver Smith, and Taglioni. G.I.s who caught the Foxhole Ballet abroad are not far behind.

**UNFORTUNATELY** a struggle goes on within the ranks of the balletomanes themselves. The high-brows want their ballet crystal pure. Hurok gives them a pain when he puts on *Fancy Free*. They say Hollywood and Broadway stink up the ballet: cheapen the theme and the dancers' virtuosity. Yet the audience grows.

The answer may be in what the Jerry Robbinses are doing, breaking the classical rules to interpret modern American life. *Fancy Free* was written, composed, designed by an average age group of twenty-three—all American.

Robbins is now at work on an all-ballet musical called *Look Ma, I'm Dancing!* It will have the same combinations of classic, narrative, and jazz as do his dances in *Billion Dollar Baby*. He also plans to balletize *Young Man with a Horn*, the life of Bix Biederbecke. Maybe he'll be tapped by S. Hurok to do *Life with Father*. (You read the book, saw the play and movie, now see the ballet!)

Today Robbins sweats out his scripts over a hot typewriter. Modern choreographers record the dances with 16-mm. cameras, and to correct faults, artists go to the movies. Ballets used to be handed down by word of mouth. During the first World War, Vaslav Nijinski was arrested in Hungary for devising a set of symbols to record a dance routine. It was mistaken for a secret code.

Meanwhile the American ballet workshop is humming. Richard Rodgers, ace musical-comedy composer, wrote the music for *Ghost Town*, a ballet about the Comstock Lode. Dali, the jerk-loving artist, painted a background of a half-eaten swan for *Bacchanale*, and wrote a script in which Herme knits red socks while the rest of the gods chew gum and dance around holding their livers on plates. Male dancers perspire to equal Nijinski's high jump record and dance-tootsies are trying to harden themselves so that they, like Danilova, can retain their piquancy despite one-night stands.

Good and bad plots for new ballets arrive daily in Hurok's office. Recently one came in which went: "The scene is the inside of a man's stomach. He's not feeling well. A half-eaten sandwich is one of the characters. Cocktails are other characters. Too many cocktails cause indigestion, the climax of the ballet." Pass the bicarbonate!

THE END

## INVISIBLE POLICEMAN

Continued from Page 23

They want to catch their man red-handed.

Some display windows showing costly wares after business hours are vulnerable to crash robberies. A crook can smash a window, snatch an armful of furs, and be away in a matter of seconds. To deal with this problem, Holmes establishes what it calls a "listening post" in the center of the area where crash robberies are likely to occur. A squad stands by at the "post," which is connected by direct wire to the central office. An alarm from a subscriber's premises in that area is relayed immediately to the waiting squad, and they're off. Several weeks ago a listening-post squad pounced on a crash burglar just as he was leaving a broken window, his arms full of furs. The guards' sudden appearance so surprised him that he simply stopped where he was, too bewildered to fight or even

argue. He was captured thirty-five seconds after the alarm sounded.

The guards are the good right arm of Holmes' complicated electrical brain. These picked men are thoroughly investigated for intelligence, integrity, and, of course, courage. It takes nerve to enter blacked-out premises night after night to round up burglars. A man may answer four or five alarms a night. He doesn't always find a burglar, but he must always assume it's the real thing.

Holmes men are not part of any municipal police force, although they wear uniforms, carry guns, and practice on a pistol range. Gunplay is discouraged except in self-defense. Guards almost always fire as a warning, rarely to wound or kill. Few crooks who disturb Holmes-guarded premises are gunmen. They're cracksmen, burglars, and sneak thieves who are usually no more eager to shoot it out than the Holmes men are. As proof of the wisdom of the no-gun-play policy, no Holmes guard has been killed or wounded in the past twenty years.

Holmes regularly employs about 300 active duty guards, and last year answered 42,000 alarms in New York City alone. Only about 200 of these were genuine attempts at burglary. Rain or snow coming through an open window can sound an alarm; so can fire or a break in a water pipe. Gnawing rats are frequent offenders, and cats send in as many alarms as do two-legged intruders. Most cat alarms are the result of playful passes at the threads that dangle from the cords of floor traps. Locked-in cats also break the tin-foil strips on windows in their attempts to get out.

One Sunday morning a Holmes squad answered an alarm from a warehouse, but found no burglar, no fire, no water leak, no cat. They went back. Ten minutes later another alarm came in from the same place. Again they could find nothing wrong. On their sixth trip they left a man to watch the place. He waited on the roof where an outdoor electric eye guarded against entrance from another building, and in five minutes had found his burglar—a pigeon, building a nest in one of the rain gutters. As the bird flew back and forth, she was breaking the invisible beam and setting off the alarm.

**J**UST before Christmas last year Holmes men ran into a "great impersonator." Answering an alarm from a men's shop, they saw a pile of clothes on the sidewalk in front of a broken show window. Most of the dummies in the window had been stripped, but one in the background, lifelike enough, wore trousers that bagged at the knees. It was their burglar, holding his breath to look like part of the display. If he had been a window dresser's idea of a well-dressed man, he might have got away with it.

From this kind of nightly on-the-spot service, Holmes has won the

task of guarding more than 10,000 premises in New York City alone.

Ninety-eight per cent of the banks in areas where the service is available use it, and so do most of the jewelry, fur, and department stores. Subscribers also include lumberyards, restaurants, liquor stores, millinery shops, theaters, and several radio stations. Even the Rockefeller Institute used the service for a time. Scientists were conducting important experiments and wanted to be positive that no one could get in and mix up their pink-eyed assistants.

While Holmes is primarily concerned with providing protection for places of business, the company also takes homes and apartments under its burglarproof wing. Several private dwellings are included in the Holmes network. Back when renting apartments was a problem, some landlords installed Holmes service as an inducement to lessors.

Now that electrical equipment is available again, any person who lives in an area where Holmes operates may contract for the service. However, the present minimum service charge is twenty dollars a month, although a proposed "party-line" system may soon reduce this considerably. But even if most families can't have Holmes service, they can profit from Holmes' advice to householders: Locks are vital, even though most of them can be picked or jimmied. A burglar always prefers the place where access is easiest. A carefully locked home may persuade him to try his talents elsewhere.

Lock all windows, particularly first-floor windows, at night. An intruder has to use a jimmy or break the glass of a locked window. Either way makes a noise.

Be careful with your keys. If you leave one on the kitchen table, a delivery man can make a soap impression of it in seconds while you're out of the room. Where possible, give them only to members of the family. When a key is lost under peculiar circumstances, change the lock. If you plan to go away for any length of time, don't advertise it, but notify your local police. They'll be glad to have the cop on the beat keep an extra-watchful eye on your vulnerable effects.

Householders will do well to heed these suggestions, because average homes offer just as good burglar bait as do jewelry stores and fur lofts. In 1945, Holmes men walked in on crooks trying to get away with plumbing fixtures, radios, wines and liquors, and musical instruments. One carpenter was caught trying to assemble a good set of tools. They even caught their first woman burglar, who had smashed a glass door of a shop to get at some girdles.

**T**HIS year's most attractive bait is men's clothing. Holmes men have caught at least a dozen males red-handed as they were augmenting their wardrobes. Before one burglar entered a clothing store through an air vent, he took off his own suit and left it carefully folded on the roof. Once inside, he was stripped for action, ready to try on suits "for size." He had selected three and pushed them up to the roof before the Holmes men found him standing in his underwear, too intent on choosing a fourth suit to notice his audience. Back at the office, the guards reported that, for the first time, they had caught their man with his pants—off.

THE END



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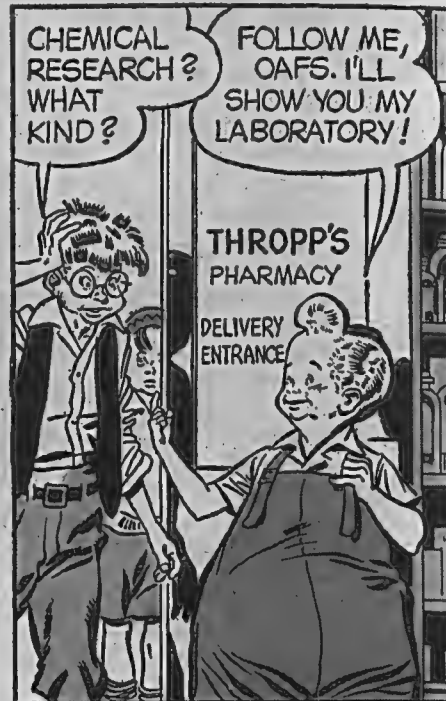
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# FAMILY

Written by LAWRENCE LARIAR  
Illustrated by DON LOU



Continued next week

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## CRAZY CURRENT

Continued from Page 15

house. The old man had already shifted into workclothes, pants rolled in a tight cuff and caked boots with the high sharply slanted heel the old-timers favored.

He knew who'd lose, Lundquist thought. They all knew; the speederman's snicker wasn't by any means the first he'd heard these past few months. But not any more. She can run it her style from here on out; go broke any way she fancies.

He slung a leg over the bench and eased down beside Regan.

"You win, Mike," he said. His grin was wry but his voice was kind enough—no use taking it out on someone whose only fault lay in refusing to know when he was through. "The boss says you stay."

Regan didn't answer at once. His brown hands, big-knuckled and ridged with veins across the backs, kept on twisting pipe tobacco into a wheat-straw paper. Out of his townsuit he looked bigger somehow, younger and more vigorous, as if just getting back to the woods had knocked years off his age.

"And you're hitting the grade." Regan's gaze, lifted from his cigarette, was shrewdly sharp. "You put your fightin' irons on and turned in your time, eh?"

Lundquist nodded. "Nothing per-

sonal," he said. "But I'm running this show or I'm not running it." He drained his coffee and stood up. "You'll be batching for a spell, Mike. Out by the West Line trestle."

"No ax work needs doing?" Regan asked. "Don't need any new donkey sleds made, or anythin' like that?" And when Lundquist didn't reply, "Well, it's better'n a camp job, anyway. . . . I remember in '28, the river went on a rampage. She started building a log jam smack up against the West Line span." He added matter-of-factly, "We went down and cleared her together, Big Pat and me."

"Yeah," Lundquist said. He tried to keep his impatience from edging his voice; he'd lost an hour already and there was plenty needed doing before Saturday. "I heard about that. If you're finished, let's highball it."

REGAN stumped through the cookhouse beside him, the tails of his gray woolen rain shirt dangling halfway to his knees. He'd leaned his ax just inside the door, its ten-inch bit wrapped in gunny sacking. He picked it up now in an easy, familiar reach.

"Kid," he said, "you shouldn't have pulled the pin. There's a lot of Big Pat in Nora, the good and the bad, both. Thing you need to remember is that she's had to grow up awful fast since he died." He ran a hand along the sweat-polished

hickory of his ax shaft with the same absent affection a man uses in stroking the head of a loved hunting dog. "She's got a lot of growing up still to do. You both have."

"Skip it," Lundquist told him. There was the sting of truth in the old man's words, but he'd handle his affairs without help from any bunkhouse lawyer. He lengthened his stride, heading for the speeder parked on the office siding.

Regan hefted his packsack to the deck of the light Casey Jones and laid his ax carefully in the rack. The wheels were clicking over the rail joints when the office door opened and Nora ran down the steps. She was wearing her trench coat, but she hadn't changed her indoor shoes.

She swung to the running board as the speeder rolled past.

"I've had enough paperwork for one morning," she said, and her smile was all for Regan. "I'll ride out and see you settled, Mike."

Her shoulder brushed Lundquist's as she edged past him, but he kept his gaze on the rails ahead.

Mist sifted over the logged-off lands and trailed in dissolving streamers along the edge of the green timber. The rain beat with never a let-up from a sky of unbroken gray, and the creek that paralleled the line shouted a fresher song. It was up another notch since last night, Lundquist decided, and the underlying worry that had been with him for two weeks rose to plague him again. If the branch creek was up, the river would have risen too. She'd be chewing at her banks, firing everything from uprooted stumps to forty-foot logs down the canyon and through the channel below the trestle. He hoped the track walker on patrol out there was keeping his eyes peeled.

THEY rattled through the woods camp without stopping, and toiled up the grade on the far side. Another two-mile straightaway, then, over the din of wheels on bumpy steel, the voice of the river reached them.

Regan swiveled his head around. "Old lady's kickin' high," he shouted. His face was creased in a grin—he was actually happy. The city must really have got him down, Lundquist thought, if he could get a bang out of riding an open buggy in this weather.

He stole a glance at Nora. If she knew, she gave no sign—just sat facing forward, huddled into her trench coat.

She was still ignoring him when they got off the speeder at the end of the spur that curved down from the West Line into the valley. They stood in front of the fire-patrol shack, the river's unvarying thunder filling their ears. Regan was right—the old lady was hell-bending down with a snootful from her canyon a quarter mile north. The ugly gray flow was spined with whitecaps. Small drift rode the cur-

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rent at a clip that brought from Lundquist a whistle of dismay.

He turned and squinted downriver to where the West Line trestle spidered over the channel. Forest engineers had designed it and master axmen had shaped the logs for its intricate interlocked pattern. There wasn't an ounce of steel in it except the spikes that anchored those logs in the notches and the rails that crawled across it a giddy seventy feet above the stream.

A toy-sized locomotive was boring out of the green timber on the other side, its dirty smoke plume wind-flattened along the drag of loaded skeleton cars behind it. Regan chuckled, watching the locy ease onto the trestle as if feeling its way with its pony trucks.

"That hogger don't need to worry," he said. "Trestle's stood through plenty freshets. We built her to stand. She'll still be standing when the next one comes along."

"Right now," Lundquist said, "I wouldn't bet on it. Toss your pack-sack inside, Mike. We'll drift down there."

Regan beside him, he waded into the tangle of old slash, not looking to see if Nora followed. Before they'd gone fifty yards, he heard the slither of her shoes on rain-slick bark, and turned in time to see her fall. He plowed back to her, but she scrambled up without taking the hand he reached. She'd come down hard—her coat was torn and there was a bramble scratch on her forehead.

"Hurt?" he asked.

Nora shook her head. Her chin was set stubbornly as ever.

They watched her pick her way out toward the shack, a small figure in her belted coat, walking the down timber with a precarious dignity that was at once comic and pathetic.

"Women!" Regan snorted. "Knew she was like to crack her neck in this mess without calked boots, but still she had to try it. If she was my girl I'd take a gad to her."

"She's not your girl," Lundquist told him, "or mine either. Shake it out—we're wasting time."

**REGAN** was blowing hard and his limp was more pronounced when they pushed out of the slash on the upriver side of the trestle. He had brought his ax with him; Lundquist, faintly amused, wondered if the old dodderer took it under the blankets at night.

The river had climbed to six-foot level on the fir piling either side of the span, was smashing against those piles in yellowish foam. No need to worry about them, though; they were stepped into solid limestone under the gravel. It was in the channel between them that trouble would strike if it were coming. This, he thought, was like trying to outguess a mean and tricky fighter. What would she do next, what kind of sneak punch was she fixing to throw?

Regan might have been reading

his mind. "That time in '28," he said, "a fir came highballing down, roots and top, the whole caboodle. She swung across the channel an', before you could spit, there was a jam piling up behind her. Took us an hour to bust her loose, and we near drowned doing it."

"What'd you use?" Lundquist dropped the question casually.

"Axes," Regan said. His seamed face was expressionless as he glanced at Lundquist, but in his eyes was a hint of that same cross-grained mirth which had lurked in Nora's gaze. "Even on a power-logging show, kid, an ax is sometimes useful."

Lundquist's attention swung back to the river and the problem it posed. The trestle which had been Big Pat Manion's pride was also the worst bottleneck on the claim, now that the logging was all west, across the river. If the trestle went out, not a log would hit tidewater until they could throw up a new span, and that would be a job not of days but of weeks. That, he reflected, would be the final shove. Right now the outfit needed logs in the salt chuck—a lot of logs, and badly.

"You should worry," Regan said. "You're tossing your gloves away, aren't you?"

**LUNDQUIST** swung on him, irritably. "I've got two more days," he said. "I'll worry as long as I'm on the payroll. After that, the hell with it. Look—all I want you to do is watch the river. If anything goes haywire, climb on a line phone. Don't try to fight it yourself. Just get the word through. Understand?"

"Sure, kid," Regan said. "I understand."

Lundquist flipped his cigarette butt into the river. Regan's voice was grave; but the uncomfortable feeling persisted that the old man was laughing at him. He turned his back on the channel with its racing drift and headed out for the railway spur.

The patrol shack smelled faintly of mice, but Nora had kindled a fire in the oil drum stove and scoured the traces of male cookery from the pots and pans. She was hanging blankets over the rafters to air when Lundquist stepped in.

"Mike?" she called from behind a blanket. "Everything's damp here. Keep the fire going or you'll have your rheumatism back."

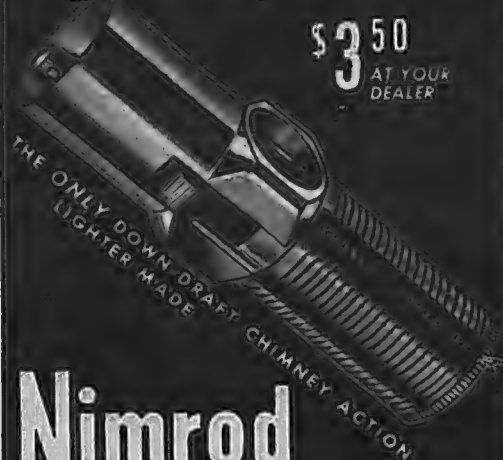
"He stayed by the trestle," Lundquist said. The coffepot was perking on the stove and he could have used a cup, but he stood damp and cranky by the doorway. Rheumatics as well as a bum leg! If she wanted to turn the outfit into an old man's home, she was sure as hell succeeding. "I'm leaving for the woods camp," he told her. "You can ride in with me or wait for the next log train down."

"Thanks." Nora settled the blanket in place with a vicious yank and ducked out from behind it. "I'll wait. When I told you to find Mike a job,

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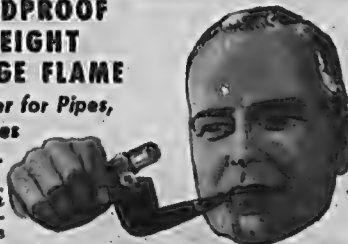
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## HARDTACK



I didn't think you'd pull anything as dirty as this, Bill. He's almost seventy. Too old to fight hang-ups in a river."

"He won't have to," Lundquist said. "I'm not even counting on him to patrol. The track walker on the other side can do that."

SHE'D lost her make-up to the rain, but she was prettier than ever, facing him like this with her Mick temper bubbling. "He's a better logger now than you'll ever be," she snapped. "Why, they were telling stories about him all down the coast when—when—before you were even a miserable summer punk. He can do more with a broad-ax—"

"Him and Paul Bunyan," Lundquist said. "Now cool down and listen a minute. There's a donkey engine, a gas fake, on the siding by the trestle. I moved her there last week. If the channel jams, get a crew down fast. Have 'em rig a block on a stump, run a line through it to the key log in the hang-up. All they'll have to do then is chunk the log out with the donkey. I'm telling you this," he finished, "so you'll know what to do if anything pops after Saturday."

He knew the shot had registered, but she took it with a lift of her chin. "I'd almost forgotten you were quitting," she said. "Is there anything else?"

"That's the works. Except you might keep Regan where he don't get hurt. He can sit here by the fire and sharpen his ax."

"I don't like you," Nora said with utter conviction. "I'm liking you less every minute. You don't need to wait till Saturday, Bill Lundquist—you can take that speeder down to the beach and get off my claim. And you can start right now!"

"No boat till Saturday," Lundquist

reminded her. He was perversely pleased that he'd stoked her into boiling over; it helped him keep steam under his own mad, and for the past hour or more that mad had needed bolstering.

He knew gloomily as he set the speeder rolling that the last thing he wanted to do was board the Quahalem Saturday. The months here had been tough but deeply, satisfyingly good. He'd had a man-size job, and there'd been Nora.

Nora was haywire on one point, though. He hadn't given the old man a raw deal. Watching the river, keeping an eye on the trestle he'd helped build, Regan could at least kid himself he was doing a responsible job. He wouldn't feel that way helping in the camp commissary or puttering around as a bull cook, tending stoves and sweeping out bunkhouses. His own tough loggers' pride had kept him from laying anything like that on Broad-Ax Mike. The same tough pride would prod him up the Quahalem's gangplank when next she put in at the beach.

He braked the speeder at the junction of the spur with the West Line and ran ahead to throw the switch. A new sound, strange after the solid roar of the river, challenged his attention.

In its box, spiked to a pole alongside the switch, a line phone was cutting loose with a tinny jangle.

Three longs and a short. His call.

HE hooked the receiver to his ear. The round Norski voice, crackling with urgency, seemed to come at him from the bottom of a well, but he recognized it as that of the track walker on the other side of the trestle.

"Bill, you hear me? There's a timber stick, a hell of a big one, across the channel one side to the

other. She come out of the canyon like a blue bat. Eddy swung her broadside on. You got that, Bill?"

"I got it. Light out for that gas fake and sound off with the whistle. Keep blasting on it."

The voice at the other end came up out of the well to spang hard against his eardrum. "Hey—there's some crazy damfool heading out on the stick from your side. I can see him plain."

"Get on that donkey whistle," Lundquist ordered him. He slapped the receiver into the box and dived for the slash. Wild blackberry tangles snagged at his boots and knees, but he ripped through them, running like a bullet-stung buck for the trestle and the river.

Damn all Irishmen! He should have known, should have been warned when Regan looked at him that way, mild as a parson but with a grinning devil at the back of his eyes.

HE burst out of the slash a hundred yards upstream from the trestle. The river had thrown its sneak punch, and it looked like a widow maker. Dead across the channel, the crazy current wedging its ends hard against the piles that supported the span at either side, the timber stick rode half submerged. Bark had flayed from it in patches as it slammed through the canyon; it had a mottled, venomous look, and even from here he could see the freshet litter building against it.

But it wasn't that which held him knee-deep in the overflow shallows, staring and too jolted even to curse at what he saw. Two thirds of the way along the timber stick, the river slashing around his boots, was Regan.

He was swinging his broad-ax with an almost lazy deliberation. He might, Lundquist thought while the hair prickled along the back of his neck, be trimming out a donkey sled on a sunny day in the woods.

A hand was tugging at his arm. Nora, coatless and drenched, was at his side, her red dress clinging to her.

"I caught that call at the shack," she panted. "Oh, Bill, get him out of there!"

Lundquist waded down toward the butt of the timber stick. This was how Regan must have boarded it, staggering along with the current. The bottom dropped out from under his boots as he stepped into a hole, and he half floundered, half swam the rest of the way. He hauled out on the butt and shook the hair from his eyes, dizzied for a moment by the river's rush and thunder. Regan, far out on the log, didn't turn his head. He chopped on, deliberately, lazily; his feet were wide apart, and the chips spun out from between his boots.

Catstepping toward him, Lundquist figured it out. This log was a boom swifter—a boom must have let go on the lake above. The swifter had been sucked into the river's out-

fall and shot through the canyon. And if a boom had broken, more logs would be on the loose.

He inched one foot ahead of the other, glad his calks were new and sharp, keeping his eyes on the brown fir bark and the slick shining patches from which the bark had shed. Beyond him, Regan kept on chopping. Those chips tossed from his scalpel-sharp bit were the size of pie plates. The broad-ax swung and fell as if the old man's wispy body were some precise and powerful machine.

He balanced six feet away. "Mike," he called.

Regan didn't look up, didn't alter his easy rhythm.

"Mike, get back to shore. There's a crew on the way down."

"No time for a crew." Regan loosed his words as deliberately as he tossed the ax bit into the cut between his boots. "Seen this kind of jackpot before. You haven't. Only one way to bust her an' that's chop her through; let the ends swing downstream. You hit for the clear, kid. 'Nother five minutes and I'll have it made."

"Then what?" Lundquist shouted. Faintly over the river's clamor he could hear the frantic tooting of the donkey whistle. "You can't swim in this."

"Don't aim to swim." The measured words paced the ax strokes. "Do like we did in '28, Big Pat and me—ride the long end through."

He flipped another plate-sized chip out of the cut, slid his hand up the ax shaft. But the blow didn't fall. He was peering, his fluid grace suddenly frozen, upstream toward the canyon.

Lundquist saw it then too, with a cold tightening under his ribs. Another fir log was tumbling down the center of the channel, riding the whitecaps with half its brown bulk out of water, about it the brute wickedness of a charging bull.

**REGAN** darted him one swift look, and Lundquist could swear the devil of contrary mirth was still in the old man's eyes.

"Kid," he said calmly, "if you can swim, get ready. Me, I never did learn."

The rogue log struck. The swifter bucked and buckled, jackknifing where Regan's ax had bitten deep. Its fibers parted with a grinding crash, and Lundquist's impressions were jammed all together in a confusion of sound and spray as the river drove up at him. Then the current had its claws in him, dragging him under.

He fought to the surface. His boots weighed a ton, but at least he could keep his head out. Four feet away, something white flashed in a porpoise roll. He lunged frantically cross-current, sank again, but this time with his fist locked in the back of Regan's shirt.

They came up yards downstream. Regan's hair was plastered flat on his skull and he was spouting water.

The shore line reeled past in a drunken jig while the river bounced them along. Something banged against Lundquist's shins and he put his breath into a roar that came out a half-strangled croak: "Leave go of that ax!"

"Can't," Regan gasped in his ear. "Never—get—another like her."

Lundquist shot a glance over his shoulder. The short end of the broken swifter must have hung up in the whirlpool by the piles. It was shooting toward them down the slot. He battled the river with feet and free hand, and as the log end caught up with them, slung his arm across it, scrabbling for a grip on the soggy bark.

**A** FREAK of current kited them into a side eddy, and the alders of the far bank were suddenly close. He kicked harder; the river eased its mad tugging and his boots struck bottom. He lunged forward, chest-deep, waist-deep, still gripping Regan by the shirt. Something caught between his knees and tripped him, and as he fell the thought skated across his blurred consciousness: His damn ax!

The thought stayed with him; but, strangely, it wasn't a thought—it was Nora's voice, and it sounded very near.

"You and your precious ax," she was scolding. "You old fool, you almost drowned him and yourself as well." Regan's defensive mumble, then Nora again. "I don't care how long you've had it. Mike, you're—you're fired!"

Lundquist opened his eyes then. He was out of the river, sprawled like a gaffed fish among the alder roots. His head throbbed from where he whacked it on the bottom in that last tumble, his ribs hurt as if someone had worked him over with a club, and blood oozed from a shallow gash below his knee. He sat up, coughing, the silty river taste harsh in his throat.

"Go on," he muttered, "fire him. He just saved your trestle. He's the best man on your claim, so tie a can on his tail."

"You," Nora ordered, "shut up!"

They squelched over the trestle. The patrol shack's stovepipe chimney still trickled smoke; they'd find warmth there, and dry tobacco, and coffee.

"Mike," Lundquist said presently, "you know any way you can tell a bossy woman you've made a mistake without having her rub it in for the rest of your life?"

The rain pelted down hard as ever, and the river chill bit at his bones. But Nora was smiling at him.

"Hell," Regan chuckled, "don't tell her." He had lost his braces and he held his pants up with one hand, but his broad-ax was aswing in the other and his limp was next door to a swagger. "Just grab her an' kiss her. That was Big Pat's recipe, and it sure worked with her mother!"

THE END



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# Liberty

## GOES TO THE MOVIES

### WITH VIRGINIA SPIES



Some Yale men, including Cary Grant and Monty Woolley, head for a reunion.

#### NIGHT AND DAY (Warner Brothers) Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley

**C**OLE PORTER'S sophisticated songs sound as if they were dreamed up while he twirled a champagne glass in one hand and a top hat in the other, and that's how much of his life has gone up to now—at least according to Warner Brothers.

For that studio, which struck pay dirt with a musical based on the life and works of the late George Gershwin, repeats the sure-fire formula with Porter. Even Alexis Smith, offered as one of Gershwin's cinematic girl friends, pops up as Porter's wife. But whereas Gershwin's was a real rags-to-riches tale, you always have the feeling that a fellow Yale man will help Porter over the early bumps by standing treat to a cocktail—and one usually does.

The movie, which is also a boiled-down life story of Monty Woolley, picks up Porter (Cary Grant) at Yale, where he neglects his homework to write football songs. Along with Woolley, a law professor (actually he was an instructor), and Jane Wyman, a spit-curved chorine, he forsakes the Ivy League for show

business. World War One intervenes, so Porter joins the French Army, marries Alexis, finally becomes famous, and then suffers an accident which partially cripples him.

The various Porter hits are mounted on lavish sets tracing his Broadway success. Musical high spots come with Mary Martin, as herself, singing *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* (the number which made her a star), Woolley giving out with *Miss Otis Regrets*, and Ginny Simms, as a dime-store song plugger, crooning *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Warner Brothers spent \$4,000,000 and shot their Technicolored works to reproduce the glittering Continental world in which Porter lives. Typical plush scene in this casually elegant musical: Porter serving champagne on his magnificent estate to cast rehearsing *You're the Top*.



Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter step out.

#### PICTURES WORTH SEEING

**SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT** (20th Century-Fox). A gripping thriller with John Hodiak and pretty newcomer Nancy Guld.

**TILL THE END OF TIME** (RKO). Ex-marine Gay Madison, helped by Dorothy McGuire, solves his tough readjustment problems.

**SMOKY** (20th Century-Fox). Will James' classic, starring Fred MacMurray, Anne Baxter, and also an extraordinary horse.

**HENRY V** (Two Cities, released through United Artists). Laurence Olivier's unforgettable Technicolor version of one of Shakespeare's greatest war plays.

## WILDCAT OF THE WATER

Continued from Page 17

hook. He very often does, but you have had the thrill. Any tarpon that strikes has paid his way and every jump thereafter is an extra dividend. A tight line on a jumping fish helps him throw the hook by giving him something to pull against, and if the fish is close and the line too tight, the lure is likely to come straight at the fisherman—then he is hooked instead of the fish.

If you want to get the most out of tarpon fishing, forget the heavy tackle used in bait fishing and trolling. Take your casting rod, the one you use for bass. Put a 12½- or 15-pound test line on your bass reel and throw bass plugs at them. For the benefit of the uninitiated, bass plugs are made of wood and are prettied up with all sorts of colors to catch the eye of a fish.

I have hooked a lot of big ones and most of them went home, but I had the fun. My top fish was the sixty-pounder, and I have taken plenty that ran from twenty to forty pounds. A friend recently landed an eighty-five-pound fish on bass tackle. That proves he is a better fisherman than I am, or had more luck, or both.

When casting for tarpon, you have your fish close to you. Sometimes too close. When a big fish falls alongside the boat and drenches you with water, you get a picture of what might have happened if he had fallen in the boat. They do fall in the boat sometimes, and that isn't funny, for someone may get hurt. Even a forty-pound fish wouldn't light in your lap easy. Besides, he has a mouth full of sharp hooks and no one would crave to be hooked up with a powerful fish.

**T**HE bass fisherman who gets into a school of willing fish that run in weight from ten to twenty pounds will talk about it for the rest of his life. Such fish have all the pugnaciousness of their big brothers and they don't tear up your tackle or scare you half to death. The strike of fish this size is as vicious and they jump as high and as often as the larger ones.

Going on down the scale, the fly-rod man catches little tarpon weighing from a half pound on up to four or five pounds and sometimes larger. These baby tarpon are the fastest things that any fisherman ever caught. Years ago I made a rule, and it proves itself every time I fish for these silver flashes: for every fifty strikes, a good fly fisherman won't hook more than ten fish and won't land more than three of the fish hooked. When you get into a school of the little fellows that are willing to play, you will get a strike at almost every cast.

They are not as temperamental as the big fish, but many times you can

see them sporting in the water, rolling and splashing, and they won't touch anything you offer them. They like best a surface-disturbing lure, a cork-bodied bug that pops as you bring it through the water in jerks.

One day I was fishing for small tarpon in one of Florida's many salt-water canals. I had taken several small fish when I hooked one that would go some seven or eight pounds. My wife was near by in our parked car, reading or knitting or whatever she does during the many hours she is waiting for me to make one more cast. As soon as I saw the size of this fish on the super-light tackle I was using, I commenced to yell. A man should never miss showing off before his wife.

That fish came clear of the water five times before she got there. I thought she would never show up on the bank above me. But there still was plenty of fireworks after my audience arrived. All the time I was explaining my superior knowledge:

"Always lower the tip of the rod and slack the line when he jumps, so that he has nothing to work against that might break the fine gut leader or pull the fly loose.

"When he is under water, keep just enough pressure on him so that he will have to swim against the rod and tire himself out, but not enough strain to make the hook cut through or break the leader."

This lesson went on for quite a while. My wife does some fishing and probably knew all these fine details as well as I did, but if there is any show-off in a fellow, it is bound to come out at a time like this.

"Now, see, he came up sideways and is lying flat on the water. He's about through." But with his last remaining strength, he turned and tried to bore down against the slight strain of the rod.

"See," I explained in my most superior way, "he can't make it. He can't get his tail under water, and that is his propeller."

**S**OMEHOW he called on a little reserve he had left and got that tail under water and bored clear to the bottom of the canal. I could feel him jabbing his nose against the bottom, trying to rub out the fly. I could feel that tail slapping against the leader and I didn't like that. That's dangerous. Then he lay quiet and I explained that in a minute he would float to the top, a licked fish.

Just then he came four feet out of water, straight into the air, and shook himself like a spaniel. I must have had a little too much strain on the line, for the fly went back over my head and that fish went home. Sometimes it doesn't pay to try and show off before your wife. All she said was: "He scared you and you forgot to lower the tip."

Everyone who comes to Florida has the fishing fever. Some may not know it, but the sight of a stranger catching fish raises their temperature. Introductions, aren't needed.

Men with no knowledge of fishing will tell you how to "bring 'em in." If you wish to start a traffic snarl, just find a school of little tarpon in the canal that parallels the Tamiami Trail and start working on them.

One morning recently I was fly-fishing at the junction of the Marco and Tamiami canals. At this point there is plenty of parking space and cars were piling up. Cameras were clicking at jumping fish and men were calling to their wives to "get out of the car and come over and see this fish."

I had on about a two-pound fish and he was unusually active, coming out of water time after time. Two men, well past middle age, rushed up behind me and one of them in an accent more natural in the Brooklyn ball park than in south Florida shouted:

"Pull him in, Mac! He's goin' to get away from youse!"

Other advice was given in asides and comment was free and easy. Finally the little fellow quit and I drew him to the water's edge and slipped the fly without lifting him from the water.

"Hey!" called the fellow who wanted me to pull him in. "Ain't youse goin' to eat him?"

"No," I told him. "They are not good to eat. I put them all back."

"What do you catch 'em for?" he asked.

"Just for the fun of it."

He looked at me as though he felt

very sorry for me, and as he turned back to his car he remarked, "Silliest thing I ever heard of."

An old cracker in the group edged up to me.

"Cap'n," he said, "I know jest what you mean. I'm a mullet fisherman. Fished all my life with nets, but I know a sporting fish when I see one. Last week I was gettin' me some oysters. I'd worked my skiff back in the mangroves. Right out behind me was a deep pool and it was jest full of these little tarpon. They was sportin', rollin' and splashin'. The light was right and I could see 'em plain. Stood it as long as I could and I says to myself, 'To hell with oysters—I'm goin' to have me some fun.' I had a little old casting rod in my boat rigged up with a feather that I trolled for trout. I worked my boat out where I could flip it. I laid it over 'em and started to drag it through.

"Great day in the mornin'! One 'of those babies weighin' about eight pounds smashed that little old feather, and hell broke loose in the pool. He was all over it and back again. He came out of water and shook himself until his gills rattled. Me? I jest hung on and tried to keep from swallowin' my tongue. That fish did everything but bark like a dog. Finally he throwed that feather right back at me. That little old feather was so mad it bit me. Cap'n, I know jest what you mean!"

THE END



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## JUNGLE PETE COMES HOME

Continued from Page 31

Jamey hesitated. He held the amber-eyed, tan-nosed ball of wool closer.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name's Pete. Jungle Pete. J. P. to my best friends."

Jamey handed over his burden.

"Clara likes to know who people are," he said. He watched the pair of them go down the kitchen steps together, his small dark face thoughtful but no longer anxious. "Can I have my breakfast too?" he asked.

"I guess so," Miss Avrilla admitted grimly.

"I take orange juice and cereal," he said.

He picked out a chair best suited to his size and pushed it to the table and climbed it. He bent his head. "For what I am about to receive the Lord make me truly thankful," he demanded firmly but decorously. Miss Avrilla took a distrustful peek at him and his eyes met hers with a bland confidence. He sounded and almost looked like a good little boy. But she guessed he was just biding his time.

Anyhow, it fussed her to be left alone with him. So she was thankful when Clara came in waving a virtuous tail, with Miss Avrilla's temporary nephew at her heels.

"Everything under control," he said. "Now Clara has to have her breakfast."

"She gets milk and crackers," Jamey said.

SO there was nothing for it but to get her milk and crackers. But at least the hot cakes weren't turning out too badly. Miss Avrilla was considering their sleek brown surface with a complacent eye when she heard the man behind her say, "Good morning, ma'am." And the warm friendliness of the kitchen was somehow gone. It was as though a gust of storm had blown in through the open door. And it was only a woman—a young and pretty girl who stammered back, "G-good morning," in a breathless, frightened sort of way.

"I—I missed you, Jamey," she said. "I woke up and you weren't there. I thought maybe—"

"—that someone had run off with him?" Miss Avrilla's nephew suggested cheerfully. "Not a chance. Jamey's his own man. He'd punch anyone on the nose who tried to take him from you. Wouldn't you, son?"

Jamey grinned at him over his cereal. "You bet," he said.

The F.B.I. young man pulled out a chair.

"I hope you slept well, ma'am."

She said, almost with defiance, that she had. And it was the truth. She had slept well—ever since she'd heard his stealthy footsteps halt at

her door and then slowly, patiently pass on. It was dreadful to have felt like that and to know he knew—that he had almost heard her sigh of thankfulness. There was something strange and frightening in the way he seemed to know things. It made her feel exposed and vulnerable. In the old days, when she'd loved him so desperately, she had often felt older and wiser. Now he was like a stranger.

"JAMEY should have waited," she said severely. She felt she had to assert herself, make herself feel less helpless. "You shouldn't eat your breakfast in your pajamas, Jamey."

"There was a state of emergency," the F.B.I. man explained. "Clara wanted out. And Jamey didn't want to wake you."

"You looked so tired and little, mum," Jamey said—"like a little girl." He seemed to be considering deeply and rather wistfully, his head cocked on one side—"like my kid sister," he added almost to himself.

Miss Avrilla saw the F.B.I. man's fork stop halfway to his mouth.

"Have you a kid sister too?" he asked.

"Jamey, you're talking nonsense—"

"But you said I might have one, mum—when my favver gets back."

The F.B.I. man flashed a dark bright glance at the flushed girl's face across the table.

"That will be swell—won't it?"

"No," Jamey said.

The man helped himself to another hot cake. "I guess you don't like your favver much, do you?" he said. "What's wrong with the poor guy?"

"I seed a picksher of him," Jamey said. "Two pickshers," he amended. "One he had a helmet and a beard. He looked like he hadn't washed"—he waved an eloquent spoon—"for years and years. The other picksher was with mum"—the childish voice went on, but now it had angry tears in it—"before I came along. He was holding mum's hand. He looked awful, awful young and—sort of—"

"Sappy?" the F.B.I. man suggested.

"Yeah," Jamey said.

"Maybe he was. But he grew up. Maybe they lambasted some of the sap out of him."

Jamey's expression cleared. It became hopeful.

"Maybe he won't come home," he said. "We don't want him round, do we, mum? I can take care of you—me and Clara—"

"I'll bet you can—"

The F.B.I. man had stood up. He gathered up his breakfast things and carried them to the sink and let the water run over them. He dried and stacked them. Everything he did was neat and precise. He came and stood for a moment with his hands clamped on the back of his chair, looking down at the woman whose head was bowed, as though she didn't dare look at him.

"My aunt and I'll be glad to have

you stay here just as long as need be, ma'am," he said. "But I hope you'll find a real home soon, where you'll be happy."

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Good-by, aunt." He gave her withered cheek a little kiss. "The cakes were swell," he said. At Jamey's chair he came to a halt again. "You don't, sir, play baseball by any chance?" he asked.

"He's just a baby—" Jenny Pritchard began indignantly.

"Sure. But what about Babe Ruth? Why, I swung a mean bat myself when I was just so high—" He rumbled up the boy's dark hair. "Youngsters can't begin too young," he said. "Maybe I could give you a start, Babe Jamey, if you stick around a while."

Jamey looked up at him. He'd squared his shoulders manfully.

"You bet, J. P.," he said. "I'll stick around."

DR. HAMISH ANDREWS recognized the broad shoulders, the pin-striped suit, and a moment later the direct-looking gray eyes met his with a flash of pleasure. But the bunch of daffodils was an unexpected, incongruous touch.

"Hello, Jungle Pete!" the doctor said jovially. "How's home?"

"I wouldn't know, sir."

"Didn't your wife and son meet you?"

"I guess they did." He turned and walked at the doctor's side and the older man noticed that even on the hard pavement his step was disconcertingly noiseless. "We had a bit of trouble finding a place to camp," he explained, "and that sort of took my mind off my fleas, as the dog said. For a while it looked like we'd have to spend the night in the station. But then I pulled a commando raid on an old party, name of Pettigrew—"

Dr. Hamish stopped dead.

"Not Avrilla—"

"Aunt Avrilla," Jungle Pete corrected. "Maybe you didn't know she had a nephew. She didn't either. In the F.B.I. I flashed the stationmaster's badge at her and she was so scared she'd have believed anything." He told his story briefly, rather curtly, as though he didn't like it any too well himself. "I pulled a stunt like that once in Burma on a Jap loot. I told him he and his gang were surrounded. And so they were—by a pack of monkeys making enough rumpus to rouse the dead. Anyhow, the Jap fell for it—he was just a kid—and I marched him and forty men five miles before he got wise. Then it was too late." The Jap's captor buried his nose in his daffodils and came up to chuckle. "I was kinda sorry for him," he said.

"I'd rather bluff a Jap than Miss Avrilla," Dr. Hamish remarked. "She's our town terror."

"She's O.K. She's kinda pleased down underneath the crust. She's old and lonesome, and then there's the mortgage eating her—"

"Well, how do you know about that?" Dr. Hamish demanded.

"Oh, I get around. I've been lonesome myself. I guess I'll be old one of these days. And the mortgage sticks out like a kid's booby trap."

"If ever she finds you out," Dr. Hamish said grimly, "she'll have one of her heart attacks. And that'll be my funeral."

"She won't. We—they will be on their way in a day or two. There isn't a home in this doggone town—not for us—"

"Where do you go from here?"

"My wife's thinking of trekking back with the kid to her own folks. New Hampshire way."

"Did she say so?" Dr. Hamish asked unexpectedly.

"No, she's just thinking."

"What about you?"

Jungle Pete answered tranquilly, "I'll just keep moseying along."

THEY stopped at the corner of Elm Street.

"Well, I'm Dr. Hamish Andrews—if you need a doctor."

"Thanks, doc."

He touched his hat with a curiously moving suggestion of a military salute that had gone shy on itself, and walked on alone under the elms. At the gate next Miss Avrilla's he found the girl in the slacks suit and with the bunch of dark red curls waiting for him.

"Hullo, soldier!"

"Hullo, yourself!" he said.

"My name's Rose. What's yours?"

"J. P. for short."

She jerked her curls at the next-door house.

"One of that old hellion's new boarders?"

"Her nephew."

"I didn't know she had a nephew."

He grinned. "I'm a surprise."

She was considering him thoughtfully. There was a look in her hot brown eyes. It wanted to know what sort of guy he was and whether he would stay the course.

"Me, I'm an old-time Wac," she said, "dismissed from the service for conduct unbecoming to a lady. My folks don't speak to me, except down their noses. What about yours?"

"Aunt's loosening up," he said. "She's getting used to me."

"Like me to tell you a funny story?" she asked.

"Oh, sure."

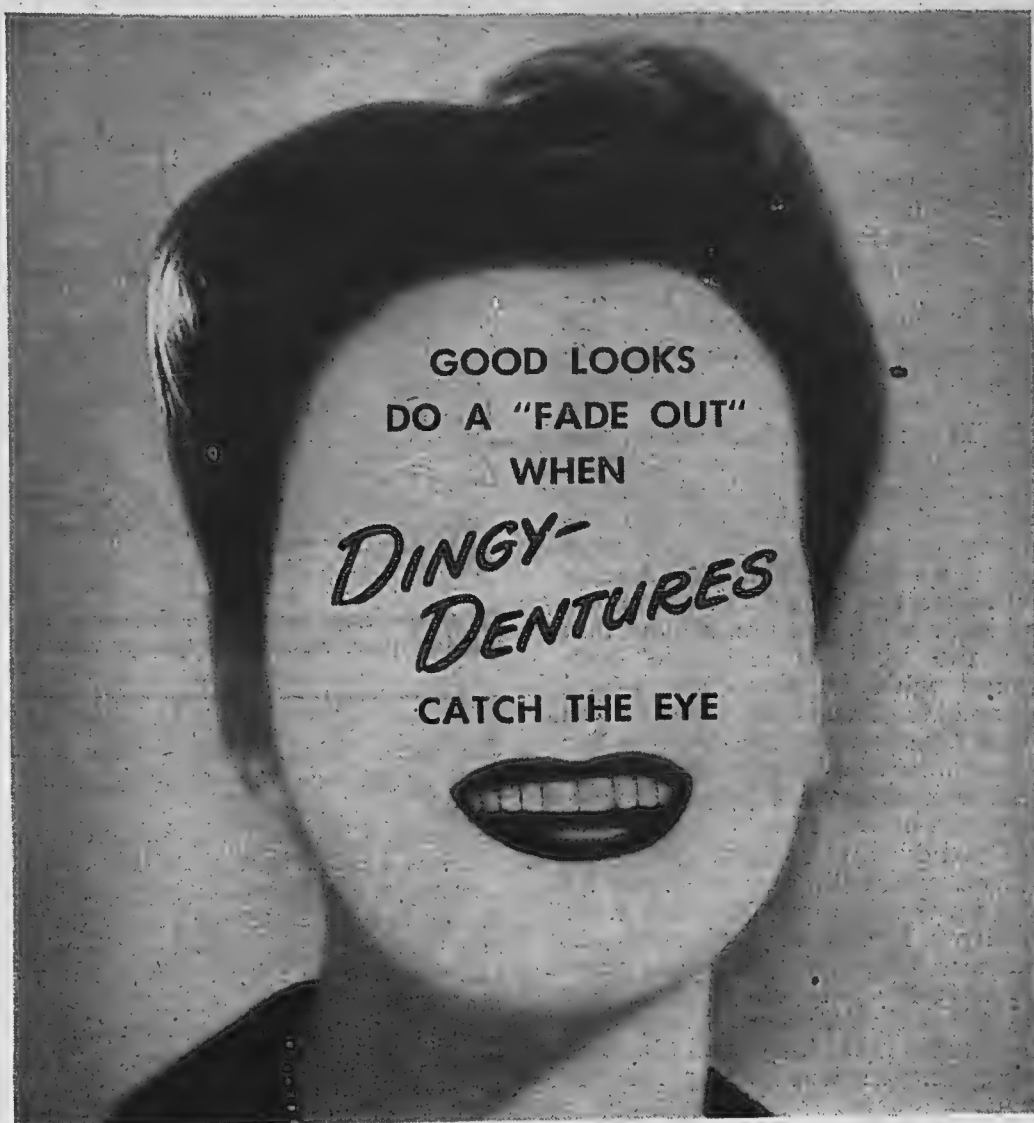
"Remember that poster, 'I'd rather be with them than waiting for them'? I fell for it. I had a boy friend. I felt that way about him. So I joined up and went to France. And they sent him to Tokyo via Iwo Jima. He may be dead for all I know. Isn't that a scream?"

"A scream," he said.

"Maybe you met up with him—" She sounded casual—a shade too casual—"maybe with some of his outfit. Name of Frank Whitley—"

"Maybe I did." There was a light in Aunt Avrilla's parlor. He could see someone standing against it, someone looking out who quickly

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went away. Or seemed to go away. His eyes narrowed with their secret laughter. "What about that movie one of these evenings?" he asked, "and maybe a cola and a chat afterward?"

"What about the girl friend?"

"I don't seem to have a girl friend."

"I thought—maybe—those daffodils—"

"Oh, them!" He smiled down at them. "I just happen to like daffodils. Well, what about it?"

"O.K. by me, J. P." She grinned back at him, half gay and half defiant. "We can hold hands. In the dark maybe we won't know the difference."

SHE'D been sitting half asleep until she'd heard his voice. Then, not knowing why, she'd slipped to the window and looked out. He was talking to the redheaded girl next door. A no-account girl, Miss Avrilla had called her, who'd been overseas and led a wild, bad life. Maybe that was the kind of girl he'd been around with all these years and learned to like. She heard them laugh together and ran back to her chair under the lamplight. Her fair head was bent over a heap of mending when he came in.

"Good evening, ma'am."

Even when they were alone he kept up the pretense that they were strangers. It was safer, of course, in the mean, silly game they were playing with the poor old woman. But she guessed that wasn't his reason. He knew that they had become strangers. He was telling her he knew.

He didn't even seem to expect an answer. He didn't give her the flowers. So they weren't for her either. He brought flowers every evening. Out of the corner of her eye she watched him take yesterday's faded roses from their vase and wrap them in the paper which had half covered the daffodils. She knew that presently he'd take them to the back yard and bury them. He had, as he'd explained, a probably cockeyed notion about flowers. He just couldn't bring himself to chuck them, dead or dying, in the trash can. He had to give them back where they came from, so to speak—to the earth. After all, he said, they deserved that much. A queer thing for this dangerous, unknown man, who had killed people, to say. The shy boy whom she had loved wouldn't have said it.

He was busy with his flowers. He seemed to have forgotten her. You'd have thought nothing else in the world mattered to him at that moment. But he said quietly, "You make me think of Jamey's kid sister—I mean the one he would have had if his favver had come home." So she knew that in his sly terrifying way he had been watching her, too. "A little bit of a thing, all tuckered out."

"I'm so tired," she said. "I've been all over town again. Everyone says

3]



"Is there any connection between my missing quarter and your quarter cigar?"

LIBERTY

the same thing. There—there just isn't anywhere for us to go from here."

"Yeah, I guess that's so," he said.

"And I can't take it in this house any more. Peter, the old lady watches me as though I were a thief. I guess she thinks I stole Jamey—and—and ran away." She tried to laugh. "Maybe that's what you think."

"No," he said. "You've taken it on the chin." He added gently, "You don't have to be so scared."

She pretended not to have heard.

"Anyway, it isn't right. It's—it's acting a mean lie—"

"I guess so. Where I came from we called it strategy. I just haven't got the peacetime angle yet."

From the kitchen there came a shout of Jamey's laughter and Miss Avrilla's sharp indignant reproof (that had a rusty chuckle to it). "You leave that be, you young—" Jungle Pete glanced at the half-closed kitchen door.

"They're O.K. anyway," he said. "They're buddies. An old soldier and a young G.I. just drafted, so to speak. They've got a lot to tell each other."

"He ought to be in bed," she said unsteadily, "but he wouldn't go—not till you came home. He had to talk to you. He said you were going to make him a baseball champ, or something crazy."

"I'll settle for the President of the United States," he grinned.

"I don't care. He ought to be in bed now. I'm too tired to try."

"Sure," he said softly. "I know."

He set the daffodils on a table where she could see them best. So in a way he had bought them for her. He just didn't want her to have to thank him. She closed her eyes and felt unexpected tears smart against the lids. In the dark she heard a confusion of voices and a desperate scramble as the man and the boy raced each other upstairs.

But at least Jamey was on his way to bed.

"No one washes me," his mother heard him announce loudly. "I wash myself. Mum just looks on."

"That must be a treat for her. But suppose you give me a break. Let me watch instead—just once."

More laughter which faded into the bathroom. A door slammed.

Miss Avrilla came in from the kitchen. She was all flushed and flustered. It was an outrage that she should have to cook for a bunch of strangers. She was only thankful that Great-Grandfather Amos couldn't really see the goings-on or hear the noise those two were making upstairs. She threw him a look of irate apology. He glared down at her as he had always done.

"Supper's ready," she said. She tried not to let on how pleased she was that after all these years she could turn out pastry feather-light—"and spoiling too," she added crossly.

Then she saw the flowers and the young woman with her face buried in her arms on the table and crying as though her heart had broken.

THEY had held hands at the movies—just as she had said. And now across the drugstore table, he was listening to her.

"I guess I'm no good, like folks say," she said. She tossed her curls back and the tears out of her eyes. "I was crazy for Frank—and—and just plain crazy anyway at the lousy trick'd been played on both of us. And so damn lonesome that I fell for the first lonesome guy who fell for me. It didn't mean a thing to either of us. It was like we both wanted to spit in the face of the whole world." She managed a sort of laugh. "I wasn't even lucky. They sent me home. There was a kid coming. It died, like everything else. Frank kept on writing. But I couldn't tell him. He couldn't have understood—"

"Maybe—"

"Well, I just stopped writing. After a while I didn't even open his letters. Then they stopped too. Maybe he got another girl. Maybe he's dead—"

"Or maybe not. Maybe he's fretting his heart out over that Rose Maler he meant to come back to—come hell or high water." The man on the other side of the table was writing out a message on a slip of paper. "We'll ask the Western Union to find out. We've got to give Frank a chance to say his piece."

"What about you, J. P.?" she asked.

"Yeah, what about me? I was all set, coming home to a wife and kid. I haven't got a home. My wife's scared stiff of me. My kid, who can't remember what I looked like, gets sick to the stomach at the thought of having a 'favver' unloaded on him. He hates my guts. Can you beat it?"

"Not on an off day," she admitted shakily.

"I don't blame her for being scared," he went on. "When I think of the things I've done, I kinda scare myself. After all, she and I didn't know each other very well. We were just crazily in love. I've been gone four years. A lot happened to a lot of us." He concluded patiently, good-humoredly, "It's no use being sore. It's no one's fault."

Her angry grief lost something of its anger. And, anyhow, it wasn't for herself any more. She knew why he'd been telling her all that. It wasn't because he had to, but because it made things easier for her.

"What'll you do, soldier?"

He smiled across the table at her. She had a sudden thought that he could take whatever came to him with his head up.

"Start from scratch," he said. "Let's get going."

Later, at her gate, he stooped to kiss her gravely on the cheek. "Good night, Rosey. You're O.K., and don't let Frank or anyone tell you that you aren't," he said.

JENNY had waited up for him. That, at least, was something new. Tonight he found her standing by the window. She must have been peeking out. She'd seen him and Rosey under the street lamp. She looked pitifully young in her anger and unhappiness. And so darned sweet. Just like she'd looked the first time he'd laid eyes on her—all of six years ago—that first night when he'd danced with her and kissed her under the mistletoe.

"I hope you've had a good time," she said in a small bitter voice.

"The best I could get," he told her equably.

"I guess that's the kind of good time you've come to like. And," she went on wildly as though she couldn't stop herself—"and that's the kind of girl you like to go with—"

"Rosey's a nice kid," he said.

"That's what you think. Miss Avrilla told me she's a loose girl. She drinks. She'll go with anyone who'll ask her—"

He walked leisurely across the room and took her by the shoulders and shook her—gently, but as though he meant it.

"Shut up, Jenny," he said. "You're talking about things you don't understand. But you will, if you just think a bit. You've got a head on your shoulders. You used to have a heart. We've been through tough times, all of us, one way or another. Some of us were lucky and knew how to take 'em. Some of us went down for the count. Most of us have picked ourselves up and dusted ourselves off and kept on going. Rosey's one of 'em. Her boy will understand how it all happened. They'll get on their feet together." His hands dropped from her shoulders. "We've got to go easy with each other," he said. "If we haven't learned that, we might just as well have stayed home and let the Krauts and the Nips make what they wanted of us."

He took an envelope from his coat pocket and laid it on the table. "I got reservations for you and Jamey and Clara—home," he said.

He turned away. He was looking for a match for his cigarette. She was so still for a while that it was as though she had stopped breathing. When she spoke at last, her voice sounded thin and small.

"You needn't have bothered—I mean, about Clara. She can't go back with us. Mother and father don't like dogs."

"That'll be hard on Jamey," he said, "and Clara too. Clara and me will just have to make out together."

He'd found the matches. He struck a light and his hand was steady. He heard her say, "Good night, Pete," in a whisper and go off upstairs very slowly and wearily. But he did not hear the key turn in the lock. Maybe she'd forgotten. Or maybe she'd understood at last what sort of guy had come home to her.

He sat in Miss Avrilla's chair under the colonel's portrait and looked up at the fierce old boy who'd been in a war himself and knew what it took. But maybe things were easier in those days—or at least simpler. Folks, he imagined, hadn't set such store on getting what they thought they wanted out of life and hadn't run around in circles looking for it. They'd stayed put. When a man came home, his wife would be there waiting for him—whether she wanted to or not. Jungle Pete laughed to himself. But then he wasn't that sort of man. He'd have to be wanted. Just her being there waiting was of no use to him.

IT seemed that a long time had passed. He heard steps on the stairs again. When he stood up, he saw that the envelope with the tickets had gone from the table and that it was old Miss Avrilla standing in the doorway. Without her spectacles she looked so blind and helpless that his heart turned over. He thought that once upon a time she must have been young and pretty too. Suddenly it seemed to him that she was just a little girl who had grown old.

"What have you done, young man?" she whispered.

"Why?" he asked back.

"Because she's crying. She's always crying when she thinks no one's about to hear her. I won't have folks crying in my house like that. I don't care if she's robbed a bank. She's a fine, sweet girl, and I won't have you hound the life out of her—and I don't care who you are or what you've got against her."

He shook his head.

"I haven't anything against her, aunt."

"I'm not your aunt," she snapped.

"You put up a darned good show, then. You feel just like an aunt to me. But my job's done. Maybe I've made a mess of it. Anyhow, she and Jamey'll be going home tomorrow—free as air. You'll be quit of the lot of us."

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"Tomorrow—" he heard the old voice quiver. She stood there, for once lost and uncertain, her gnarled hands fumbling with each other as though they had lost something. Then, like a frightened mouse, she turned and scurried up the stairs again. He heard her door slam. He had a crazy notion that she was crying too—that everyone in the darned old house was crying.

**T**HE boy and the dog sat together on the top step of the porch. There wasn't a bark or a smile in either of them.

Jungle Pete dropped down on a lower step. He had brought along a full-sized professional baseball. He tossed it casually from hand to hand.

"Sure—it's too big for you. You've got to grow up to it. And one day, when you pitch a real humdinger with it, you'll think of me. And I'll be rooting for you."

Jamey took the ball from him.

"Thanks, J. P.," he said politely. He lifted his eyes to meet the man's steadfast inquiring look. They were dry and almost too bright. "Clara isn't going with us," he said.

"I know, Jamey. It's tough."

"Grandma doesn't like dogs. She says they're dirty and muss things up. Clara doesn't understand. She doesn't know she's a dog anyway."

But he didn't cry.

"Of course she doesn't. She isn't. She's Clara. And who cares for a bit of dirt? Don't fret more than you can help, Jamey. Clara and I'll stick together. And one day you'll come back and fetch us both."

"Couldn't—couldn't we just stick around together, J. P.?"

"Your mum mightn't like that much."

"She would, too," Jamey said. "She doesn't like favver. But she likes you. I do too."

The man laughed to himself.

"I like you, Jamey. A whole lot. I like your mum. You tell her so from me. And maybe, some day she'll bring you back."

"Some day's such a long, long time."

"Don't I know it! But it comes. You've just got to dig in and keep your chin up—"

"O.K." The boy gathered Clara in his arms and stood up. "Mum says I've got to rest before the train goes," he said wearily.

**D**USK settled about the old house. The man on the porch steps had not moved. When the small voice behind him broke the silence, he did not turn.

"Jamey's asleep at last," it said. "Thank you—I mean, for taking Clara. It's just breaking his heart. But at least he knows she's safe with you."

"Is she?" he asked gently. "Do you know she is?"

"Yes—yes, of course." She sounded hurried and a little breathless. "Miss Avrilla doesn't feel so good. I—I sort of think she's fretting about some-

thing—I'd almost fancy it was because we're going away—except, of course, that she must be awfully glad. I mean she can't stand children and little dogs—can she?"

"She's stood 'em for quite a while. Maybe she's getting hardened to 'em."

"She wanted to get a good-by supper for us. But I wouldn't let her. I said I'd get a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the drugstore."

"Sure," he said. "Let's go."

He drew her arm through his, not possessively, not as though it could mean a thing to either of them. At the gate, Rosey Maler ran out of the neighbor's house to meet them. Even under the shadow of the trees they could see the wild strong happiness flaming in her.

"Frank telephoned!" she said. "All the way from Frisco. I told him everything—how it all happened—"

"It must have cost a whale of a lot of money," J. P. chuckled.

"—and Frank said, 'What the hell, baby? I'm no plaster saint.' So I'm to go out and marry him—just as soon as I can go. And that'll be tomorrow, if there's a train running." She flung her arms round J. P.'s neck and kissed him. "You're a swell guy," she said. "I know it, if your fool wife doesn't." And she was gone, racing back up the path.

"I'm glad too," Jenny called after her.

**S**HE and the man beside her walked on together.

"That was swell of you," he said.

He took her to a little eating place he'd found and liked. It was quiet and specialized in steaks. And when you were going on a long, hard journey, a steak under your belt helped you to take a brighter view of things.

He started talking in a matter-of-fact easy way about steaks and what they could do for you in a pinch. It was too bad that human beings were so darned dependent on things like that and got cranky and difficult to handle without them. They were just human. They couldn't always help themselves, though really they put up a pretty good show, when you came to think of it. The great thing was to take them for what they were in your stride and make the best of them and hope they'd do as much for you. It meant everyone having a lot of patience and what you might call kindness. You had to think a bit with your heart, if Jenny knew what he meant.

Yes, she said, not very steadily, she knew what he meant. She sat across the small table and her eyes met his. Hers dropped instantly. They had filled with stupid tears.

"Is that—that what you learned, fighting?" she asked.

"Sure thing. No sense in fighting if you don't learn nothing—except how to lick the other guy."

There was a juke box in the place. Jungle Pete slipped in a nickel and turned up In the Still of the Night.



He came and stood beside her and made her a little bow.

"Shall we try a turn, ma'am? I guess I'm pretty rusty. I haven't stepped for four years." He added as he put his arm around her, "I didn't want to—"

She whispered something that sounded like, "Weren't there any pretty girls?"

"Sure. But you have to have the right partner. You have to know her steps."

They remembered each other's. The bartender watched them tolerantly. Cheek to cheek, like a couple of kids with no one else in the whole wide world.

The steaks were all J. P. had said. They did put heart into you. So that she met his eyes more and more often and each time a little more bravely, a little more deeply. But he didn't talk of her or of himself or of anything much.

But somehow all the simple things he said amounted to something. They were leading somewhere. She knew now that he was stalking her shy and bewildered heart, as he had stalked old Aunt Avrilla and Jamey all these strange and difficult days; just as he had learned to stalk his quarry everywhere—not rushing it, not frightening it, just taking his time. Somehow he knew why her heart was shy and bewildered, and why and where it had hidden itself. Perhaps one day they would be together as they had never been.

One day, as yet far off. But she knew now that he would wait.

It was raining hard when they went out again. A blustering wind had risen. It pressed them closer to each other.

Then, as they turned into Elm Street, they met Miss Avrilla. Not the neat tight-bound little old woman whom they knew. She was like a scarecrow that the wind had torn and swept away from its moorings.

"It's Jamey," she croaked at them. "He's run away. He and Clara have run away together. They couldn't bear it—" Her voice rose in shrill indignant accusation. "And I don't blame 'em. It was a cruel and wicked thing to do. A little boy ought to have his dog. You two ought to be ashamed of yourselves—"

And then suddenly, completely, she crumpled. She lay there in the lamplight on the wet shining pavement like a heap of flotsam.

J. P. lifted her in his arms.

"It's O.K., aunt," he said. "A little boy and his dog can't run far—even together. We'll find 'em and bring 'em home."

AS Jamey and Jungle Pete, with a bedraggled Clara under one arm, came up to the porch steps, Dr. Hamish Andrews came down them. He stopped to consider the drenched trio with grim disapproval.

"I don't know what you've been up to," he said, "but you've nearly killed her. And I won't have it. She

may be the darndest, crankiest curmudgeon, but she's my oldest patient—"

"She's our aunt," J. P. interrupted, grinning, "and if you call her a curmudgeon, I'll have to sock you, doc."

He and Jamey and Clara went on upstairs together. At the half-closed door Jenny waited for them. She was still rain-soaked and her pretty fair hair was all which way and t'other. But even Jamey saw that something wonderful had happened to her. She bent and kissed Jamey. She even kissed Clara who, hygienically speaking, was less than ever kissable.

"You did quite right, darling," she said. "It was I who was all wrong." And then she looked the man full in the eyes. "We've got to tell her, Peter—we've got to tell her the truth about ourselves—"

"We'll be out on our ears," he warned. "We'll have to go back to the station and start from scratch."

"That's what I meant."

"Don't you mind? A station isn't much of a place to start from—"

"I thought it was," she said demurely.

MISS AVRILLA lay so still and small in the big tester bed that she hardly seemed there at all. Her tiny body scarcely made a crease in the white covers. There were blue smudges under the closed eyes. Death had come very close.

Jungle Pete, Jenny, and Jamey and Clara stood in a little huddled group, so that when her eyes opened they fell on the four of them.

"We found 'em, aunt," J. P. said gently. "He and Clara are O.K. We've missed our train. But you don't have to fret about us. We're on our way."

They could scarcely hear her whisper.

"Do you have to be? It isn't a bad old house. With a lick of paint it'd be as good as new. When I'm gone, one of these days, I'll be mighty glad to think I've left my own folks to care for it. I guess the colonel will be glad too—"

J. P. knew she hadn't understood. He said quickly, like a man determined to take a desperate, painful step, "There's something you've got to know, aunt. We lied to you. At least, I did. The F.B.I. never heard of me. I'm not even a policeman. I'm just Jenny Pritchard's man and Jamey's favver. I'm a no-account G.I. trying to buck his way home to his folks." He added humbly, "I guess you can't forgive us, but we wish you could."

Something like a wicked gleam smoldered in the tired eyes.

"You think you're right smart, don't you, nephew? You look in that bureau drawer. You'll find Mr. Rees' badge—" Her thin voice had a ghostly chuckle in it. "I found it and kept it. Maybe he'd like to have it back sometime."

THE END

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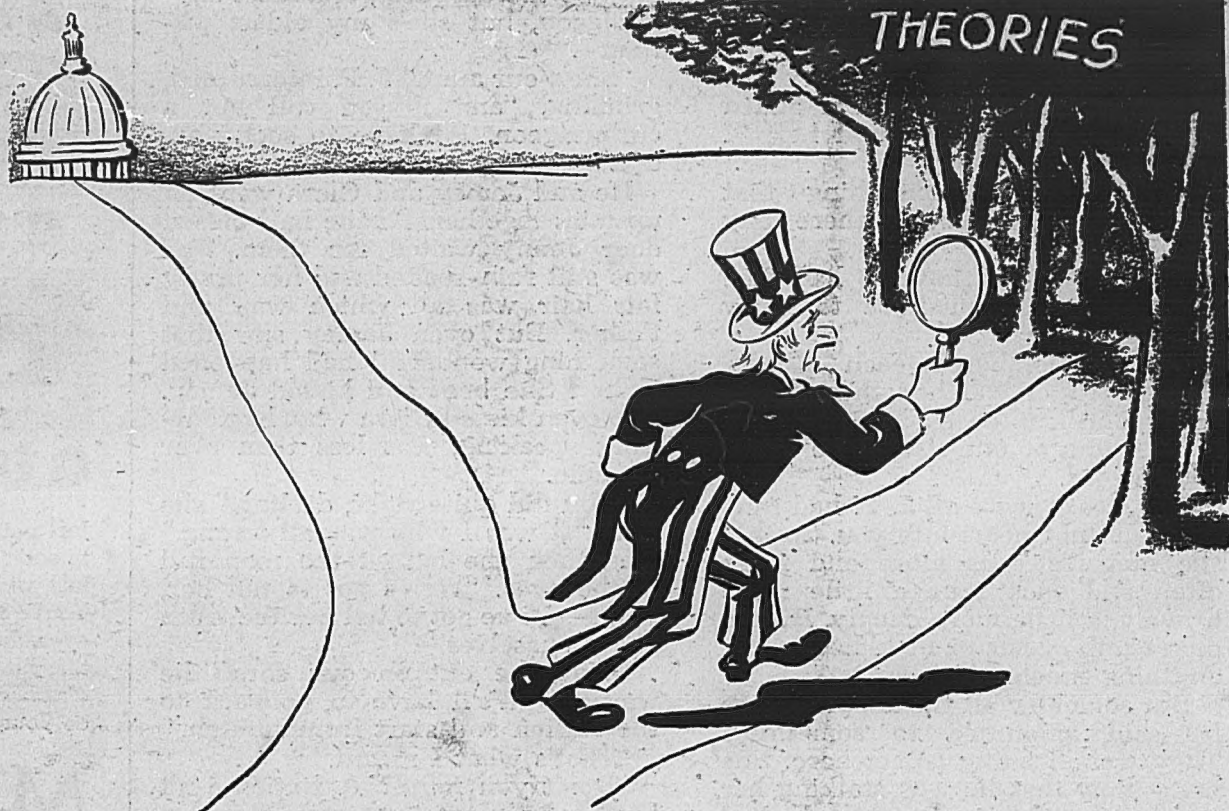
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JULY 27, 1946

PAUL HUNTER  
*Publisher*  
EDWARD MAHER  
*Editor*



Searching in the wrong direction.

## WHAT CAUSES STRIKES?

**N**OW that we have a breathing spell in the unprecedented labor chaos which has plagued the country since the first of the year, ideas are being advanced as to the basic underlying causes of labor unrest.

The reason for strikes given out by President Truman and his administration and seized upon immediately by all spokesmen for labor is that unrest comes from a feeling of insecurity on the part of the workers. It is argued that expanded social security laws, rigidly controlled prices, and still more liberal unemployment compensation would still labor's fears of insecurity and cause strikes to diminish.

This is another one of those theories propounded by government or, more exactly, people in government who have little or no firsthand knowledge of the facts of economic life. As a theory, it sounds awfully good, but it can't stand the test of realistic thinking. It is particularly inapplicable to the recent wave of strikes.

As everyone knows, no sooner had the war ended than the government told labor it was entitled to more money and should get it. The theory was (another theory, please note) that purchasing power had to be kept up or we would have no prosperity. The fact that there was already several times more purchasing power than goods available to satisfy it was ignored. Naturally, after such an invitation from government, any union leader who ignored the opportunity would be considered out of his mind by his followers, particularly when the official statements said that industry could well afford to pay big wage increases out of profits and that price rises would not be permitted. This action of government brought on the strikes. Feel-

ings of insecurity entered into the situation very little, if at all.

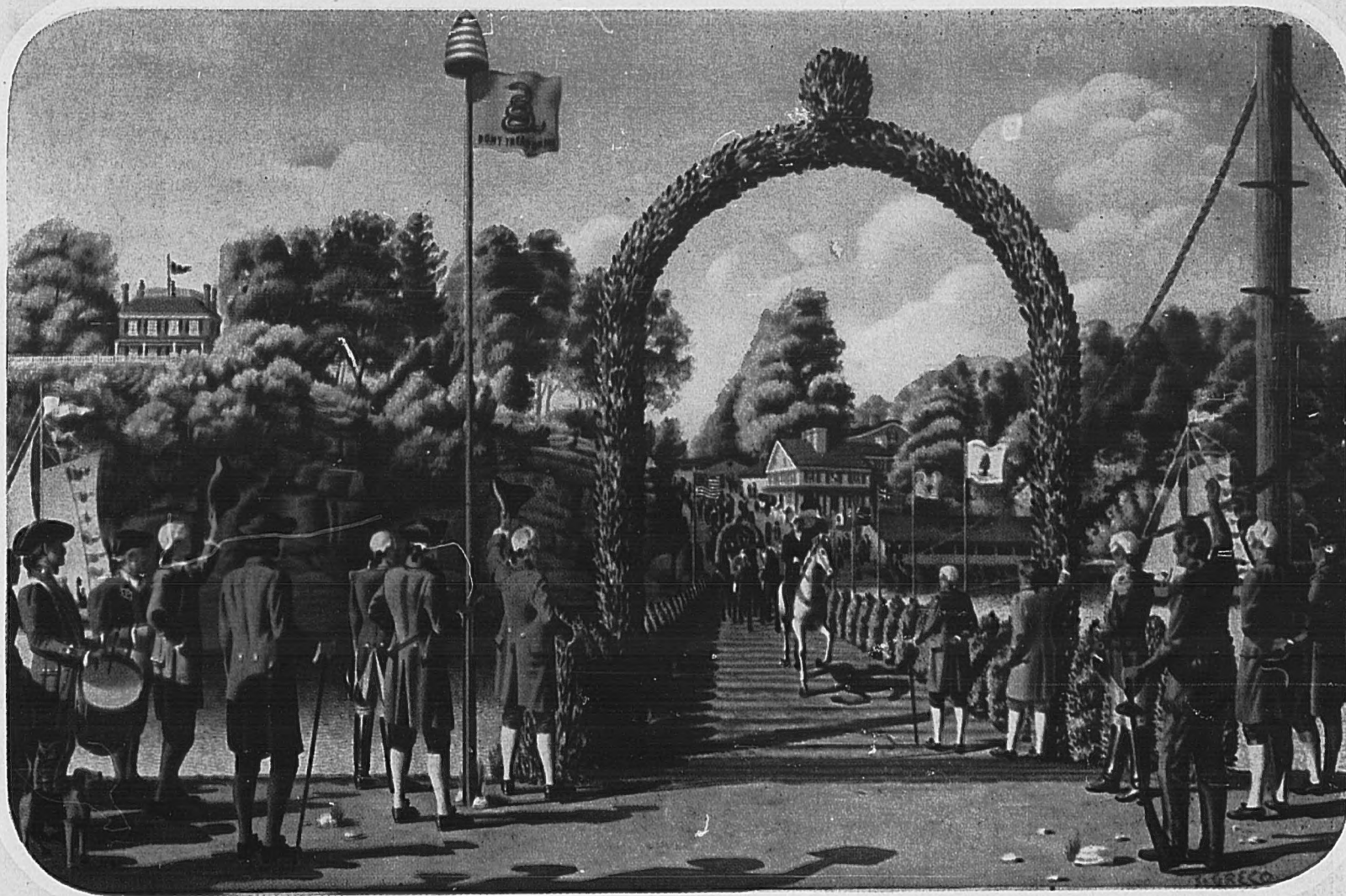
Nor does the government theory of more security, less strikes, seem to apply in the long view. Strikes seldom develop out of a feeling of insecurity and weakness. Strikes arise out of strength, when unions and their members are equipped for a long siege. In fact, successful strikes are almost impossible otherwise. Men and their families must live and eat. Only when there is money on hand and in the union treasury can a strike be risked with sufficient hope of success. The man with several hundred dollars in the bank or in war bonds, backed up by unemployment insurance, as he is in many states, is always more able and ready to test his strength and determination in a strike than he would be otherwise.

We do not argue here the justice or the lack of it in a situation which places the weak, unorganized worker at a disadvantage with the unscrupulous employer. We do not imply that the way to prevent strikes is to keep labor weak and disorganized. We simply try to analyze the realities of the situation. National planning which is not based upon awareness of fact and clear thinking is always foredoomed to failure. We've already had too much of it recently. More social security, though it may be a desirable end in itself, is no answer to the strike problem. The answer lies in realistic labor legislation which places both sides on an equal basis and then lets them bargain it out to a mutually satisfactory agreement.

*Paul Hunter*

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